DIARY OF A MINECRAFT BOUNTY HUNTER

Mission 1 : Dr. Boom

- Minecrafters

Bonus 1:
Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter

Mission 1 – Dr. Boom

By Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

Click here to read
Diary of a Minecraft Explorer 5
The Traveler Strikes Back

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DID YOU ENJOY THIS BOOK?

PROLOGUE (Bonus 1):

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The Traveler Strikes Back

“Hello, and welcome to Server News! I’m your host Dan Block, and today we’ve got quite a shocking report. You see ladies and gentlemen, we just got word that Blockland, the most famous theme park on the entire server, has been completely destroyed in a Griefer attack.”

“This happened only hours ago, when a group of notorious players managed to sneak into the park and plant explosives on all the rides. All players killed in the event have since respawned, but the attack has cost thousands in emeralds due to damages and replacements for lost items.”

“Although it’s still early for confirmation, it is widely believed that Dr. Boom is behind this awful attack. In case you were wandering, Dr. Boom is on the Admin’s ten most wanted list, and is the only player known to have made an attack on Admin HQ…”

“We now go live to Blockland, where it appears several bounty hunters have arrived to respond to the Griefer’s attack…”

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Diary of a Minecraft Explorer 5

The Traveler Strikes Back

WEEK 1

Day 1

It was just like all the other operations I'd been a part of.

One Steve. All on his own. Taking on one of the most powerful Griefers known to man. No big deal or anything. I did this practically every day. Kinda got boring after a while. I mean come on, at least give me a challenge every once in a –

"Dan, are you talking to yourself again?"

Ah dang it. Ignore that person. They're not important.

"I'm you're partner!"

Not my choice.

"Are you going to write anything in my diary?"

Dang it man, stop reading my journal. Its home to my most private, personal and intimate thoughts. It's not something to be read by the likes of you.

"The likes of who?"

Dang it. Perhaps I should clarify things a little bit before they get out of hand. The name's Dan. Dangerous Dan.

"Wimpy Dan."

Quiet you.

“I’m just saying.”

Alright, whatever. I’m Dangerous Dan. I’m a Minecraft bounty hunter, tasked with taking down the most notorious Minecraft criminals. We’re talking the heavy-hitters. PVPers, Griefers -

“Tree cutters?”

That was an accident. I had no idea the guy was a lumberjack.

“He was wearing a lumberjack skin and carrying an axe!”

I thought he was a poorly-dressed player-killer.

“You’re an idiot.”

SILENCE! Anyways, welcome to my diary reader. If your name is Charles (more specifically, Charles Dimwit) -

“That’s Charles Brilliant!”

Ugh, fine, Charles ‘Brilliant’, then clear off. Otherwise, I invite you to read about my heroic exploits. Who knows? Maybe it’ll inspire you to become a hero. Just like me.

“Fat chance.”

“CHARLES!”

DAY 2

Okay, I should probably explain to you what we were doing yesterday.

You watch the news right? I mean, who doesn't?

"Dumb people, like you."

Charles, one of these days I will destroy you…

Okay, ignoring that fool, if you've been living under a rock then you probably don't know what transpired over the past few days. To cut a very long story short, Blockland, a magical theme park, was attacked by Griefers and destroyed.

Normally when this sort of thing happens, the Admins are the ones who deal with it. Except here, they've got no idea who's behind it. Normally they'd get off their rear ends and launch a full investigation, but seeing as they're too lazy for that, they decided to send bounty hunters instead.

Bounty hunters, in Minecraft, normally go after players who've committed minor crimes. Maybe they stole a bit of iron or decided to cover a house in dirt blocks. Low risk, low reward. The Admins act like we're a bunch of jumped-up players, but they never bother to go after the little leagues. No, they want all the glory for themselves, taking down the biggest and most destructive rule-breakers.

Admins of course, have access to all sorts of powers. They can fly, make themselves invincible and even create objects out of nothing.

Think Superman, with no weakness to kryptonite. And everyone thinks they're amazing.

Bounty hunters, on the other hand, use whatever they have on hand. Be it swords, bows or even pieces of string. We don't receive any special funding and we certainly can't make items from nothing. Nope, we have to earn our keep. Oh, and guess how many stories and songs have been written about bounty hunters.

You got it right, zero.

"You done yammering yet?"

Right, I should probably get back to the investigation. Long story short, we found almost nothing. Whoever planted the explosives was a real expert. There wasn't a single trace of anything left behind, save for some scorch marks.

No, the only thing we found was a few bits of gunpowder. Like that'll do anything.

DAY 3

“So you admit you were wrong?”

Yes.

“You admit I was right?”

Yes…

“You admit I’m a genius?”

I swear to Notch, if you say one more word…

“Just checking.”

Ugh, one of these days I will get rid of him. That, I can assure you. For the time being however, I guess I’ll just have to keep him on my side. He does have his uses. At least, he does occasionally.

So Charles examined the gunpowder we managed to retrieve. After spending a few hours staring at it, followed by a few hours hitting it with a hammer. Soon afterwards, he decided to speak to it for a few minutes, before coming to the unmistakable conclusion that it wasn’t ordinary gunpowder.

Instead, it appears to be Super Gunpowder. Real unique name, I know. But what’s important here is that Super Gunpowder belongs to only one person in the entire Minecraft universe.

Dr. Boom.

“Pretty sure I said it was Dr. Boom long before I even figured it out.”

I’ll be right back.

“Wait, what are yo- MHMHMHMHMHMMHMH!”

If there’s a greater invention than duct tape, I have yet to find it.

At any rate, we now have a lead. Now that we know who’s behind the attacks, Charles and I can track this guy down and bring him to justice. Maybe then we’ll finally get the respect we deserve.

DAY 4

“Hello, and welcome to Server News! I’m Dan Block, and today Admin forces have confirmed that Dr. Boom was indeed behind the attack.”

ARE YOU KIDDING ME!?

“Yes, it is thanks to the glorious and almighty Admins of this proud server that we now know our enemy.”

So apparently, the Admins caught wind that Dr. Boom is the one behind everything. Gee, I wonder how. Probably has nothing to do with the fact they can read our chat messages. Obvious sarcasm is obvious.

So what to do now? Well, the Admins have all got their public support now. They’re bragging about how they’ll take down Dr. Boom, how his days are numbered and how great they look on camera. Meanwhile, the other bounty hunters are fuming.

“We should write an angry letter!” one of them bellowed.

“Nay, we should egg their houses!” another suggested angrily.

“I say we beat them with a giant stick and feed them to some squids!”

The man who suggested this was none other than Luckless Larry, who’d had an unfortunate run in with an Admin a few years prior. Surprisingly, he’d come off okay. It’d only taken several months to heal the burns dealt from that lava bucket.

“Go ahead Larry, we’re right behind you!” I urged him on.

Later that day, we heard that Larry was back in the hospital. Something about getting eaten by a bunch of squids.

“That wasn’t a nice move Dan.”

BE QUIET OR YOU’LL BE NEXT!

Where was I? Oh yeah, Admins are popular and bounty hunters are annoyed. Honestly, things were looking really bleak. I think some people were going to give up altogether…

“Oh, is this my grand moment?”

One minute.

“No, not agai- MMHMMHMHMHMHM!”

Ahh, much better. So the situation was pretty dire, until that smug idiot over there stood up and said:

“Why don’t we just team up and beat the Admins at their own game?”

At first I was pretty shocked. I had to make sure it was actually him. Of course, when he started bragging about how amazing his idea was, I quickly realized I was still talking to Charles.

Surprisingly, the other hunters agreed. We’re not too fond of teaming up, considering that normally means splitting the money from each mission. But once he mentioned the Admins, Charles had them in the palm of his hand.

“Good thing I was there, huh Dan?”

What, how did you get out of the duct tape?

“Magic.”

DAY 5

Operation ‘Get Rich and Beat Admins’ is now-a-go.

We all met in the Bounty Cave. It’s like the Batcave, but much cooler.

“The place didn’t even have any internal heating. And there were zombies everywhere!”

Quit your complaining. Anyway, we all met in the Bounty Cave to discuss our plan of action. There was myself, Charles (duh), Luckless Larry (who’d managed to sneak himself a health potion in hospital), Valiant Victor (the only bounty hunter who followed server rules), Huge Hugo (think Hulk, only less intelligent and less green) and Magic Mance (proclaimed to be the only magician in Minecraft).

“Gentlemen, you know why we’re here,” I’d been rehearsing a speech for several hours, intent on inspiring everyone with my amazing words.

“We don’t want to listen to you,” Huge Hugo protested, “we want to listen to the smart gal. Charlene or whatever her name is.”

“Charles,” my partner corrected him, “but thank you Hugo. It’s nice to see some appreciation around here.”

He shot a glare in my direction.

“As Dan was saying, you know why we’re here. For years now, we bounty hunters have brought down criminals all-over the server. From the simple guys who stole blocks of dirt to Griefers such as

Mr. TNT and The Despawner. Now however, we face a much bigger threat."

"The Admins. Not only have these jumped-up fools stolen our glory time and time again, they've refused to even acknowledge us as helpful Minecraftians. How many times when you turn on Block TV do you see an Admin calling us the bad guys? How many times when you're walking down the street do you get useless gold items thrown at you?"

"It's time things changed. It's time we made our place known in this server. We're not doing this for a vast fortune or eternal glory. We're going to track down Dr. Boom and we're going to make him answer for our crimes. And there isn't anyone who's going to stop us. Not Griefers, not Dr. Boom and certainly not the Ad- Huh?"

Charles emerged from his epic speech to find the room empty, save for myself.

"Where did everyone go?" he asked.

"They all ran off when you started screaming about a 'vast fortune'."

Charles facepalmed. Obviously this was going to be a lot harder to pull off than we first thought.

"We?"

Sorry, when I first thought.

DAY 6

Ever heard of Batmon?

They say he's a legend. A myth. A story for young children. Others say he's real. A warrior of justice, who goes round and spam clicks villains into submission. Punching them with his fist for half a heart of damage until they collapse, offering Batmon all their diamonds if he stops.

He's also an ace detective, capable of solving even the most perplexing crime. Like when someone takes the last chocolate slice of pie in the fridge but doesn't own up. Batmon knows who took it.

It was here that I tried to channel the skills of Batmon into my own body, as I attempted to solve the mysteries presented before me.

Where was Dr. Boom?

True he'd left his signature gunpowder at the scene of the crime, but that didn't really offer me any directions. No, I'd have to use my brain if I was going to track him down.

"You have a brain?"

One of these days Charles…

Anyways, my initial studies have revealed nothing. I spent a few hours staring at it, followed by a few hours hitting it with a hammer. Soon afterwards, I decided to speak to it for a few minutes, before coming to the unmistakable conclusion that the gunpowder came from someone's crafting bench.

I know, a real revelation right there. Only problem was, I had absolutely no way of telling which bench it came from, or where said bench was located. At least, I didn't…

"Until I stepped in!"

Alright, where did I put the duct tape?

"It's been disposed of. You won't be using that awful stuff any longer!"

Dang it Charles! Fine, I suppose I should say what really happened.

"No need to thank me. It was all in a day's wo-"

…

Excuse me, I just finished beating that twerp with a frying pan. No need to thank me.

Charles, ever the inventor, explained to me how Minecraft actually works. When an item is created, it's given a 'number', which indicates how many have been made. So the first workbench made would be marked with #1. With a clever bit of engineering, we-

"I!"

Sigh. With a bit of clever engineering, Charles discovered that the workbench which was used to make the gunpowder is workbench #13377331. That tells us two things:

- There are a lot of workbenches in Minecraft.
- We now know which workbench Dr. Boom uses.

Of course, now we just need to find the workbench in question. Unfortunately, Charles came up with that as well.

“It’s called the Workbench Trackinator, capable of finding all workbenches within a five-thousand chunk radius. Powered by Redstone technology, it utilizes-“

WE GET THE PICTURE! To keep it brief, we can find both the workbench and Dr. Boom’s lair. Go us.

“You mean go me.”

Alright, where’s that frying pan?

“MERCY!”

DAY 7

Time: Midday.

Location: X: 7587 Y: 64 Z: -963
AKA: Dr. Boom's lair.

Charles and I informed the other bounty hunters of what we'd discovered. We were careful to keep everything quiet, lest the Admins catch word of what was going on. After all, if they reached the lair before us, we would have truly failed in our mission.

"So what's this all about?" Valiant Victor asked.

"Indeed, Mance would very much like to know," added Magic Mance.

"So long as we get to crush something," interjected Huge Hugo.

Sadly, Luckless Larry couldn't be with us. Something about getting into a fight with a man for spilling his mushroom soup. Rough stuff, I tell you.

Seeing as Charles had found the place, I reluctantly allowed him to speak.

"We've discovered Dr. Boom's lair," Charles explained, "the reason we said nothing was because we didn't want the Admins to overhear our conversation. Now that we're here, even they can't get here fast enough to take down Dr. Boom before we do."

"Then what are we waiting for?" Huge Hugo demanded, "Point me in the direction of that crazed scientist and I'll destroy him!"

“Could you get the door?” I asked politely, pointing to the iron entrance blocking our way.

It was here I truly marveled at the brute on our team. Huge Hugo took one step forward, grasped the metal with his big, meaty hands and ripped it off of its hinges. A moment later, and the door was tossed into the clouds, never to be seen again.

“Many thanks.”

We all entered, weapons at the ready. I had my trusty sword, Charles was armed with his bow, Valiant Victor with a rulebook, Magic Mance with a stick (his so-called wand) and Huge with his… well, take a wild guess.

The entrance to the base was a two block high, one block wide tunnel, with only Redstone torches to light our way. I allowed Charles to go first, seeing as he had the bow and made for an excellent meat shield.

“What was that?”

Nothing.

We pushed onwards, the sound of our breathing rebounding off of the cave walls. I could feel my heart pounding, as we grew ever closer to our objective. Was this it? Would we bring down Dr. Boom and save the server?

Well, we’re only on Day 7, so take another wild guess.

We emerged into the lair itself. All around us were tables stacked with TNT and vials full of gunpowder. On the walls, several dark-

grey blocks were mounted. It appeared to be a surveillance system of sorts. At the center of the room were a pair of couches…

…and the entirety of the Admin squad, lazily chatting among themselves. It took them a few moments to notice us, but when they did, boy did they have big grins on their faces.

“Well, if it isn’t the bounty hunters,” one of them chuckled.

“Sorry fellows, you’re a tad late to the party,” another spoke up, “Dr. Boom’s already left.”

Even after all of that, they’d still managed to beat us.

WEEK 2

DAY 8

Well, it's another fantastic day to be a bounty hunter.

So here's what actually happened: Somehow the Admins figured out where we were going and beat us to the punch. The idiots alerted Dr. Boom that we were going and caused him to run for his life. They then decided to laze about in his lair and wait for us to show up, rather than pursue him.

Now for the Admin version of the story: The brave and powerful Admins had Dr. Boom cornered and were about to bring him in for questioning, were it not for the interference of several lowly bounty hunters, who caused the Griefer to escape to parts unknown.

So now we're more hated than ever and the Admins look like they'll receive even more medals than they had before. Isn't life great? Heck, even Charles isn't making any jokes.

"Can't talk. Working on revenge scheme."

Yeah, you do that. Anyways, the other bounty hunters are a little upset right now. They've decided to spend the day munching down mushroom soup, trying to avoid being seen by anyone else. Considering we're, y'know, despised by everyone right now.

I mean, what are we supposed to do? If we try finding Dr. Boom, the Admins will just beat us to it. It's like they know where he is at all time-

Hang on a second.

How did the Admins manage to beat us there? They're good, but it's not like they can teleport anywhere they please. We didn't mention a word to anyone before we made it to the base, yet somehow they were able to beat us there with time to spare? I don't buy it.

I think it's time we pay them a visit.

DAY 9

Hook, line and sinker.

Charles and I visited Admin HQ today. Honestly, I was expecting a building made of solid gold blocks with a hundred or so players worshipping them. Oh how wrong was I.

It's made of diamond blocks with a thousand or so players worshipping the Admins.

After making our way through the crowds, we were forced to wait forty-five minutes for a meeting with the Admins. Wasn't too bad I guess. Normally they make you wait several days. I guess they just wanted to brag about their victory.

When we were finally allowed in, we were greeted with the five grinning faces of the Admins, all seated around a circular table.

"Ah, Dan and Charles," the Head Admin clapped his hands, "how nice of you to pay us a visit. I trust you weren't too bored waiting for us."

I decided not to mention the fact that I'd harvested half of the wall for diamond blocks. At least I'll be walking away from here a little richer.

"So what can we do for our 'beloved' bounty hunters?" he asked.

"Oh you don't have to do anything," I assured them (as if that'd be any different from normal), "I wanted to tell you how impressed I was with you figuring out where Dr. Boom was before we did."

They all glanced at each other, perhaps trying to figure out if I was praising them or mocking them.

“Is that so?” another Admin inquired.

“You betcha,” Charles stepped forward, “we were just blown away by your amazing skills. I mean, I thought the bounty hunters were good, but you’re all on another level. So we wanted to offer our congratulations.”

I glanced at Charles, who was completely green in the face. We might fight each other from time to time, but there’s one thing we share in common. Hatred of the Head Admin’s moustache.

“Well, Dan and Charles,” the Head Admin spoke after a long moment, “we thank you for recognizing our superiority. Took you long enough. Still, I suppose we appreciate it. Will that be all?”

“There is one more thing,” I had to resist the urge to grin as Charles removed a cake from his inventory and placed it on the table, “myself and the other bounty hunters decided to ‘bury the axe’ as it were, and buy you a lovely cake.”

“And just where did you get this cake?” the fattest of the Admins demanded in a pompous voice.

“The Very Expensive Bakery,” I replied.

That is actually the name of the place. Still, it seemed to put grins on their faces. They muttered what sounded like a thank you, before shooing us off as they dug into the cake. Hehe. They really took the bait, didn’t they?

“Good thing you had me to help.”

Normally I’d slap you, but I’m in too much of a good mood to care right now.

Wait until the Admins find out we put a sleeping potion in their cake.

DAY 10

So you're probably wondering why we went to Admin HQ, offered them compliments and poisoned them with sleeping potion. I assure you there's a very good reason for it.

We need to find out how they managed to track down Dr. Boom before we did.

Maybe it's just because of their Admin powers. Maybe it's something we don't know they have. Either way, we're going to find out.

The sleeping potion wasn't going to knock them out immediately. It'd make them a little bit sleepy, then they'd all drift off slowly. So for the next few hours, the team and I sat around, playing card games and watching YouTube videos.

When it was time to move out, we did it in style. We showed up at Admin HQ in Minecarts, plowing through the front door and shattering the glass entrance.

"You know, if the potion didn't work then we'd be in massive trouble," Charles noted.

"Details details," I waved my hand, "alright chaps, here's the plan. What I want you to do is -"

"Let the smart guy talk," Huge Hugo demanded, "I ain't listening to your rubbish."

Really? I came up with this whole plan to take down the Ad-

“No you didn’t.”

Fine, most of the plan but I don’t see-

“You came up with like a quarter.”

A quarter? Are you serious?

“Sure am.”

Come on. Give me at least a third.

“One-fifth.”

That’s less than a quarter!

“Take it or leave it.”

Oh whatever, let’s just get back to the story.

“Gladly.”

“Alright chaps, here’s the plan,” said Charles, “What I want you to do is this. Magic Mance and I will investigate the Admin archives for any information. Valiant Victor and Dangerous Dan will head to the upper levels and search there. We’re looking for whatever the Admins used to track down the enemy. Huge Hugo will stay with the Admins and make sure they don’t wake up.”

“And how do I do that?” the brute asked.

I handed him a frying pan, “this tends to work extremely well.”

“Isn’t attacking an Admin against the rules?” Valiant Victor raised an eyebrow.

“Nah,” I waved my hand and shook my head, “now come on. Let’s get going.”

And so the search began. We looked high and low throughout Admin HQ, seeking the answer to the mystery. What did the Admins know that we didn't?

We started off by going through the treasury. We didn't expect to find anything here, but I'd be darned if I was going to walk away without filling my pockets. I was able to convince Valiant Victor that this was totally within the server rules.

"I'm only borrowing this," I assured him, to which he reluctantly nodded.

At any rate, there wasn't anything in the treasury so after looting it, we moved onto the next room. The Admin meeting chambers. Stepping inside, I stifled a laugh as I spotted one of the Admins asleep in his chair. The oversized one. Although we accomplished much by drawing on his face and looting his inventory, there wasn't anything on him to explain what was going on.

"Charles Brilliant to Dumb Dan, how's it going up there?"

My radio buzzed. It was Charles of course. It took a great deal of effort not to toss the device out of the window.

"Danger Dan to Charles Chump, we've found nothing up here and we're almost out of rooms. Any luck down there?"

"We did find something," the static voice told me, "something about a guy named Le Spy. Any idea what that means?"

I shook my head, before realizing he couldn't actually see me, "Not a clue. I'll see if I can find anything here."

“Better make it quick. Huge Hugo tells me the Admins are starting to stir.”

He was right. A quick glance at the sleeping blob told me we were very quickly running out of time. If we didn’t find something now, this whole mission would have been for nothing.

“We need a few more minutes,” I searched for my frying-pan, quickly recalling I’d lent it to Huge Hugo. Having to improvise, I smacked the Admin over the head with my backpack. He immediately stopped moving.

“I’m pretty darn sure that’s against the rules,” Valiant Victor noted.

“Be quiet and help me search,” I hissed, as we moved into the final room. It was sealed shut with a wooden door, with a sign above reading ‘Super Secret Room. Pls don’t look here’.

Inside, rows and rows of bookcases littered the walls. It would have taken an ordinary man months to search through them. Luckily, seeing as I’m the hero of this story, I quickly found what I was looking for on the table at the end of the room. A small piece of parchment. A letter addressed to the Head Admin.

Head Admin,

The mission is going accordingly. The bounty hunters have no idea I’m working as a double agent. I’m glad to see the message about Dr. Boom’s location transmitted successfully. I’ll let you know when I have more news.

Signed,

Le Spy

My hand was shaking by the time I'd reached the end of the parchment, and not because it was cold in the room. Seriously though, the cheap Admins could afford walls of Dimaond but couldn't be bothered to install a fireplace?

At any rate, I'd gotten what I'd came for. The information we'd been searching for. The Admins didn't have some amazing power that let them read our thoughts. They didn't need it.

There was a traitor among the bounty hunters.

DAY 11

The next day, I met with Charles privately.

I told the other bounty hunters that the document I'd found said a spy was watching our every move. Made sense, considering Charles found out about one 'Le Spy'. So they're none the wiser. And as much as the guy annoys me-

"Excuse me?"

As much as the guy keeps things interesting, Charles is the only person I can trust right now. We've been together for years, and he despises the Admins just as much as I do.

We sat down to discuss our options and figure out just who the traitor was. The good thing was we didn't have many people to go through:

- Huge Hugo – A giant of a man who loves pummelling things with his bare hands. He's made his hatred of the Admins known over the years and frequently gets into fights with other players about who's in the right and who's in the wrong. He's also dumb as a stump. No way he's behind this.
- Magic Mance – I didn't know much about the guy, but Magic Mance is always getting in trouble with the Admins. He does magic tricks for younger audiences, and is known for stealing priceless jewels from the richest players. Doesn't seem like he'd be the traitor.
- Luckless Larry – Larry's known for getting into lots of fights with the Admins, but he's also known for being a bit

of a coward. Maybe the server overlords could have convinced him to help them? He's also not around much, having only been present at the first meeting. Very suspicious.

- Valiant Victor – The most likely of all our suspects. Vance follows the rules to a tee, and he didn't seem too happy with me robbing the Admins yesterday. If I had to bet on him being Le Spy, I'd bet a lot of emeralds.

Until we know for certain however, Charles and I are going to act like everything is normal. After all, the traitor is bound to slip up at some point. And when he does, we'll catch him and make him pay for his crimes. Quite literally.

I should probably mention you pay money if you commit a crime against the bounty hunters. A hundred iron for jaywalking, three hundred gold for light griefing and two-thousand, nine-hundred and fifty-free diamonds for betraying your own men.

Whoever thought these rules up must have been a rich man.

DAY 12

So Charles had another one of his ‘brilliant’ ideas.

“They’re amazing and you know it!”

Be quiet, or I’ll go fetch the frying pan from Huge Hugo. Speaking of which, that oaf still hasn’t returned it, which is really annoying. I need it to beat Charles senseless when he gets on my nerves.

“Good thing I got rid of the duct tape as well.”

I’ll have to pick something up at the store. At any rate, my partner came up with a plan. Long story short, he wanted to tell the others that there was a traitor among us.

At first, I thought he was crazy. A few minutes of explanations and I still thought it was crazy. It was only after he cooked me a full breakfast and delivered a steam hot cup of coffee that I finally saw reason in his thinking.

What happens when you get scared? Or angry? Or happy? Yes you will either want to hide, punch something or hug someone, but there’s something else. Something even the blocky textures of Minecraft cannot hide.

Your face changes expression.

So we invited our fellows down to the inn, bought everyone a bowl of mushroom soup and began chatting about life, our jobs, how ugly the Head Admin’s moustache was and of course, the finer points of using a frying pan as a weapon (which I personally demonstrated on Charles).

After a few hours had passed, the two of us shared a glance. Valiant Victor was about to bite into his steak, Magic Mance was sipping from his bowl, Huge Hugo was laughing and Luckless Larry was playing with his fork.

Charles and I nodded, before I spoke up.

“There’s a traitor among us.”

Try to imagine the reactions.

Valiant Victor missed the steak, instead shattering his own teeth. Magic Mance spilled his mushroom soup everywhere. Huge Hugo started coughing violently and Luckless Larry somehow ended up with a fork in his hair.

“What did you say?” Mance demanded, wiping his lap with a wet cloth.

“You heard me. One of us is a traitor. One of us is Le Spy.”

“But you said Le Spy was following us,” Valiant Victor nodded, “why lie to us comrade?”

“So we could try and find the traitor ourselves,” Charles admitted, “it doesn’t seem to have worked however.”

“This is nonsense,” Huge Hugo flipped a table, attracting the attention of most people in the inn, “you accuse us of working for the Admins? How do we know you two are innocent?”

“What do you know about this Hugo?” I asked, giving him a piercing look, “you seem quite angry about being accused.”

“N-n-nothing,” he stammered, returning to his seat, “I just don’t want to be called a traitor. I’ve been a bounty hunter for most of my life, and I ain’t about to betray them.”

I was now completely convinced that Hugo was innocent. That left three.

“Hugo does have a point however,” Vance noted, “what makes you two so innocent?”

“We could have kept quiet about this whole thing,” Charles reminded him, “then how would any of you have known about the spy?”

A murmur of agreement passed through the room. My suspicion again rose towards Valiant Victor. Was he trying to shift the blame onto us?

“Well I’m not waiting here to get betrayed by some spy,” Luckless Larry jumped to his feet, looking very nervous, “I gotta get back home anyhow.”

“Sit back down,” I snarled. The poor guy gulped and returned to his seat, shaking.

“From this point on, no one leaves until we know who the traitor really is. We clear?”

Yesses shot back and forth around the table.

“Alright then. Let’s get started.”

DAY 13

Well, that certainly helped.

We sat them all down in the inn for three hours, trading questions back and forth throughout most of that time. They did the same to us, just to make sure we weren't the mole and I'm fairly certain they were satisfied with our answers.

After cutting out Huge Hugo from our investigation, here's what we found out:

- Magic Mance – A stand-up guy. He's been a bounty hunter for almost as long as Hugo, and he doesn't strike me as the traitorous type. He was calm through the whole interrogation. Very unlikely.
- Luckless Larry – The guy is really jumpy and nervous, often shaking and glancing back and forth… but I don't think it's him. He's definitely a coward, and probably too scared to risk angering Huge Hugo.
- Valiant Victor – The only suspect left. Victor is a stickler for the rules (hehe that rhymed) and the only person left who seems suspicious. He was reluctant to answer half of my questions and constantly called me out on being a rule breaker.

I'm now 100% certain that Valiant Victor is the traitor, and Charles seemed to agree with me. We'd been planning on ambushing him at the earliest opportunity and finding out exactly what he knows…

Except, there's been a new development.

Charles and I had worked late into the night to find a way to trap Victor. So late in fact, that the bells of midnight sounded…

And as they did, an explosion echoed across the other side of town.

DAY 14

Charles and I raced from our home, dashing into the street of the town. In the distance, we could spot the burning remains of the Cathedral of Notch. To the left, Jeb's Armory immediately joined its brother building in the same fate.

This was no ordinary grieving. Someone was destroying the town.

Our weapons drawn, we raced towards the inferno. Scared civilians scattered in the streets, darting for safety. I prayed that the other bounty hunters were safe, and (to my reluctance) that the Admins would arrive to help us out. After all, they'd never leave the city to be destroyed… right?

Ah, whatever. We had a job to do. Protect the people. The pair of us snatched some buckets from a market stall and filled them with water. A few players ahead of us were trapped by the inferno, but we promptly rescued them by extinguishing the flames.

"Many thanks," they cried as they ran off.

Over the next few minutes, the two of us tried making our way to the Cathedral. But the closer we drew to it, the more we found our progress impeded by chaos and destruction. It seemed for every flame we extinguished, two more took its place.

In other parts of the city, the explosions continued. Someone really wanted to send a message here.

“What do we do?” I called out to Charles, as a wooden structure toppled in front of us.

“We need to raise the others,” he called back, “we need help if we’re going to save the city!”

“Then help you shall have…”

That voice. Even amid the screaming and the yelling, it sounded all too familiar. It called out in my head, as an arrow flew forth and struck Charles in the back. He despawned immediately.

“CHARLES!”

I dropped the bucket and reached for my blade, only for another projectile to knock the weapon from my hand. Two more arrows followed, which I was barely able to duck under.

“Stand still and surrender, will you?” the voice asked calmly.

The smoke from the flames blocked by view. I couldn’t see my opponent, nor would I know where his next strike came from. I searched for my sword, finding it a mere two blocks away…

But as I reached for it, a fourth shaft struck me in the arm. I collapsed, falling backwards. Between fire damage and arrows, I couldn’t take much more before I too joined Charles at the spawn.

“I have to get out of here,” I muttered to myself, using the side of the building to aid my tired legs and arms.

I rose to my feet and turned around, only to be confronted by the face of the traitor…

“Any last words?” he asked, an arrow pointed at my face.

TO BE CONTINUED!!!

Next time…

Danger Dan and Charles Brilliant find themselves facing the toughest fight of their lives. As enemies close in around them, their only hope is to reach the Tower of Notch, where Dr. Boom has claimed he'll attack next…

But the battle isn't over yet. Forces good and evil will soon clash, in a daring conflict that could very well change the fate of the server…

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Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 2

Mission 1 – Dr. Boom

By Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

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PREVIOUSLY:

Why hello there. Back for another round of bounty hunting?

I'll be honest, I can't really blame you. Who wouldn't want to get in on the high-stakes, adrenalin fueled action that follows bounty hunters like a bad odor? At any rate, welcome back to the fantastic adventures of Danger Dan!

COUGH!

Sigh. And of course, Charles Brilliant, my sidekick.

"That's partner to you. Though if anything, you would be my sidekick."

One of these days, I'll throw him off a building. Though not today. Right now, I'm busy dealing with a little bit of a situation. And as much as I hate to admit it, I could probably use his help.

"Probably?"

FINE, I DO NEED YOUR HELP!

"Was that so hard to sa- WAIT, NO!"

Sorry about that. Had to deal with that little pest. And yes, as much as I hate to admit it, I really do need his help. Of course, you probably know why. If you don't, things will probably be a little confusing.

This is why you're supposed to buy the first book in a series before you get the second. Now I have to spend five minutes of my life typing up a summary so you fools can catch up.

Ugh, fine.

Our wonderful story begins with an attack at Blockland theme park. Dr. Boom, one of the most feared Griefers on the planet, decided to attack the place. He blew up a bunch of rides and pretty much despawned most people there.

The Admins of the server really didn't seem too bothered about it, meaning it was up to us, the bounty hunters, to track down Dr. Boom and bring him to justice by any means necessary.

Now, Dr. Boom isn't one for leaving clues at the crime scene. Fortunately, we actually managed to find something. Some gunpowder processed in Dr. Boom's lab. With some complicated sciencey stuff, we were able to track down the location of his lair.

Teaming up with our fellow bounty hunters (Luckless Larry, Valiant Victor, Huge Hugo and Magic Mance), we assaulted Dr. Boom's lair. However, imagine our surprise when we found the Admins had already beaten us there.

Dr. Boom wasn't anywhere to be seen, obviously scared off by the Admins. Of course, they told everyone that we were at fault and we took the whole blame.

That's how the Admins have always treated the bounty hunters. Not very fair if you ask us, but we don't exactly have a choice. They take all the glory and fortune and leave us with nothing.

Anyways, we decided we'd had enough of this. We infiltrated Admin HQ, trying to find out how they beat us to Dr. Boom's lair. After knocking them out with some infected cake, we soon discovered there was a double agent in the bounty hunters working for the Admins.

Charles and I began testing everyone, trying to find out who was the spy. After a lengthy process, we came to the conclusion that Valiant Victor was the spy…

But before we could do anything, Dr. Boom launched another attack, this time on the city itself. Charles and I raced to its defense, putting out the flames and trying to rescue as many people as we could…

But then Charles took an arrow to the back, immediately despawning. I engaged in a brief battle with the assailant, but I lost my sword and found myself at his mercy.

The traitor's mercy.

PROLOGUE

Of course he had to be wearing a mask.

Wasn't going to be that easy, was it? Oh no, he just had to be hiding his identity. Really? I mean come on. Why wear a mask anyway? I was going to despawn any second now, and he decided to hide his face.

Huh. It was almost as if some mysterious force wanted to keep his identity hidden until much later. Perhaps until the third book of the series.

Wait, third book? Sorry, I'm a little disorientated right now. Don't know what the heck made me say that.

"I'm waiting," the traitor replied, his arrow pointed directly at my face.

"Do I really have to say my last words?" I sighed, "How many times does the villain ask people to do that?"

"Not that many," my opponent shrugged, "it has only happened a few thousand times."

For whatever reason, I didn't feel like questioning his logic at this moment in time.

"Can you just get it over with?" I asked in my politest voice, "I'm carrying a sweet diamond pickaxe."

"I could kill you," the traitor nodded, stroking his 'beard', "but that would be too easy."

Of course it would. This guy was the ultimate action movie cliché. I swear I even saw him starring in the new ‘Blockformers’ movie.

“So what are you going to do?” I sighed, “Take over the world?”

“Of course not,” the man shook his head, “that’s way too much work. I think I’ll just stick to taking over the server.”

Not sure how that was any better, but I decided not to question the madman with a bow.

“Now then, I’ve got places to be and people to see. However, I’d really appreciate it if you didn’t come after me and start causing trouble, because if you do…”

He took a moment to put away the arrow he was holding, pulling out one with a purple tip instead.

“I’ll permanently despawn you…”

Wait, what?

He disappeared after that, retreating under the cover of smoke as the city was consumed by flames, leaving me with that scary piece of information.

What did he mean by permanently despawning?

Day 1

By the son of Notch, that was a lot of work.

Surprisingly, trying to stop a city from burning is a pretty difficult. Still, the other bounty hunters and I managed to control the flames… eventually. Throwing down hundreds, if not thousands, buckets of water to douse the inferno.

By the way, no sign of the Admins whatsoever. I don't know what they were playing at, but it seemed as if they decided to leave the city to its fate. Right up until the end, where they showed up 'just in time' to douse the last few fires.

Guess who got all the credit?

Ah well, things could be worse I suppose. There could be a mysterious madman among my fellow bounty hunters, waiting for the right moment to strike and toss us in a lovely new home in the Nether.

Oh wait.

"Oh come on Dan, smile a little!"

Your presence doesn't bring me smiles, Charles. If anything, it makes me want to throw up.

"Ah, you're just saying that."

So help me, I will poke you with my pencil if you're not quiet.

"I'll be good."

Sigh. He hasn’t been the same since he was despawned. He’s too darned happy.

We have to plan our next move carefully. I was certain that Valiant Victor was the one leaking information to the Admins, but now I’m not so sure. I’ll have to keep a careful eye on all of the bounty hunters and find a way to discover the traitor’s identity, all whilst tracking down Dr. Boom and trying not to attract the attention of the Admins.

Hah. If anything, this isn’t nearly as difficult as I’d like it to be. Where’s the challenge?

DAY 2

Me and my big mouth.

Charles and I went out shopping for five minutes. When we got back to the house, we found it completely and utterly trashed. Some rooms were missing windows. Others were infested with sheep.

The kitchen was nowhere to be seen. We looked for it for half an hour before Charles spotted it floating above the house. Yes, the entire room was now hovering. Good thing there are now laws of physics in this game.

Of course, you and I know who's responsible for this. There's only one type of player who can cause so much destruction in such little time.

Admins.

But why? Surely they'd have no way of knowing we broke into Admin HQ? And even if they did, why trash the house? Surely there are much worse things they could do with those super annoying powers of theirs.

But then, how else could a player rearrange the rooms? It's a real conundrum, this one. A mystery that can only be solved by the server's greatest detective…

"Batmon?"

No Charles. Me.

“I’m fairly certain you’re one of the worst detectives I’ve ever met.”

Would you like me to throw you from the kitchen?

“I’ll be quiet.”

As you should. At any rate, a search of the house has revealed nothing so far. No fingerprints, no strands of hair and certainly no gunpowder. Whoever was here did a very good job of cleaning up after themselves.

“Or maybe you’re just a -”

Ahem.

I pointed at the kitchen door, a fall from which would turn you into goo.

“Yeah, the person did a very good job of cleaning up after themselves.”

Exactly, which makes this case unsolvable! Oh well. Too bad. I wonder if there’s any leftover mushroom soup.

DAY 3

There are been two very important developments.

First of all, I met with the bounty hunters at the inn. All of them have had their houses ransacked.

“It’s a disaster,” Luckless Larry cried into his hands.

“I shall crush whoever did this!” Huge Hugo promised.

“This is a clear violation of the rules,” remarked Valiant Victor.

“They took my favourite trading cards,” Magic Mance sighed unhappily.

So, the bounty hunters had been visited by the thief. This furthers my suspicion that the Admins were behind this attack. How else could they strike at five houses in such a short period of time?

We talked with them for a few hours longer, with Charles and I trying to pick up on any new clues that might lead us to the traitor. Whoever it was seemed to be picking up on our growing suspicion, and was doing a very good job of hiding their identity, so no luck there.

Secondly, I found a note outside my door when we returned home.

Dear bounty hunter,

I trust you’re well. I should hope so, after that disastrous fire which nearly burnt the city down. True I was responsible for that, but I wouldn’t want my new test subjects to get hurt. Not yet anyway.

To put it bluntly, the Admins are a bunch of idiots who only care about their popularity. I decided to save them. They could have saved the city in seconds, but decided not to. Instead, they left it to the bounty hunters. I must say I'm impressed you managed to save the city. Perhaps things will prove interesting after all.

So here's what's going to happen. In less than two weeks, I'll be launching my next attack. One that will destroy the Admins forever. You can choose to help me or try to stop me, I don't care which. Just know that if I succeed, the Admins will be powerless…

So my target? Why, it's none other than the Tower of Notch, found in Blocktropolis.

Do whatever you wish with this information, bounty hunter. I know there's a traitor among you, so I have only written this one note. Just know that I too am tired of the Admins, and want to see them put to an end forever.

I wish you the best of luck, whether you want to help me or stop me.

With love,
Dr. Boom

Well, things have certainly gotten a lot more interesting.

DAY 4

The Tower of Notch.

For years, there have been rumors that Admins get their powers from there. Some say they have to recite an ancient spell written by Notch. Others claim it's a dance routine that lasts for eight and a half hours.

No one knows how it actually works. In fact, most believe The Tower of Notch is just some silly tourist attraction. I did too. At least, until I received the note.

Charles and I didn't speak much last night, instead trying to process this information. Could Dr. Boom really render the Admins powerless? If so, what did he plan on doing next? World (server) domination?

Still, I should stop thinking about what he's going to do, and what we're going to do.

"It's a strange situation," Charles noted, "as bounty hunters, we're supposed to stop people like Boom. And yet, we receive the worst kind of treatment, especially from the Admins. Some might wonder why we shouldn't go through with it."

Of course we knew why. It was wrong. People could get hurt or worse, especially innocents, and the attack would cause mindless damage to Blocktropolis. And as much as I hate to admit it (believe me when I say you have no idea how much this pains me), the Admins can (not very often, but sometimes) be helpful.

There are some enemies which are just too powerful for bounty hunters to take on. Take for example, The Hackers. They too possess the ability to modify the world itself, just like the Admins. It's very rare you see one of these guys, but you'll know about it when you do.

Of course, the only reason the Admins bother with them is because of the praise they get. The server will sing about them for weeks if they manage to take down a hacker. It's sickening.

And yet, they get the job done. Even if it's for the wrong reasons.

I'm going to sleep on it. I'll hopefully have an answer tomorrow.

DAY 5

I've made my decision.

"We've made OUR decision."

Who said I was taking you?

"You're welcome to do all the cooking yourself."

I know how to cook!

"Guess you'll never taste my super special secret omelets again then…"

…

We've made our decision. We're heading for the Tower of Notch.

Why? To stop Dr. Boom of course. At the end of the day, he's still a criminal and a griefer who needs to be brought to justice. One way or another, he has to pay. And I'll be darned if Danger Dan-

"And Charles Brilliant."

Sigh. I'll be darned if Danger Dan AND Charles Brilliant aren't the ones to bring him down. We'll stop him, but we're certainly not leaving any hints for the Admins. We're also leaving the other bounty hunters here, seeing as we're still not sure about the traitor.

"Just like old times, hey Dan?"

I suppose it is. Back when it was Charles and I against the world. Starring as ace detectives in our own TV show, we'd tackle a new criminal each we-

“That was a dream, Dan.”

Thanks for ruining the moment Charles.

“You’re welcome.”

Remind me why I keep that guy around.

“I’m Charles Brilliant! Why wouldn’t you keep my around?”

Because your head is so big it touches the ten-block high ceiling?

“Ouch, that was kind of hurtful.”

Suck it up, buttercup. We’ve got work to do.

DAY 6

The journey begins!

We first planned on leaving at sunrise via Minecart, but Charles ended up sleeping in. I spent a good hour or so trying to wake him with various techniques, from smacking his head with a spoon to dumping freezing cold water on him. Yet it was only when I dumped freezing cold water on him with a spoon that he awoke from his slumber.

As we had now missed the Minecart, our next possibility was to take a horse over to the Tower of Notch. I arranged for a driver to pick us up, but we ran into a little bit of trouble…

“What do you mean you can’t pay?”

Have you seen how expensive it is to take a kitchen out of the sky? Anyways, by that point is was midday and we were still no closer to getting to our destination. It was time for drastic measures…

So we snuck aboard one of the tourist zeppelins heading for the Tower of Notch.

Normally these things cost a bucketful of emeralds. Luckily, the guard was fairly understanding once I-

“Ahem.”

Sorry, we-

“You stood there and watched whilst I beat three guards up.”

Ugh, fine. The guards were fairly understanding once Charles knocked the lot of them out.

“Thank you.”

Zip it. Now, we both thought it would be smooth sailing from that point onwards. Unfortunately, we ran into some problems.

“Attention passengers. The engineers are reporting that one of the, well, engines, has blown up. Please brace for emergency landing.”

It really wasn’t our day. We ended up crashing thirty or so chunks from the city. It was at this point that Charles and I decided that all forms of transport were cursed, so we decided to walk.

Not our finest moment.

Turns out the Tower of Notch is right next to the ‘Forest of Dangerous and Deadly Beasts’. Certainly not the kind of place you’d like to visit on vacation.

So after fighting through wolves, alpha wolves, werewolves and other nasty creatures, we finally emerged from the forest, exhausted.

“I can barely move,” Charles complained, collapsing to the ground. I left him there, searching for the Tower of Notch. I didn’t spot it at first, though my eyes did rest on a sign. I figured that it would show us the way.

Tower of Notch: Five-hundred thousand blocks in the opposite direction.

Well crud.

DAY 7

At long last, we're here.

By Notch's beard, I feel like I'm going to throw up. Do you have any idea what we went through, just to get to this blasted city?

Sleeping late, surviving a zeppelin crash and hacking our way through the server's most dangerous forest, only to find we'd been going in the wrong direction. Meaning we had to go back through the server's most dangerous forest, walk all the way back to our home, hitch another zeppelin (which, surprise surprise, crashed) and limped through a forest that was somehow even more dangerous than the last one.

Good thing I found some alternate transport.

"You mean when I carried you because you had passed out?"

Hush Charles. At any rate, we've made it to Blockopolis, home of the Tower of Notch. A vast city of towering skyscrapers and McRonalds restaurants as far as the eye can see. They even had giant TVs on every building.

"Hello, and welcome to Server News!"

Oh great, this guy.

"I'm Dan Block, coming to you live with a special report. We've just received word that a griefer attack was launched on Admin HQ!"

Wait, what? Dr. Boom said he was going after the Tower of Notch. Did he lie? Was I really stupid enough to fall for that?

On screen, images of Admin HQ were flashed up. It didn't look all that damaged. In fact, there was only a hole in the wall… the one I'd caused when we'd visited the place. If you recall, I removed a few diamond blocks for myself.

"Investigators are still trying to piece together what happened, but it appears that this was caused by none other than the bounty hunters."

Oh sweet Notch no.

"Admins have issued an arrest order for the notorious bounty hunters of the server. The criminals known as Valiant Victor, Huge Hugo and Luckless Larry have all been apprehended. Admins are currently on the lookout for these three suspects…"

Three images appeared on screen. The first was of Magical Mance and his crazy beard. The second was of Charles Brilliant, eyes half closed. The third was… well, come on, you can probably guess it was me.

WEEK 2

DAY 8

Well this is a fine situation we've gotten ourselves into, isn't it?

Thousands of blocks from home, forced into hiding by the most powerful people on the server. We've got no resources, few emeralds and no allies.

Well, I suppose we have one. Guess who we ran into?

I'll get to that in a second. For now, I should probably explain what happened after the report. Considering we were in a massive crowd of people, Charles and I threw on our hoods and made for the nearest alleyway. All around us, we could hear how people were planning on capturing us.

"Gosh, imagine what we could do with the reward money."

"Why imagine it? Let's find these rulebreakers and bring them to justice!"

"I'll go get my chainsaw!"

Oh sweet mother of Notch no.

We managed to find refuge at a small inn. The guy behind the counter didn't seem too interested in us, so we paid for a room for a week. More than enough time to find Dr. Boom and stop him before he launches his attack.

“You’ll be sharing with someone I’m afraid,” the innkeeper told us, not looking too bothered whether we cared or not, “be careful. He’s a bit of an oddball.”

Oh come on, how bad was it going to –

“Fancy seeing you chaps here,” Magic Mance said, looking up from the cards on his bed.

Magic Mance. The only other bounty hunter that hadn’t been captured. My first thought was that he was the traitor. Le Spy. My second thought shut the first one up immediately. He was one of the least suspicious when we questioned him. But then, why was he here?

“I was on a solo mission,” he explained after I asked him, “Seeing as the business with Dr. Boom didn’t work out, I decided to go after another target. Some rich guy who’d been stealing gold blocks from people in the city.

“How’d that work out?” Charles asked, taking a seat on the floor.

“Fairly well,” Mance showed us his inventory, filled with gleaming metal, “I returned what had been stolen, but he had his own secret reserve of gold. Figured I’d help myself.”

“Well, that gold’s going to be a massive help,” I noted.

“Get your own,” Mance laughed, “I’m just kidding. I trust you guys have seen the news.”

We nodded.

“Guess the Admins weren’t too happy we broke into their home,” Charles remarked, “still doesn’t explain how they figured out it was

us.”

“I doubt they did,” Magic Man shrugged, “they were probably looking for someone to blame and decided to pin it on us. It was only by luck they got the right people.”

“And now they’ve captured the others,” I continued the conversation, “how’d they pull it off?”

“I’m not too sure,” Mance shook his head, “but what I do know is that Block News is lying. Not everyone has been kidnapped.”

“Say what?”

“Valiant Victor escaped. He’s supposedly in hiding… but I don’t buy it. How’d a wimp like Valiant Victor make it out? Huge Hugo’s twice his size and could pummel anyone who came after him. Heck, Victor would say it’s against the rules to escape and stay in his cell.”

That was an excellent point. Did that mean Victor was the traitor? Had I been right the first time? Gosh I hope so, there’s no way I’m looking like an idiot.

“Too late for that.”

Silence Charles!

“So what’s our next move?” I asked my two companions.

“I was planning on heading to someplace far out,” Mance explained, “no reason to stick around in Blockopolis. Too many people here. We’d be caught eventually. You two are welcome to come along.”

I glanced at Charles, sharing a silent thought. Should we tell him about what Dr. Boom is planning? Or go with him and leave Blockopolis to its fate?

I sighed. I hated being the good guy sometimes.

“We can’t go Mance,” I shook my head, “we have to stay. The people here are in danger.”

“Say what?”

Charles and I began explaining to him. It took all night, but by the end of it, he was nodding his head thoughtfully.

“Alright, I’ll stick around,” he agreed, “but we need to keep a low profile. Do you know when he’s going to strike?”

“Sometime this week.”

“Then we’d better get ready.”

DAY 9

Operation Stop Dr. Boom has begun!

Mance isn't great at coming up with names.

First things first, we had to prepare for the mission. We tasked Mance with purchasing all the supplies we'd need, considering he had all the gold.

"Alright, but you guys owe me for this," he warned as he left our room.

Meanwhile, Charles and I went to investigate the Tower of Notch. Keep in mind, this isn't someplace you can just waltz into. They have at least two guards. Two! And don't get me started about the building itself. Constructed from the finest stone known to man. We'd need at least three blocks of TNT to break down the wall.

But we have a much better plan than that.

We're going to ambush Dr. Boom on the night he attacks the tower, which I'm guessing will be the end of the week. Because in this story, all the big events happen on the last day of the week.

Ergh, sorry, there I am talking about a story again. This is all real, I assure you.

So the plan is to steal a key from one of the guards. Once we have that, we'll head to the tower the night before the attack. We'll wait for Dr. Boom's arrival and apprehend him in the act. Foolproof I tell you!

Of course, if this whole plan fails then Blockoplois is in big trouble. Not that it will fail. We've got the best bounty hunter in the world working for us.

"Oh thank you Dan, I really -"

Not you Mace. Me. Danger Dan. The finest bounty hunter in all of the land. There isn't anyone who can step up to this.

"Mance, get the duct tape."

Charles? Mance? What are you – NO, WAIT!

DAY 10

Ouch. Getting duct tape off your face REALLY hurts.

Mance brought us the supplies yesterday. Everything we asked for. Miniature explosives (his own special recipe), throwing knives, an extra roll of duct tape (because they used what we already had) and of course, some putty to copy the mold of a key.

They'll notice if we steal the key and don't return it, but if we make a copy ourselves then things should be okay. Once we have the copy, all we'll need to do is distract the guards and slip inside the Tower, where we'll wait for Dr. Boom and bring him to justice.

Maybe then we can clear our names and make the bounty hunters somewhat popular.

It's a risky plan of course. If someone spots or notices us, we'll be in massive trouble. We'll get hauled off to one of the prisons where we'll be left to rot. And even if we manage to avoid getting spotted, there's still the traitor to worry about…

Le Spy… is it really Victor? What about the others? Are they so innocent? What if there's no traitor at all? I never saw his face, and it might just be another scheme concocted by the Admins to drive us apart. At this point, I'm willing to believe anything.

I can't afford not to trust my allies now. I've hardly got any left. Only Charles and Mance are here to help me. I'll put my trust in them and hope they do the same for me.

We bounty hunters are few and far between. We have to stick together. No matter what.

DAY 11

Time to steal the key.

As we expected, the two same guards were on duty. It occurred to me that we'd never actually seen them leave. Did they spend their entire lives here, just guarding this one tower? Standing there for hours and hours, staring off into the distance, with nothing to distract them from their boredom except for thieves and mad doctors with a love for explosives…

Right, sorry, I'm rambling. On with the mission!

We dressed up Charles in a wig and dress.

"No you didn't, that was you."

What are you talking about? Don't be so silly. As if I'd ever do anything so humiliating. Come on, you know me better than that.

"It's true, I even took pictures."

DARN IT MANCE! Why?

"They're great to show at parties."

Ugh. Fine, I was the one who dressed up in a wig and dress to distract the guards. I approached them both, pretending to be a lost person in the city.

"Excuse me," I said, putting on a high-pitched voice, "could you please tell me how to get to Dimwit's Road?"

“But of course!” they both jumped forward, “now is that Dimwit’s Road in the North or South of Blockopolis?”

“North,” I replied, as Charles and Mance began sneaking up behind them.

“Ah, that’s a tricky street to find,” one of them noted.

“Agreed,” nodded the other, “first, you’ll wanna head to Loser’s Corner.”

“That’s wrong,” the first guard shook his head, “it’s Moron’s Avenue you be looking for.”

As the two bickered back and forth, my two companions began rummaging through their pockets, searching for the key. I began tapping my foot impatiently, as the pickpocketing took much longer than you’d expect.

“Hurry up,” I whispered under my breath, as Charles finally found the key. He quickly pressed into the putty Mance had purchased, before returning the key to its proper place.

“Oh thank you very much gentlemen,” I waved my hand and interrupted their bickering, “you’ve been a fine help but I really must be off. See you later!”

I fled as fast as I could in heels, racing back to the room as fast as I could. Mance and Charles were struggling not to laugh as they saw me.

“Very funny,” I sighed, pulling off the wig, “did you get the key imprint?”

“Sure did,” Charles nodded, showing the putty, now with a key imprint.

I sure hope this was worth it, because if we don’t stop Boom then I might just die of embarrassment.

DAY 12

It's finished.

Mance bought some more supplies from the blacksmiths, before hiring an anvil to use. We kept our hoods up and masks on to avoid anyone trying to collect the reward money on us.

I have to hand it to Magic Man, he knows what he's doing. He smelted the iron in just the right way, hammered it in all the correct places and soon, had filled the putty with boiling metal, forming the correct shape of the key.

"Looks good," I nodded, but Mance frowned.

"We'll soon find out," he noted, giving the metal a few minutes to solidify. Once it had, he removed it with a pair of tongs and dunked it into a cauldron of water. Steam filled the room.

The key itself was red hot, but seemed to be perfect for the task at hand.

"Nice work," I patted Mance on the back, as Charles gave him a high-five, "still we have to test it."

We shared a nervous laugh, knowing how much trouble we'd be in if this failed. Mance offered to clean everything up, as Charles and I made sure we had everything ready for tomorrow night.

"Do you really think we can stop him?" Charles asked me. It wasn't normal for him to doubt himself.

"I don't know," I shook my head, "but we'll sure as heck try."

DAY 13

Time to move out.

We snuck out under the cover of darkness, because breaking into the Tower of Notch during the daytime is really, really stupid. You'd have to be an absolute moron to consider it.

"This reminds me of the time Luckless Larry tried to break into the Tower of Notch during the daytime," Magic Mance was telling us.

Ah, that explains it.

We snuck up to the tower's entrance. A couple of guards were lurking by the entrance, mainly uninterested with their surroundings. Thoroughly bored. Just how we wanted them.

As soon as I gave the signal, Charles threw one of the miniature explosives about ten blocks away from the tower. It went off, startling the guards.

"What was that?" one asked the other.

"Maybe it was a monster," the stupid reply came.

"Maybe it drops EXP!"

That's all the two needed to go looking for the imaginary beast. We used the opportunity to sneak up to the door. I crossed my fingers as we inserted the new key, praying to Notch it would work. Thankfully, it did, and the doors swung open.

"In hindsight, we probably could have knocked out the guards and come tonight," Mance noted.

I resisted the urge to facepalm as hard as I could. Oh well. Too late to back out now. We proceeded into the tower, barely taking a moment to admire the breathtaking statues around us. Notch, Jeb and Dinnerbone, the creators of this world, all represented by gold statues.

“Beautiful,” Charles wiped a tear from his eye, “I’m resisting the urge to steal them.”

“Good luck fitting them in your inventory,” I grinned, “now come on. We have to get in position.”

The other two nodded, and we began setting up. We positioned ourselves behind the statues, got our weapons ready…

And waited.

DAY 14

“INCOMING!”

I’d dozed off as some point, so that warning was very much appreciated. I dived to the left, as a ball of purple fire sailed over my head and tore a massive chunk out of the wall behind me.

“HOLD YOUR FIRE OR I’LL DETONATE THIS BABY!”

“Is that thing armed?”

“Duh. Why else would I say ‘hold your fire or I’ll detonate this baby’?”

“Fair enough. Hold your fire guys.”

I rose to my feet, my head pounding. Charles was stood at my side, his sword drawn. I couldn’t see Mance anywhere. To my left, four of the Admins were floating in the air, ready to fire off their magic. To my right was only what I could presume to be Dr. Boom, dressed in a mad scientist garb and holding a detonator.

“How’d he make it inside?” I asked Charles.

“We all fell asleep,” he muttered with some reluctance, “Mance and I woke up when we heard this banging noise. He went to check it out but I haven’t seen him since.”

Darn it. This wasn’t good.

“You there, bounty hunters,” the Head Admin wagged a finger at us, “in league with Dr. Boom I see.”

“We came here to stop him you moron!” I hissed, “Seeing as you lot have been sitting on your rear ends.”

“We’ve been tracking him!” another Admin defended themselves, “We weren’t going to strike until the time was right.”

“If by tracking, you mean ‘following me twenty blocks away and hiding behind a tree half your size when I turn to look at you’, then you did a very good job,” Dr. Boom laughed, “but enough of this. Time we settle this once and for all.”

Dr. Boom waved the trigger he was holding.

“One move and I’ll destroy the Tower of Notch, along with my powers, unless you listen to my demands.”

“Like we’ll obey you,” a third Admin challenged, preparing his magic, “how about you surrender?”

“Hmm, let me think about that,” Dr. Boom pretended to ponder for a minute, “NEVER!”

“Dan, what do we do?” Charles asked, sword at the ready.

The Admins charged their spells, prepared to incinerate the three of us in a single instant. Dr. Boom had his finger on the trigger, ready to blow the place sky-high.

And above us, the traitor watched from the balcony. I can’t believe it took me this long to spot him. He made no move to stop us. In fact, he seemed to be enjoying it.

I reached for my throwing knife, slid it into my hand and sighted my target…

The knife flew forth.

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Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter (Mission 1)

Next Time:

IT ALL ENDS HERE!

Danger Dan and Charles Brilliant might have escaped their foes for the moment, but their situation is at its most dire.

Dr. Boom and the Admins are ready for all-out war, with Blockopolis serving as the battleground. With the other bounty hunters in captivity, can Dan and Charles hope to save the city before it's too late?

But as the battle begins, the traitor lurks in the shadow with a plan of his own. How will Dan and Charles beat Dr. Boom, the Admins and Le Spy? Maybe they won't…

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Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 3

Mission 1 Finale – Dr. Boom

By Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

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DID YOU ENJOY THIS BOOK?

PREVIOUSLY:

You again? Back for one final battle? Of course you are! Who wouldn't want to miss the epic adventure that is Danger Dan, taking on Admins and a psychotic nut with a love for TNT?

"Don't forget me!"

No one remembers you anyway.

"Awwww."

That was Charles Brilliant, my so-called 'sidekick'. We met in an inn one time and he challenged me to an arm-wrestling contest for the right to join me in the glorious profession of bounty hunting.

"Actually, you begged me to join your team, remember?"

Be silent, lest I cut you down with my sword. Anyway, what was I saying?

"You were telling everyone how great I was!"

Doesn't sound like me. Oh yeah. I remember. I'm here to tell all you lovely people about what happened last time.

"Wouldn't they have read the last book?"

Who's got time to read a book that long? Better they read my super short and sweet version. And if they just so happened the skip the last book, at least they'll be caught up.

"Fine but remember kids, half the time Danger Dan is lying when he said he did something."

I most certainly do not. Now, let's start with the part where I beat up three Admins using my bare hands.

"Like there."

SILENCE!

"Whoops. Sorry."

Right, now was I? Alright, I was getting to the part where I wrestled alligators…

"Come on Dan, tell the truth."

Ugh, fine. Trust you to ruin the excitement. Very well, here's the actual telling:

We started things off with a showdown with Le Spy. Charles had just had his rear-end handed to him, and I was in a spot of trouble. Yet for some reason, Le Spy decided to leave me alone, with the threat of 'permanent despawning' hanging over my head.

After dousing the flames left by Le Spy, I met up with Charles once again to plot our next move. However, we returned home to find our entire house looted. Meeting up with the other bounty hunters, we discovered the same thing had happened to them.

Returning home, Charles and I discovered a note left by Dr. Boom, claiming an attack on the Tower of Notch, the rumored source of the Admin's powers, was imminent. Although we were exactly fond of the pretentious and uptight Admins, we decided to do everything in our power to stop Dr. Boom.

Journeying to Blockopolis, we planned on ambushing Dr. Boom when he launched his attack. However, we found ourselves in a spot of trouble when

the Admins decided to frame us for an attack on Admin HQ (granted, we did break into the building, but only with noble reasons in mind).

“Didn’t you steal their wall of diamond blocks?”

Only noble reasons in mind!

Right, back to the story. Forced into hiding at the local inn, we met up with Magic Mance, who’d been on a mission to relieve someone of their emeralds. From him, we learned that Valiant Victor had managed to elude capture, furthering our suspicion that he was Le Spy.

To break into the Tower of Notch and set our trap, I was forced to… ugh… dress in a woman’s dress and wig. Whilst I distracted the guards, Mance and Charles created a mold of the key to the door, which they then replicated.

After sneaking into the tower, we settled down for the night and began waiting. I’m ashamed to admit that I dozed off at one point, for when I returned to the world of the living, I was trapped in the middle of a battle between Dr. Boom and the Admins…

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Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter (Mission 1)

MINECRAFT: Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter

(Mission 1 Part 2)

PART I

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And above us, the traitor watched from the balcony. I can't believe it took me this long to spot him. He made no move to stop us. In fact, he seemed to be enjoying it.

I reached for my throwing knife, slid it into my hand and sighted my target…

The knife flew forth.

… and struck the rope holding up the massive chandelier.

Both the Admins and Dr. Boom looked up at the same time, as the great decorative piece came tumbling down, soaring back to earth. The Admins

were swift enough to teleport a short distance away, but poor Dr. Boom wasn't so lucky.

"ERGH!" he cried, as the structure came down on him, burying him alive.

"Nice one Dan!" Charles offered a high-five, a gesture which I reluctantly returned. I suppose he's earned it, watching me pull off that feat of amazingness.

"What have you idiots done!?" the Head Admin hissed, floating towards us with his little buddies.

"Your job," I shot back, pushing him backwards, "I've been putting up with your trash for years now. Every time one of the other bounty hunters or I did some good, you'd steal all the credit and leave us in the dark."

That silenced him for a moment, but I wasn't done just yet.

"You've treated us like vermin, no matter what we've done to help this server. Heck, you even framed us for blowing up your precious Admin HQ. You might act all high and mighty, but if we hadn't been here today then the lot of you would have lost your powers. What have you got to say to that?"

Darn son. If there was a mic then I'd be dropping it right now. I'd left the Admins speechless, glancing at one another sheepishly and rubbing their heads.

"I-" the Head Admin tried opening his mouth, but no words would emerge. I figured we were done here.

"Let's go Charles," I dragged my companion to the door. I'd find Mance and the three of us could get the heck out of here.

"Hehehehe…"

Huh?

“Hehehehe. Hahahahaha. HAHAHAHAHA!”

That was some maniacal laughter to say the least. Before I could grasp how truly evil said laughter was, the floor exploded.

Yup. It quite literally exploded.

“Talk about an explosive twist.”

Be quiet Charles. Yes, the floor exploded, tossing Charles and I backwards and leaving us with several more bruises to add to our ever growing collection.

“BOOM!” screamed the evil voice, as amid the smoke, a dark shape began rising from the floor.

Huh, guess we weren’t done with this mission after all.

“Bow before me mortals, for I am Chaos Reborn!”

As the black smog began to clear, the face of our opponent was revealed. None other than Dr. Boom, giving off some weird purple electric energy.

“Charles, you want to finish this guy off?” I asked my partner. The guy deserved some glory every now and then.

“With pleasure,” he grinned, leaping forward and firing one of his arrows at Boom’s head.

I don’t know what I was expecting to happen, but I’m fairly certain I wasn’t expecting the arrow to explode.

“Huh, this guy’s pretty good with his explosives,” Charles quipped, notching another arrow.

“Those aren’t explosives,” the Head Admin shook his head, “that energy dancing off his body… there’s no mistaking it. He’s absorbed the power at the heart of the tower.”

So the Tower of Notch was indeed the source of power for all Admins. Guess it wasn’t some shody tourist attraction after all.

“Indeed I have,” Dr. Boom echoed in a demonic tone, “I thank the bounty hunters for their help. Now however, I think I’m going to go cross some things off my bucket list. Number one is getting a McRonalds. Number two is the destruction of the entire planet!”

“Not if I have anything to say about it!”

The Head Admin clapped his hands. Above Dr. Boom, a massive Obsidian cube appeared, which promptly proceeded to crush the mad scientist. Even I had to say that was pretty cool.

Of course, one does not simply despawn an Admin. The cube shattered into a thousand pieces, replaced with a giant hammer. It was promptly swung at the Head, who ducked and retaliated with a giant sword.

“Admins, assist your leader!”

The three others were charging their own attacks. Boom was occupied with fending off the Head Admin, so there was no way he’d have time to dodge. Was this really going to be the end?

Of course not. We’re not even halfway into the book.

One. Two. Three arrows descended from the upper levels, striking each Admin in the chest. I glanced upwards, spotting Le Spy in the same spot I’d seen him before. Wait a second… wasn’t he supposed to be working for the Admins?

“What is this magic?”

Oh no.

I turned. The three hadn’t been struck with any normal arrow. They’d have laughed it off if that was the case. No, this wasn’t your standard projectile. They looked similar, but these ones had purple tips. Like the one Le Spy had showed me. The one that brought ‘permanent despawning’ to its victims.

Oh dear.

They were beginning to vanish. Unable to move, unable to speak and unable to act. I removed the arrows from their bodies, but by then the effects of the dark magic had taken hold. They were despawning. This time, forever.

Le Spy had already hit three of them, and now he was targeting the Head Admin. Locked in a battle with Dr. Boom, there was no way he’d be able to dodge it. I had to act.

I drew my sword and dived forward, knocking the projectile out of flight. Le Spy titled his head at me from the balcony, before firing two more arrows. Ha! Didn’t he know I’d taken classes in Arrow Deflection? I was virtually an expert. Actually scratch that, I was the expert in this field.

CLANG! CLANG! Both arrows scattered upon coming into contact with my sword. I’d imagine Le Spy was furious by this point, but I couldn’t really tell with that mask he was wearing. He prepared a third arrow, only for another projectile to stick him in the shoulder.

I looked to my right. Charles had taken one of the arrows I’d blocked and sent it straight back at Le Spy. A pretty decent shot to say the least. I should

probably give him a raise.

“Dang right you should!”

On second thought, probably not. That’d mean less cash for me.

Le Spy, the traitor, clutched his shoulder for a second, removing the arrow which had struck his avatar. There was no mistaking the purple tip. He glared at Charles from behind the slits in his mask, before tumbling over the edge of the balcony. I was quick to catch him before he hit the ground.

“Guess the favor has been returned,” Charles chuckled, as I gazed upon our foe.

Here was the man who’d sold out the bounty hunters. Who’d betrayed us to the Admins and who’d betrayed them in kind. Taking a deep breath, I grasped his mask and tore it off his head.

“Dang it, looks like I’ve been caught,” Magic Mance sighed.

I nearly dropped him when I saw his face. Mance was the traitor?

“Why?” was the only word that would spring to my lips.

Mance just gave me this strange look, like one an adult would give a child.

“Don’t you see old friend? The bounty hunters are done for. Not that we had anything to begin with. We’ve tried fighting criminals for so long, and for what? The Admins are always going to be on top. I thought that maybe if I joined them, things would finally go right for me…”

I shook my head and sighed.

“The gold you ‘stole’ on that ‘mission’…”

“Was payment from the Admins, yes,” Mance nodded, “but after working for them for a few weeks, I starting to grow sick of their shtick. So I switched sides once more and teamed up with Dr. Boom.”

Speaking of which, how was that fight going?

“MONSTER!” I heard the Head Admin cry out, as Dr. Boom knocked him back with an energy blast before ascending to the roof.

“This world is finished Admin! Even you can’t stop me now. But don’t worry. I’ll make sure you’re around to see Minecraftia burn to ashes!”

And with that he burst through the window, leaving us to deal with Mance.

“Looks like that backfired too,” Mance coughed. He was beginning to disappear now. The arrow’s effects were taking hold.

“There’s still time to fix this,” I whispered to him, “still time to fix everything. Tell us what Dr. Boom’s planning.”

“Oh, you’ll see that soon enough,” Mance grinned. Only his head remained now.

“Hey… Dan?”

“Yes Mance?”

“Do you think you could avoid mentioning this to the other hunters? I do have a reputation to keep.”

I groaned. The magician was about to fade from the game and all he could care about was his darned reputation.

“Sounds a lot like someone I know.”

Now where did I leave that duct tape?

“You used it all up, remember?”

Gosh dang it, you’re right. Remind me to pick some up when we’re done here.

“Yeeaah… no.”

BACK TO THE STORY!

So there we were. I was holding Mance in my arms as he was being disconnected. I knew in my heart it’d be the last time I’d see him. At least, until he made another account.

“Dan?”

Oh hurry up and disappear already.

“Yes Mance?” I groaned.

“Go kick that nutjob’s rear-end.”

And with those wise last words, Mance was gone, leaving me to stare at the space he’d once occupied.

“There goes one of the greatest bounty hunters I’ve ever known,” Charles sniffed. The Head Admin handed him a handkerchief. I myself was in momentary disbelief, before I shook my head and rose to my feet.

“We have to make sure that Mance’s sacrifice wasn’t in vain…”

“Sacrifice? He took out three of the Admins and tried taking me out!”

“…Good point, although he did give us some good advice.”

“To go and defeat Dr. Boom? Wow, some of the greatest advice I’ve ever heard.”

“If you two are done arguing,” Charles slapped both of us, “we need to get moving. The longer we stay here, the further Dr. Boom slips through our fingers.”

“BOW BEFORE YOUR MASTER!”

“Something tells me he’s closer than we think,” I pointed out.

“Looks like it… alright, we need to stop him. Head Admin, any ideas?”

He opened his mouth to speak, only to clutch his chest in pain and collapse to the floor.

“Dang it,” he hissed, “Dr. Boom did more damage than I thought. He landed some pretty bad hits on me during that fight.”

“And how does the Head Admin lose to a nutty scientist?” I inquired, “Are you guys really that bad at your job?”

“Silence,” he hissed, “to cut a very long story short, when Admins take their power from the Tower of Notch, they take it from the heart of this place. They only need a portion of it to accomplish great things. The Head Admin takes twice as much, though it pales in comparison to how much Dr. Boom just drained…”

“So we’ve got a madman with a love for TNT floating around the city, with powers that rival Notch and Herobrine’s? I just want to confirm things here.”

“Yes,” the Head Admin nodded, “and there’s nothing we can do about it. All the other Admins are out of the picture and I’m too injured to take him on…”

“Why not just drain more power from here?” Charles demanded.

“Power can only be taken once. I blame the author.”

“Who?”

“Never mind. The point is there’s no more Admins to take this guy on and I’ve got no idea where we’re supposed to find candidates at this hour.”

I glanced at Charles. Charles glanced at me. We both turned our heads towards the Head Admin.

“What are you… oh don’t you even think about it.”

“We’re just borrowing this!” I promised, as Charles and I walked over to the gaping hole in the floor. Sitting at the very bottom of the chamber was a great pool of glowing blue water. A quick glance told me half of it was missing. I wonder who was responsible for that.

“As Head Admin, I must inform you there are twenty-two thousand, seven-hundred and fifty-three rules that all state you’re not allowed to do this!”

“What are you going to do? Ban us?” Charles chuckled.

We both leaped into the pool.

Part II

Admin powers. Who would have guessed it?

Leaping into that great body of water gave me a feeling unlike anything I've ever experienced before. The feeling of having several bajillion volts of Redstone current circling through your body and zapping your insides. At this point, it occurred to me why there might be a limit on the amount of power taken from this place.

Charles seemed to be feeling somewhat similar, shaking and writhing as his body absorbed the ancient arts, techniques and cooking recipes of the Admins.

Of course, I wasn't exactly happy we'd resorted to this. Fueling our bodies with the power of those we hated the most. But what other choice did we have? We failed to beat Dr. Boom in his regular, human form. And with the explosions coming from the surface, I could only imagine what his new form was letting him do.

So I sat there, allowing the Tower of Notch to supercharge me with this strange liquid. Vivid colors flashed before my eyes, and voices began to fill my head, all repeating the same question.

Are you worthy?

Are you worthy?

Are you worthy?

Being the smooth talker I am, of course I had a cool response for them.

Are you?

One. Two. Then…

Okay, we'll be quiet now.

After what felt like an eternity (also known as two whole minutes), everything began to die down. The energy coursing through my veins and the blinding rainbow burned into my eyes vanished like the voices, and I was left in control of my body once again.

I felt… I don't know how I felt. Stronger? Wiser? More handsome? No, not possible. I was already at the limit that handsome people could reach. Any more, and I'd probably break the universe with my great looks and amazing smile.

"Charles, how you holding up?" I laughed, figuring he'd probably thrown up his Admin powers.

"Pretty great."

Oh you've got to be…

Charles was floating above me. Literally floating. In one hand he held a fireball and in the other was a communications device of some kind.

"That's called a phone."

ZIP IT!

"What are you doing with that?" I inquired.

"Letting all my pals on Blocknet.cube know about my sweet new powers."

Blocknet.cube? That was where most of my fans were. How dare Charles attempt to usurp my place as the most famous bounty hunter (and most

famous Minecraftian for that matter). I extended my hand as if to reach for the phone, though I wasn't expecting a bolt of lightning to blast the mobile to pieces.

"DUDE!" Charles clenched his fists, "DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MUCH THAT COST?"

Sizzle…

It took me slightly longer that I would have liked for me to realize that Charles had set me on fire.

"OH SWEET MOTHER OF NOTCH, IT BURNS!"

I tried dousing my burning pants with water, but the flames reignited once more. I tried rolling around on the stone floor of this cave, but that only seemed to make things worse. Finally, in a desperate attempt to make sure I wasn't forced to remove my clothes, I pointed my hand at the inferno around my leg and yelled:

"DOUSE!"

A jet of water sprang from my hand and doused the fires, much to my relief. I shot my most angry glare at Charles, who whistled innocently and looked in the other direction.

"If you two are done arguing down there, I believe there's a mad scientist who's attempting to destroy the world outside."

Ah yes, the Head Admin. I wonder how he felt about us 'borrowing' the Admin powers.

"And by Notch's beard, if you don't return that magic when you're done with it, I shall personally hunt the two of you down and tickle you until you're purple."

That didn’t sound too bad.

“I shall then deposit you into a volcano and let you have a nice, fiery bath for a few-thousand years. Once I’m certain only your bones remain, I shall feed them to my pet wolf.”

Oooh, a lava bath and a cute dog. This day just kept getting better.

“… You don’t care, do you?”

“Can’t say I do!” I shouted back, “DANGER DAN AWAY!”

I leaped in a Mario-esque fashion, punching the air with my fist and ascending upwards. Sure I was a little shaky at first, even I’ll admit that. But soon, I was flying like a regular Admin.

“You hit the ceiling seventeen times before you figured out how to control your actions.”

Remind me why I keep you around again.

Never mind how it happened, for we eventually soared free from the Tower of Notch and into the beautiful night sky of Blocktropolis. From here, we had a clear view of the magnificent city, from its vast buildings to enormous explosions.

Oooooh, that wasn’t good.

Dr. Boom stood hovering above the city center, summoning blocks of TNT from nothing before calling them down on the buildings below. No houses were spared his destructive acts, from dirt hurts to diamond mansions. He truly was insane.

“BOW BEFORE DR. BOOM, THE GREATEST GRIEFER WHO EVER LIVED!”

“Stand down Dr. Boom!” Charles cried, as the two of us flew over to meet him.

He turned, a confused look on his face. Once he spotted us however, the confusion turned to happiness.

“Oh, and to think I was worried the Head Admin had gotten over his little booboo,” Dr. Boom laughed his evil laugh, clutching his sides as he did, “oh this is too rich. He sent you punks to face me? A pair of bounty hunters who’ve had no prior training? Oh this is fantastic.”

He continued to chuckle for a few seconds more. Charles crossed his arms and waited patiently, whilst I thought back to my childhood. All those hours spent watching ‘The League of Admin Superheroes’, my favorite TV-Show as a kid. Perhaps that would hold the answers to controlling my new powers.

“Tell you what,” Dr. Boom continued, “if you two surrender now, I’ll give you front row tickets to my master plan!”

Clicking his fingers, a much larger object began forming itself from nothing. I don’t know what gave it away, whether it was the bright red color or the writing on the side that read ‘TNT’, but I was almost certain this was a block of TNT.

“Behold, the Super Mega TNT! The most powerful explosive device ever created. I shall use my ultimate creation to wreak havoc on the planet, and remake it as I see fit.”

“What do you mean by that?” I asked, my fists clenched.

“LOOK AROUND YOU!” Dr. Boom boomed, “This whole city, this whole planet, this whole universe is comprised of only one object… CUBES!”

He was right of course. It was the first thing you were taught in Kindergarten. But so what? Who cared if the universe was made out of cubes? At least it was easy to build in straight lines.

“At least it’s easy to build in straight lines,” said Charles, totally stealing my thought.

“Perhaps,” Dr. Boom nodded, “but there is one thing your precious lines will never help you create!”

“And what is that?” I demanded.

“Circles.”

GASP!

“You don’t mean…”

“Yes! The mythical object with no straight lines. The one said to be the only item Notch ever banned from this world, because it defied everything he stood for. How does one build a house out of a circle? He deemed it to be the most evil creation ever forged, so he removed it from the universe entirely, never to be seen again… until now.”

His hands glowing, he began moving the block of Super Mega TNT into position. Directly above the city.

“I SHALL FORGE MINECRAFT ANEW. NO MORE CUBES, BUT SPHERES! SPHERES MADE OF CIRCLES! THE WORLD SHALL BE RIGHT ONCE AGAIN, AND I, DR. BOOM, SHALL BE PROCLAIMED THE GREATEST BUILDER WHO EVER LIVED!”

“Admin Slap!”

WHACK!

Dr. Boom was pushed backwards slightly, his cheek now red. Charles stood in front of him with his fist raised.

“You’re insane,” Charles spat, “we will stop you, Dr. Boom. No matter what the cost.”

“THEN BRING IT ON!” Dr. Boom challenged.

And so we did.

Armed with only our knowledge from The League of Admin Superheroes, we began the most epic battle in the history of epic battles.

“SILVER CLAW!” Charles cried.

“GIANT FIST!”

Coming left and right, we tried catching the mad doctor between our attacks. Dr. Boom merely raised his hands, forming a pair of energy shields that deflected the double assault.

“Pitiful,” he sighed, “now it’s my turn.”

He turned to look at me, and grinned.

“CANNON SHOT!”

One second he was a good twenty blocks away. The next, we were face-to-face.

“CANNON PUNCH!”

WHACK!

Oooh that was going to leave a mark. The doctor’s swift strike dazed me and tossed me into the nearest building. A cookie factory. After spending a few minutes consuming the delicious snacks, I returned to the fight.

Things seemed to be going well enough for someone up against a man who could challenge Notch to an arm-wrestling contest and probably win.

“Charles, will you hurry up and finish this already?” I asked him politely, “You’re making us bounty hunters look like a bunch of weaklings!”

“Maybe if you got off your rear-end and gave me some assistance,” Charles huffed, as Dr. Boom caught him off guard with some sort of bomb attack. He quickly recovered and blasted the scientist with electricity, but that was soon shrugged off and followed with a nasty smack with an oversized hammer.

“Give up bounty hunter,” Dr. Boom hissed, “you can’t hope to defeat me.”

Maybe Charles couldn’t, but I certainly could. Dr. Boom had left himself open to an attack. He had his back to me. Now was the chance.

“DIVINE STRIKE!”

A spear of pure light appeared in my hand, which I promptly tossed at the good doctor. Its very form seemed to illuminate the night sky like a shooting star. As if sensing the attack (or perhaps seeing how bright it had gotten), Dr. Boom turned, but it didn’t help him to dodge.

The spear struck, exploding on contact and dousing Dr. Boom in burning white flames. Before he could respond, Charles had floated up behind him and knocked him over the head with an oversized frying pan.

“Nice one Charles,” I grinned.

Unfortunately, not nice enough.

Dr. Boom was quick to shake it off, tossing Charles through the nearest window with a blast of black energy. Before I could hope to reach my companion, Dr. Boom was in front of me once again.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he asked, “Oh, that’s right. The ground floor!”

BANG!

Another one of his explosive attacks. Whatever it was tossed me down to street level and into a fountain. Not even giving me the chance to catch my breath, our insane opponent brought down a torrent of TNT onto my body.

“Owowowowowowowowow.”

TNT hurts a lot, especially if Admin Powers are keeping you from despawning. However, I wasn’t sure how much longer they would last.

“Goodbye Danger Dan,” I heard Dr. Boom off in the distance through the ringing in my ears, “It’s been a pleasure.”

One final block of TNT, which looked to be the finisher. This was it. Boom was going to win.

“NOOOOOOOO!”

In typical movie fashion, Charles flew in the path of the explosive, firing off some lightning attack as he did. The TNT detonated, tossing Dr. Boom skywards and throwing my partner downwards to join me for a swim.

I immediately forgot all the times he’d ever tried to make fun of me or discredit me in any way.

“CHARLES!” I cried, limping over to my partner.

Mercifully, he was still spawned in. But just how much more punishment could we take.

“Dan…” he croaked, lifting a shaking hand.

“Yes Charles?” I asked, grabbing hold of it. Odd, his hand felt strangely… electric.

He looked me in the eyes, a grin on his face.

“Go kick that nutjob’s rear-end.”

He passed out, as I felt more refreshed than ever before. The feeling was too familiar and too recent to forget. It was what I had experienced back in the Tower of Notch. Only then, did it hit me.

Charles had boosted my Admin Powers with his own.

“Are you two love birds done down there?”

I growled and began floating upwards. Dr. Boom had his arms crossed and was looking at his watch, like he’d been waiting for hours on end.

“Are you very much done yet? I do have a schedule to keep.”

I glared, and for a second I thought I spotted a hint of concern in Boom’s eyes. It was soon replaced with his annoying grin however.

“Let’s finish this,” I snarled.

PART III

One on one.

With Charles out of the picture, that left me as the last thing standing between Dr. Boom and him destroying the planet with his Super Mega TNT. If I failed here, it would mean the end of Minecraft as we knew it.

So no pressure.

“And so your ally falls,” Dr. Boom taunted, “a shame. He actually put up a fight. Oh well, guess I’ll just have to squash you like the bug you are and get to work remodeling Minecraft.”

As he started blabbing, I charged my next attack. Charles had passed me his Admin powers, meaning I was more or less on the same level as Boom now. However, I’d take a lot more hits than he had. Could I really finish this?

“I will stop you,” I promised, “no matter how many times you knock a bounty hunter down, he’ll always get back up. I’m no exception.”

“Bounty hunters are the lowest scum on Minecraft,” the scientist spat, “you go around trying to be the good guys, when really all you are is mercenaries. Even the Admins aren’t as pathetic as you. Why don’t you go on home and let the professionals handle this, little boy?”

“DIVINE STRIKE!”

My spear of shuddering light, now twice as bright as before, blasted forth and struck Boom in the chest. He was thrown into the nearest tower, caught

completely off guard. I had an opportunity to strike. I couldn't waste it.

"SEALING BLADES!"

Another one of the techniques I'd seen used on those superhero Admin shows. Four knives morphed into existence, which flew forth and pinned Dr. Boom to the building by his lab coat. As he struggled to free himself, I prepared what I hoped to be my final spell.

"FINAL FLAME!"

Cupping my hands together, I released a torrent of fire hot enough to melt the sun. Or you know, something close to that power. It bathed Dr. Boom from head to toe, intending to despawn him a thousand times over. If I could just break down his darned Admin defenses, I could win this battle and save the city.

"DR. BOOM'S SEPCIAL SURPRISE!"

Special surprise?

Immediately, an Obsidian prison complete with iron bars formed around me. My attack impacted against the walls instead of Boom, though failed to burn down this new cage.

"Obsidian: The perfect defense against even the hottest of attacks. You really should pay more attention in school."

Distantly, I could hear Dr. Boom click his fingers. That was when the cage began to shrink in size. The walls, floor and ceiling were all growing closer, intending to incase me in the ultimate tomb.

I desperately tried to escape. I tried every spell I knew, and even a few I'd just made up. Yet no matter what I threw against the Obsidian blocks, they

just refused to shatter. I was trapped like a miner facing a Creeper. This was it. The end.

“GOODBYE DANGER DAN! MAY YOU FOREVER BE REMEMBERED AS THE ONE WHO FAILED! MAY YOUR NAME BE SHAMED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS TO COME! LET IT BE KNOWN THAT ON THIS DAY, WHEN THE WORLD WAS DESTROYED, IT WAS YOU WHO ALLOWED IT TO HAPPEN! DANGER DAN, THE MOST PATHETIC BOUNTY HUNTER WHO EVER LIVED!”

Yes, it was all true. I’d failed, and Dr. Boom was going to destroy the planet. Charles had pinned his last hopes on me, along with the Head Admin and Mance. And I’d failed them all.

“I’m sorry,” I muttered, as the cage looked set to crush me.

“AND FYI, YOUR COOLNESS IS NON EXISTENCE!”

What?

“ALSO, I JUST THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT YOU AREN’T NEARLY AS HANDSOME AS YOU THINK YOU ARE!”

What!?

“OH, AND ONE MORE THING. NOTCH HAS BETTER HAIR THAN YOU. OH YEAH, HE’S BALD!”

WHAT!?

With an epic punch, I smashed the cell bars off my prison and flew from the Obsidian box. Dr. Boom hissed, but didn’t look too concerned.

“BEGONE!” he declared, clicking his fingers and summoning a TNT cannon.

Dozens of the explosive cubes were launched in my direction, but I merely accelerated my speed. They all missed, leaving the path to Dr. Boom open.

“I SAID BEGONE!” he roared, forming another one of his energy shields.

“GIANT FIST!” I retorted, my hand growing ten times its normal size.

Coming into contact with the shield, it shattered immediately. Dr. Boom was defenseless once again, and I took full advantage of it.

“DIVINE STIRKE! DIVINE STRIKE! DIVINE STIRKE!”

One after the other, my spears of light exploded against Boom. The first hits only left him angry, but the next volley left him barely afloat.

“ENOUGH OF THIS!” Dr. Boom shoved me back with one final effort, before floating back to his suspended cube of TNT, “YOU’VE FAILED DAN, AND THE WHOLE WORLD IS ABOUT TO REALIZE IT!”

That familiar hissing noise. I’d recognize it anywhere. The fuse had been lit. I had only seconds before the block detonated and did a serious remodeling job on all our houses.

There was only one spell that could save us now.

“Hey Boom!” I yelled.

“WHAT!?” he spat, “WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY WANT!?”

“Giant Baseball Bat.”

“Giant Baseball Bat?”

“GIANT BASEBALL BAT!”

And so it came to pass that on that day, Danger Dan sent the block of Super Mega TNT and Dr. Boom into Minecraft space, with a single swing of his giant baseball b-

“DAN!”

Oh, hey Charles. Didn’t expect to see you here.

“Are you seriously taking credit for my victory again?”

Of course not, I was just telling our young guests that…

“You saved the world with a giant baseball bat? Please, you got knocked out on the first attack. I ended up fighting Dr. Boom for eight hours before I got him with some duct tape.”

Ah duct tape, the world’s most powerful weapon.

“Come on, maybe I’ll let you brag a little bit at my award ceremony.”

Oh fine.

NEXT TIME:

Danger Dan and Charles might have defeated Dr. Boom, but their work is far from over.

The bounty hunters are now honorary Admins, tasked with helping to keep the peace. But serious threats are starting to emerge, and the bounty hunters are hard-pressed to stop them.

A crew of pirates, known only as ‘Team Grieferz’, are raiding cities with powerful technology. Dan and Charles are sent to bring them down, but they’ll soon experience for themselves the great terrors of the seas…

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Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter

Boxet Set 2 (4-6)

Mission Team Grieferz

By Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 4

Mission 2 – ‘Team Grieferz’

By Minecrafters & Wimpy Boy

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Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter (Mission 1 Finale Part 3)

PREVIOUSLY:

Halt! Who goes there?

“Oh not again…”

Oh it’s you reader.

“YOU ALREADY KNEW WHO IT WAS, YOU LET THEM IN!”

Silence Charles. Don’t make me stuff you in the trash compactor again.

“Hah, you’ll have to try harder than you did last time. If you think a little trash is going to despawn me…”

No, but a little lava introduced down the trash compactor might.

“…I’ll be good.”

Excellent! Now then, on with the fantastic adventure.

“But wait, what about the people who haven’t read the first three books?”

Good point. To those people I say: open your wallets and read my diaries. They’re amazing! Notch even rated them five stars.

“He did not rate them five stars.”

Fine, six stars.

“You’re an idiot.”

Trash compactor + lava + Charles = what?

…

That’s what I thought. Well, for those who aren’t up to date on my adventures, pour yourself a cup of the good stuff, relax and listen to this shortened version.

Bounty hunters. Once known as the scavengers of the server, taking on any work we could get. Mainly, our tasks involved taking down the smaller criminals the Admins couldn’t be bothered to deal with. We were treated like crud wherever we went, made worse by the fact the Admins were deliberately trying to smear our reputation.

Then, one day, a crazed scientist called Dr. Boom managed to blow up an amusement park. Loads of players got despawned, though the Admins didn’t seem to be doing much about it. That’s where I stepped in.

“Ahem.”

Fine, that’s where Charles and I stepped in.

Aided by our fellow bounty hunters (Magic Mance, Valiant Viktor, Huge Hugo and Luckless Larry), we were able to track down the lair of Dr. Boom. However, the Admins intervened and reached the lair first, scaring away the target.

Soon afterwards, we discovered that there was a traitor within the group. I questioned the others, and came to the conclusion that Valiant Viktor was the spy.

Dr. Boom, having managed to escape, attacked the city and set it aflame. The bounty hunters manage to control the flames, whilst

Charles and I went after Dr. Boom. We instead ran into the traitor, who subdued me and despawned Charles.

Although he was nice enough to let me go, he warned me he had the ability to ‘permanently despawn’ me. Soon after we got a hold on the flames, I met with the other bounty hunters and we planned our next move.

Charles and I discovered a note left by Dr. Boom, claiming he’d attack the Tower of Notch, source of the Admin’s power. We went over to Blockopolis to stop him, only for the Admins to put out an arrest warrant for all of the bounty hunters, the only ones escaping capture being myself, Charles and Magic Mance.

The three of us grouped together and came up with a plan to stop Dr. Boom. We managed to sneak into the tower of the night of the attack, finding ourselves caught in a standoff between the Admins and Dr. Boom.

Through my intervention, Dr. Boom was supposedly defeated. However, he managed to acquire the Admin’s powers himself, planning to use them to destroy the city. The regular Admins attempted to stop him, but were attacked by the traitor with his ‘permanent despawning’ arrows.

Charles got lucky –

“Hey!”

Fine, Charles landed an excellent hit with the traitor’s own arrow, bringing him down. We discovered it to be none other than Magic Mance. The idiot. He got all sad and blah blah blah, disappeared forever.

By this point, Dr. Boom had defeated the Head Admin and was planning on destroying the entire planet. With no option, Charles and I absorbed the power of the Admins and attacked him ourselves.

What followed was an epic battle of almighty proportions, raging across the skies for hours on end, until at last, I managed to best my foe and –

“AHEM!”

Oh jeez, fine. Charles was the one who beat him. Happy now?

“Very.”

Ugh, and there you have it. The epic tale of how Charles and I defeated Dr. Boom and saved the planet.

“You know, there was really no point in having you there at all. What did you do exactly?”

Right, that’s it. Trash compactor.

“NOOOOOOOO!”

PROLOGUE

WARNING TO ALL SAILORS!

DUE TO REPORTS OF DISAPPEARANCES OF SHIPS AND CREW, ALL SAILORS AND THEIR RESPECTIVE VESSELS HAVE BEEN CONFINED TO THEIR PORTS OF ORIGIN. THIS IS ONLY A TEMPORARY MEASURE, UNTIL SUCH TIME AS WE CAN FIGURE OUT THE MYSTERY BEHIND THESE EVENTS.

TO ALL CONCERNED CITIZENS, DO NOT PANIC. THE ADMINS HAVE DEPLOYED THEIR BOUNTY HUNTER BRANCH TO VARIOUS CITIES, IN AN ATTEMPT TO UNCOVER THE ANSWER TO THESE STRANGE OCCURANCES.

IN THE MEANTIME, PLAYERS ARE ADVISED TO MOVE THEIR RESOURCES VIA LAND. PORTS ARE NOT EXPECTED TO BE REOPENED FOR SEVERAL WEEKS, SO YOU SHOULD BEGIN PREPERATIONS NOW.

NEITHER THE ADMINS NOR THE BOUNTY HUNTERS HAVE GIVEN ANY COMMENTS IN REGARDS TO THE SITUATION, SO PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHEN LISTENING TO SPECULATION.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR PATIENCE AND UNDERSTANDING.

APOLOGIES FOR INCONVENICNCE CAUSED,
MAYOR OF WHITEPORT

Day 1

“ON THE LEFT!”

“GET DOWN!”

The thrill of the chase. The glory of battle. The explosiveness of… explosions. There was nothing that could beat this feeling. Nothing that could defeat the –

“FOR THE LOVE OF NOTCH DAN, GET OFF YOUR VIDEO GAME AND HELP US OUT!”

Oh, right. We’re battling enemies. My bad.

I stepped out of our transport, a small airship given to us by the Admins. I’d insisted on driving, yet even with my amazing skills we’d somehow been shot down. I blame hackers.

“YOU FLEW US DIRECTLY INTO A TREE!”

Quiet Charles, I’m trying to determine how best I’m going to dispose of you when we get home.

“Jerk.”

Right, the battle. Probably should get back to that.

Our mission was simple. We’d been deployed by Admin forces to launch an all-out assault on Hackervile, a town home to some of the most notorious hackers known to man. These were the real criminals. Guys who despawned people with simple commands, flew around instead of walking and of course, spawned sponge blocks. The most illegal item in the game.

“Set your lasers to ban, gentlemen!” Charles shouted out loud, as we pulled out our weapons and ran into the open city.

Immediately, two hackers teleported in front of us, intending to take us by surprise. A quick pull of the trigger and they disappeared, permanently removed from normal society.

“Nice one,” Valiant Viktor gave me the praise I so rightfully deserved, and we pressed onwards.

In the span of a few minutes, my fellow bounty hunters and I managed to push deeper into the city, banning anyone who dared to attack us. Not once did they manage to land a hit on us, be it with strange cheating magic, blocks of TNT or, in one case, a giant sheep.

“BRING DOWN THE HACKERS!” I cried, as we approached the Town Hall.

By this point, the defenders were no more. We’d either kicked or banned them for good, meaning we only had the big cheese to deal with.

“Go!” Charles yelled, as we burst into the building.

Sitting in the wooden hall, at the very end of the room, was none other than xxX360NoScope360Xxx, one of the most dangerous hackers ever to roam Minecraft.

“So you noobs made it,” he began, “looks like I need to teach you all what real hacking is all about.”

Around him, strange objects began to spawn. Red spheres, which promptly began to glow. I recognized this attack all-too well. One

that Dr. Boom had used.

“GET DOWN!”

We dived for the floor, as the spheres began blasting a slew of lasers around the room. The wooden structure soon caught fire, submerging us in a hot and smoky battlefield.

“What’s the matter?” xxX360NoScope360Xxx teased, “can’t handle the heat?”

As I began to stand up, I noticed that the hacker’s attention was focused on Luckless Larry, who’d (surprise surprise) been pinned by a falling log. Without missing a beat, I pointed my weapon at xxX360NoScope360Xxx and fired.

“Nice shot Charles!”

“Brilliant work buddy!”

“Thanks for saving me back there!”

Wait, what?

I looked to my right. Charles had beaten me to the punch (or rather, the pull) by a nanosecond. The smug grin on his face was enough to make me want to ban him right there. Unfortunately, there were a few rules stating why that wasn’t allowed.

Oh well, I’d duct tape him to the floor when we got home.

DAY 2

So I should probably explain what's been happening since we totally kicked Dr. Boom's butt.

Well to start things off, it turns out the Admins aren't such a bad bunch after all. They gave the bounty hunters full credit for taking down Dr. Boom, and removed all crimes against us. Huge Hugo and Luckless Larry were freed from prison, and the gang got back together for a spot of tea drinking.

Including Mance.

Sigh. You know those supposed 'permanent despawn' arrows? Yeah, that was kind of a big fat lie. They were just arrows fused with Ender Pearls, meaning they'd only teleport the victim. Apparently he just wanted to scare us.

Still, after listening to his groveling apology about how much he loved us, we decided to let him back into the group… on the condition he gives us half his earnings for the rest of his life. He grudgingly accepted.

So you may be wondering what kind of criminals the bounty hunters tackle now. An excellent question. We go after the guys the Admins are too busy to handle. No really, they mean it this time. We're going after hackers, cheaters, exploiters and people who think leather armor is decent in this day and age.

And the people love us for it.

The second we stepped into the inn today, we had people left and right offering to buy us cups of tea and bowls of Mushroom Soup. We refused them of course, but the bartender insisted that everything was on the house. We grudgingly accepted.

“To us,” I raised my bowl, “the greatest bounty hunters in the history of Minecraft!”

“Here here!” Charles cheered, “There isn’t anyone who can defeat us!”

Oh how wrong we were.

DAY 3

There's been a message from Whiteport.

Oh come on, please tell me you know what Whiteport is.

"I don't know where that is."

Remind me again why they call you Charles brilliant.

Whatever. If you must know, Whiteport is a port, hence the name.

"If that's the case, why'd they call it Whiteport and not Port?"

Because a city called Port is stupid. Now then, where was I? Oh right, Whiteport. Long story short: we received a message that the place was attacked by some of the most evil villains ever to set foot in the world of Minecraft.

Pirates.

No, not those loveable scamps on the internet that download stuff for free. We're talking real pirates. Eye patches, parrots and a burning (and disgusting) hatred of toothpaste. They brush their teeth with their long bushy beards, or so the tale goes.

Pirates used to be a massive group of players, back in the early days of Minecraft. They were a real problem too, causing chaos and destruction wherever they went. It got to the point where they could even take on the toughest of players and the biggest of cities.

In the end, Captain Hammer led a fleet of a thousand ships against the pirates. The pirates were utterly destroyed, though in the process Captain Hammer was lost at sea, never to be seen again…

If the pirates have returned, this is troubling news. Minecraft hasn't had a decent fleet of boats in years, and if they really are back…

No time to dwell on it. We've got work to do. Charles and I have already begun preparing for our journey to Whiteport-

"You mean I've been packing our bags whilst you've been writing in that cursed journal of yours?"

Details, details. The point is, we're getting ready to head to Whiteport. Once we're there, we'll probably hire ourselves a ship and investigate the waters ourselves.

I'm not sure of the exact information myself, but it appears the city came under heavy attack by pirate forces. Severe damage to the buildings and several players were despawned. Most of the boats were also destroyed, but I'm hoping a few were hidden or repaired.

We head for Whiteport tomorrow, where we'll track down these evil players, be they pirates or something else. Once we have them, we shall destroy them in the name of Notch!

Cool eh? The Admins told me to say it.

"It really doesn't work for you."

One of these days Charles…

DAY 4

Ah, Whiteport.

Five minutes of standing in this cursed city and already I'm ready to leave. Never before did I think the smell of fish could actually seep into the walls of houses, but it can. The whole place smells like squid and let me tell you, squid do not smell nice.

How do I know this? That's a story for another-

"You're not going to tell them about the time you used a bottle of squid deodorant?"

By the son of Notch, I will silence you forever with an entire roll of duct tape.

"Good luck with that."

Ergh! We arrived at Whiteport early in the morning, to the sounds of people moaning and groaning. Half of the city had been ruined by the mysterious attackers. Buildings had crumbled into dust, windows had been blown to bits and someone had taken the time to scribble 'Pirate Wuz Here' on the side of a broken wall.

"And to think I was thinking of buying a holiday home here," I joked, much to the appreciation of the locals.

"They tried to toss you into the sea for that remark."

Good thing I had my Admin powers to help me.

"You nearly drowned when you attempted to freeze the lake… whilst you were under it."

Ah whatever. Cutting this needless banter out of the way, we quickly attempted to establish just what had happened to the city. What enemies had truly attacked them? Pirates? Something worse? Or something not nearly as bad?

“It was pirates,” one villager spat, “they drove by in a ship with black sails and fired upon us with cannons.

“Nay,” another shook his head, “it was angry fish people. They’d stolen a vessel and decided to take revenge on us poor innocent villagers.”

“Yeh both be fools,” a third smacked his staff into the dirt, “it was obviously angry fish pirates.”

We all looked at the obvious madman, who walked off in a huff, muttering something about ‘young people cramping his style’.

Well, whether it was pirates, angry fish people or angry fish pirates, we really had our work cut out for ourselves. We decided to work in pairs. Valiant Viktor and Luckless Larry would attempt to gather more information, Huge Hugo and Magic Mance would oversee repairs in the village and of course, I just had to get stuck with Charles.

“You should consider it an honor.”

Bah, whatever. We went looking for someone who could lend us a boat. As we explained before, most of the boats had been destroyed in the attack. All we could hope for is to find something that was, at the very least, still afloat.

“Why don’t we just spawn a boat?”

Because that would be too easy. This story needs a challenge.

"… what story?"

Quiet you. After a few minutes of searching, coupled with questioning the madman, we managed to find a sailor with a working boat who'd be willing to take us to our destination.

"Aye, I'll help you out," he told us, "and not because I want to. Because I got a score to settle with these pirates."

"That's great," I nodded, backing away at the same time. There was no way I was going to get stuck listening to some pointless backstory. But too late, the guy opened his mouth and started yapping:

Twas a dark and stormy night. I'd just finished making a delivery to the town of Blackport (real original name right there) *with my pet chicken Cletus, when all of a sudden, my ship fell afoul of a mysterious attacker. The seas were streaked with fog, but I could just about make out the faint outline of a massive vessel, intent on sinking us.*

We engaged in battle for several minutes, before I ended up running over a rock and making a giant hole in me ship. I managed to patch it up, but before I knew what was happening, the pirates were on me again. They poked more holes in me ship then there are in Swiss cheese, and my vessel started taking on way too much water.

I made for the lifeboats, but as I looked around for Cletus, those darned pirates boarded me boat and stole the only chicken I've ever loved…

A single tear fell from his eye, as he drew his sword and stood up.

“And so I swore that I would defeat those cowardly curs, no matter what the cost! I’d get my Cletus back and put an end to all the dastardly deeds they’ve committed, else I’d change my name from Brian the Sailor to Loser the Sailor!”

By that point, Charles had drifted off and I was already half asleep. Still, we gave him a round of applause and a bag of gold, promising to return in the morning.

Tomorrow, we’re going pirate hunting.

DAY 5

Team Grieferz.

That's the one name Luckless Larry and Valiant Viktor have been hearing around Whiteport. People were scared to say it at first, but after they spent enough time in the inn they began to pick up whispers. How the villagers were afraid that 'Team Grieferz' would return once again to pillage and plunder. And they probably would.

Unless we stopped them.

Still, Team Grieferz? Really? That's the best name this crew of so-called pirates could come up with? Why not 'The Swashbuckling Swashbucklers' or 'Pirates United'?

"Because those are without a doubt some of the worst names for a pirate crew I have ever heard."

Oh please, you're just jealous I thought of them first and you didn't.

Brian the Sailor was ready to cast off, and with Magic Mance and Huge Hugo have repaired the city as best as they could (literally nothing filling every hole in site with dirt blocks), we set sail after the secretive Team Grieferz!

Brian's ship was… interesting to say the least. At a first glance, it looked like a simple vessel one would use to trade items. However, in the short time since he'd battled the pirates, Brian had decked the entire thing out with TNT cannons and a metal hull.

“Let’s see them take us on now,” he grinned, “once we find this Team Grieferz, we’ll blast them to smithereens and send them to Davy Jone’s Locker!”

I should really have brought a pirate dictionary along. Half the time I can’t understand what he’s saying.

“Arr, will you be having milk ‘n sugar with yer tea?”

See what I mean?

We haven’t drifted too far from Whiteport, but so far there’s been no sign of any pirates. We’ve passed a few other ships, but they’ve just been delivering items.

“This is bad,” I heard Valiant Viktor mutter that evening, “those ships are supposed to be confined to their ports, to make sure the pirates don’t have a tempting target.”

“Must be wanting to make some emeralds,” Mance shrugged, “with so few ships, it’s become a lot easier. Of course, if the pirates do get a hold of them then they’re going to lose a lot more than a few weeks profit.”

“Which is why we have to bring them down,” Charles finished.

We retired for the night after a dinner of Fish ‘N Squid, as Brian called it. Tasted more like Fish ‘N Vomit to me, but whatever.

Maybe we’d have luck finding the pirates tomorrow.

DAY 6

Huh, normally when I something like that, something bad is supposed to happen.

FYI, we're all fine by the way. No sign of bloodthirsty pirates, no indication of dangerous storms and no sighting of deadly fish monsters which could drag us to the depths of the ocean. Everything is hunky dory!

"We're out of tea!"

OH FOR THE LOVE OF HEROBRINE!

This trip just became ten times worse.

We've continued our patrol of the glorious oceans, but so far we've found no results. In fact, there hasn't been a report of a single attack. What's worse is that more and more ships are starting to return to the waters, only increasing the risk of someone getting attacked.

Charles and I agreed to contact the Head Admin, to enforce a rule to prohibit all boats from leaving port. Unfortunately, we ran into some problems.

"I'm sorry bounty hunters," secretary of Admin HQ shook her head through the contact crystal, "but the Head Admin isn't even in this very server right now. He's currently preoccupied on another world, dealing with a very nasty threat."

"He's gone for dinner at Burger Queen, hasn't he?" I questioned, to which she promptly hung up.

Old habits die hard I guess.

Still, this doesn’t change facts. Things are starting back up again and if the pirates were to attack now, they could cause massive damage to Minecraft’s economy. To put that in simple terms: a lot of people are about to lose a lot of money.

We’re heading back to Whiteport tomorrow to put a stop to this. I just hope we aren’t too late.

DAY 7

I hate being right.

“Good thing it doesn’t happen a lot.”

SILENCE!

After a restless night, we set sail for Whiteport, intent on keeping ships grounded for good.

We hadn’t been moving for five minutes until we spotted it: the first of many burning wrecks, floating in the water.

What followed was like a breadcrumb of destroyed ships, all slowly sinking into the sea. In fact, the closer we grew to Whiteport, the more there seemed to be. If it weren’t for the obvious signs of battle, I would have said a storm or a great tidal wave had wiped the lot of them out.

We managed to rescue a few sailors who hadn’t despawned, who confirmed what we already knew. This was the work of Team Grieferz, who’d struck when things looked as if they’d be returning to normal.

We’re not sure how damage has been caused in total, but there’s definitely a reason to worry now. With the amount of ships that have been destroyed, trade is going to come to a grinding halt. Cities won’t be collecting nearly as many diamonds and emeralds as they were before, at least until they rebuild their fleets.

By the time we reached Whiteport, things looked dire. The entire place was full of sailors who’d despawned and respawned in the

nearest city. They were stuck there, having forgotten to use their legs long ago. No swimming on dry land I'm afraid.

We stocked up on supplies and spoke with anyone who'd been attacked by the pirates. The story is a little shaky when you're asking so many people (some thought it was Herobrine's own ship which had attacked them, whilst others believed it to be the work of a single rowboat), though we think we've managed to piece everything together.

At noon, when there are the most amount of boats on the sea, that was when the enemy struck. According to eye witness reports, Team Grieferz launched a brutal strike against the near-defenseless ships, attacking them from behind and working their way back up to Whiteport. Anything caught in their path was utterly obliterated.

Seeing as our ship is one of the few left afloat, many people made offers either to buy (or even steal) it. We flatly refused them all and returned to the ocean, where we prepared to pursue the only clue available to us.

One of the sailors noted something strange as Team Grieferz black vessel had destroyed their boat. As he lay there, clinging to a piece of timber, he noticed something emerging from the back of the ship…

A trail of fog.

We've spotted the trail ourselves, and began our pursuit. If this leads us straight to the enemy boat, then we might be able to ambush them before they can react. Not that we'd need to of course. So these guys sank a few hundred ships. Big deal. I can do

that in my sleep. Let’s see what they’re capable of when they go up against me.

WEEK 2

DAY 8

I’m really starting to regret those words.

All through the night, we pursued our foe. Carefully gliding along the waters, making notes of the fog trail as we slowly drifted further and further away from the safety of Whiteport.

I think we were all too tired to realize it at the time-

“I wasn’t. I warned you several times what I think would happen, but you didn’t listen to a word I said.”

Grr, I ought to throw him off the ship right now. And I would, if he wasn’t so useful.

Fine, I think we were all too tired (save for Charles) to realize we were being lured into a trap. The pirates must have known something about us, whether it was the fact that our vessel was stronger or the fact that we were working with the Admins. Either way, they wanted to dispose of us.

After what seemed like hours of stalking the ship, the fog trail just… stopped.

We emerged into a small clearing of water, with fog surrounding us on all sides. We couldn’t see a darned thing. I turned to look at the route we’d taken, but fog had appeared there as well.

“I don’t like the looks of this,” Luckless Larry whispered.

And that’s when they came down upon us.

Their vessel emerged from the side, opening fire with their cannons. Before we could react, several blocks of TNT struck the side of the ship, knocking us backwards.

“Good thing I installed the metal hull,” Brian moaned, “else we’d be fish food right about now.”

Deciding to thank Brian later, I instead focused on hopping on the nearest TNT cannon and returning fire at our foes. Charles and Mance copied my move and I figured in a few seconds, we’d have Team Grieferz swimming with the fishes.

A very rare occurrence I know, but I was wrong. The black vessel they piloted seemed to gain in speed, totally avoiding the attacks we’d launched. We didn’t have a chance to turn the weapons before they fired again, this time targeting our cannons.

The three of us were knocked backwards, as the TNT weaponry was swallowed up in a ball of fire. That only left the cannons on the other side of the ship, which were currently useless.

“They’re preparing another round!” Brian cried, as he attempted to steer the ship to a safe distance.

That left us with only one option. Admin powers were meant to be used only in the direst of circumstances. I figured that applied to our current situation. Raising my hand, I pointed towards the sea, intending to freeze the sea beneath the pirate’s boat…

But nothing happened.

“What are you waiting for?” Charles hissed, “Get them already!”

“It isn’t working!” I shook my head, “I can’t use my powers on the boat.”

“Then we’ll just have to use it on something else,” Charles grinned, pointing to a couple of loose stacks of TNT on the deck. He yelled a word, and the explosives were shot towards the vessel.

“Let’s see them dodge that!”

But they didn’t have to. A few meters before the red blocks would come into contact with the ship, they exploded in midair. As I covered my eyes to shield them from the explosion, I caught sight of a purple bubble, appearing and disappearing in an instant.

“They have a shield,” I sighed, “looks like it’s protecting them from our powers.”

The crew looked at one another, as a third volley of rounds blasted the rear end of the ship. We wouldn’t last much longer like this.

“The hull can’t take much more!” Brian cried.

“Well, if our magic can’t harm their vessel… what do we do?” Viktor asked.

To which I replied with one of my genius-

Oh, I’m sorry, Charles would you like to interrupt?

“It’s fine.”

Really? Are you sure you don’t want to take credit for my genius intellect.

“No, considering this is the one good idea you’ve ever had.”

Well, if you’re sure.

“GET ON WITH IT ALREADY!”

Oh fine.

“We can use our powers on our own ship,” I spoke up, “if we can’t defeat them now, then we can at least retreat until we can. We’ll summon a great wind to power our sails.”

“But in what direction?” Brian demanded, “We’re surrounded by fog. Even if we do escape, who knows where we’ll end up?”

He had a point, of course. The fog had totally messed with our sense of navigation. We could find ourselves at the bottom of the sea, all because we ran into an iceberg we couldn’t spot.

But as the sounds of lit TNT reached my ears, I realized we had no other choice.

“Use your powers!” I commanded the other bounty hunters, raising my hand to call upon a great and powerful storm. My friends followed suite, and somewhere far away, I heard the calling of a massive wind.

“BRACE YOURSELVES!” I cried, grabbing hold of the side of the boat as the wind descended, smacking into the sails and propelling us forward, well out of range of Team Grieferz’s attack…

And well into the depths of the unknown.

DAY 9

Lost at sea. I believe that's the correct term for our situation.

The gust of wind sent us much further than I would have liked. Instead of pushing us away from our enemies, it launched us like a stone skipping across water. We must have been propelled hundreds, if not thousands of blocks…

Leaving us here.

Some sort of ancient temple, half-flooded. The walls and structure look like they were composed of marble once upon a time, but the majority of the temple has fallen into disrepair. Heck, the whole place looks like it could collapse into the sea at any moment. The only thing holding it up is a pair of cracked pillars.

But more on the local scenery later. I really didn't have time to explore an ancient building which no one would care about… which is why I sent Charles and Mance to investigate it. Now I can at least think without hearing them whine.

As for the rest of my crew, they aren't much help. Brian keeps mumbling about Cletus, Valiant Viktor is stuck in his rulebook and Huge Hugo keeps punching the wall. Looks like it's down to me to get us a way out of here.

***

Update: no plans to get us out of here just yet.

I'm still working on our amazing escape. What had interested me however it was Charles and Mance brought back from the temple.

A scroll from one of Minecraft's most ancient ages.

A quick glance at it didn't reveal much. Actually, it wasn't much more than a drawing of a giant squid monster, attacking a boat. Aside from that, the only thing remarkable about the scroll was that someone had torn the bottom off completely. I wonder what was on it.

Aside from getting distracted by this little painting, Charles informed me that his attempts to contact the Admins were futile. Not because we didn't have any communication crystal service (I had three bars), but because they were otherwise… preoccupied.

"Do you think it's the pirates?" I asked him, to which he nodded.

"Even with their ship, there's no way they'll survive against the Head Admin. We should let him take over things from here."

Surprisingly, I agreed. Besides, our situation was a little more important to worry about than some battle between Admins and pirates. And like Charles said, the Head Admin could handle it.

***

Or not.

We'd just finished dinner: a lovely plate of cooked shrimp. At the very least, being trapped here offers no lack of food. As we were cleaning up and discussing our next move, my pocket started to buzz.

"The Admins," Charles grinned, "they're contacting us! No idea why they decided to call you."

I just stuck my tongue at him, only for the call to stop. Confused, I removed the crystal and examined it.

There was a message on my communication crystal. I wanted to smile, until I saw the color of my crystal. Red. Urge. The Admins wanted to contact me with something very important. With a shaking hand, I played the message.

Bounty hunters,

Return home immediately. Team Grieferz has called upon a great and mighty evil. The Admins have been overwhelmed. Dozens of cities have been destroyed in a matter of hours. We need your help if we are to defeat them.

-Head Admin

One thing was for certain. This fight with Team Grieferz was only just beginning, and we were a thousand blocks from where we needed to be. We had to get moving, to help save Whiteport and the rest of our allies.

The only question was, which direction was the right one?

NEXT TIME:

A NEW THREAT RISES AGAIN!

Danger Dan and Charles Brilliant are ace bounty hunters, but are they prepared for the dangers of the sea?

Team Grieferz has unleashed some kind of terrible evil on Minecraftia, and Dam and Charles are too far away to do anything about it! Lost at sea, their only hope is to return home as quickly as they can.

But as supplies start running low and the situation takes a turn for the worst, Dan and Charles realize pirates aren't the only threat in the waters…

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Wimpy Boy and Minecrafters

Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 5

Mission 2 – ‘Team Grieferz’

By Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

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DID YOU ENJOY THIS BOOK?

PREVIOUSLY:

Stop right there! You would dare to peek upon my diary without my permission?

“Please no…”

Oh, reader. I didn’t see you there. Please, have a seat by the fire.

“FOR THE LOVE OF NOTCH, YOU KNOW WHO IT IS! YOU LET THEM IN, LIKE ALL THE OTHER TIMES!”

Charles, is that any way to talk to our guests?

“I’LL THROW YOU IN A LAVA PIT IN A MINUTE!”

Nonsense, we’re nowhere near a pit of lava.

“RARGH!”

And now you owe fifty diamonds for that wonderful statue you just destroyed.

“AH TO HECK WITH THIS, I’M GONNA GO FIND SOME DECENT COMPANY!”

Don’t let the door hit you on the way out.

“YEEEOW!”

I did warn him.

My apologies you had to see that reader. Right then, on with the story.

You're probably aware of how things are at the moment. How the bounty hunters, a once lowly organization who were picked on by the Admins, arose to become one of Minecraftia's greatest defenders. How we now work alongside the Admins to battle all kinds of criminals, from griefers to hackers. How we'd finally earned the respect and loyalty of Minecraftia's citizens…

But that was about to change.

Shortly after finishing one of our missions, rumors began popping up everywhere. Strange, haunting tales of a dreaded ship, which terrorized boats all across the seas. As they were only rumors, the Admins couldn't investigate them at this time. They needed hard, solid evidence of what was going on.

Which came in the form of an attack on Whiteport, one of the most important Minecraft cities.

As such, the bounty hunters were at last sent in to deal with the situation. Comprised of myself, Charles 'Brilliant', Valiant Viktor, Huge Hugo, Luckless Larry and Magic Mance, all joined together through the bonds of friendship, loyalty and of course, giant bags of gold.

Arriving at Whiteport, we discovered our foe to be none other than pirates, a group of players who were presumably destroyed hundreds of years ago. A short search brought us to Brian, who told us of his battle with the pirates and how he lost his pet chicken Cletus at sea when they attacked him. We also learned the name of our foes: 'Team Grieferz'.

We set sail, crossing the waters in search of these pirates. We were hopeful at first, but soon our search brought up nothing. The seas were devoid of all pirate life, making us question what was actually happening. Meanwhile, other boats, which had been confined to their ports for safety, were starting to venture out onto the water again.

Which of course, only led to disaster.

Team Grieferz did indeed strike again, destroying every boat in their path. Hundreds of vessels were left burning and thousands of players despawned. I can only imagine the amount of diamonds and emeralds that were on those ships, and I can only weep imagining how they're now left forever.

Intending to finish this once and for all, we found a clue that would lead us to the pirates. A trail of fog, left from their ship. Strange, I know, but we followed it anyway. All through the night and early into the morning, we pursued this trail, intent on putting an end to 'Team Grieferz'.

Little did we realize we were sailing into a trap.

They led us into a field of fog, leaving us near unaware of our surroundings. That was followed by a surprise attack from their black vessel, pounding our ship with rounds of TNT. We returned fire, but they somehow managed to dodge every single shot.

Changing tactics, we decided to use magic against them. I attempted to freeze the sea under them… to no avail. Charles elected to throw stacks of TNT at them, but before the explosives could reach the ship, they were destroyed by some sort of shield.

A shield that repels Admin powers mind you. The most overpowered powers in the game.

With no other options, we called upon a great wind to propel our ship from the battlefield. We were tossed into the fog, crossing the sea like a… like a… really fast fish.

And we ended up here. An ancient temple, well out of the way of any civilization I'm aware of. Trapped with no indication of where we actually were, we decided to wait for the Admins to contact us. In the meantime, Charles and Mance found a strange looking scroll in one of the temples, depicting some sort of giant squid monster…

And that's when we received a message from the Admins.

Return home immediately. Team Grieferz has called upon a great and mighty evil. The Admins have been overwhelmed. Dozens of cities have been destroyed in a matter of hours. We need your help if we are to defeat them.

It looked like the battle had only just begun…

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Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter (Mission Team Grieferz Part 4)

PROLOGUE

ATTENTION! THIS IS A SERVER-WIDE ANNOUNCEMENT!

DUE TO SEVERAL ATTACKS FROM THE GROUP KNOWN AS TEAM GRIEFERZ, ALL CITIZENS ARE HEREBY FORBIDDEN FROM TRAVELING TO COSTAL CITIES. ANY CITY LOCATED BY THE SEA IS FORBIDDEN TO ENTER.

ANYONE LIVING IN THESE CITIES WILL SOON BE EVACUATED, DUE TO THE MASSIVE DANGER OF THIS CURRENT SITUATION. SHOULD YOUR AREA COME UNDER ATTACK, PLEASE RETREAT IN A CALM AND ORDERLY MANNER.

REST ASSURED THAT THE ADMINS ARE DOING EVERYTHING IN THEIR POWER TO STOP TEAM GRIEFERZ. PLEASE ACCEPT OUR CONDOLENCES FOR ANY LOST ITEMS AND TREAT YOURSELF TO A MEAL AT BURGER QUEEN'S, ON US.

STAY SAFE AND KEEP ON MINING THOSE DIAMONDS!

WITH LOVE,

THE HEAD ADMIN

Day 1

Well, this is quite the situation we're in, isn't it?

Thousands of blocks away from any form of land, utterly alone in this desolate place.

"You still have us," Charles remarked.

Oh gosh, the situation is worse than I thought.

It's been a few days since we were first 'marooned here'. Don't get me wrong, we can still move the ship. The question is whether or not we want to. The spell we used to get us away from 'Team Grieferz' has propelled us to somewhere we can't find on the map.

And to make matters worse, someone ate the last cookie which was supposed to be for me.

So what is one to do in this situation? Well, most people would bury their heads in the water and cry their eyes out. But not me. Not the great and mighty Dan Danger. Or is it Danger Dan? I always get my name mixed up.

"If you could stop rambling, perhaps you'd like to help me with this darned device?"

Oh right. Sorry mother!

Charles and I have been working on our communication devices. For whatever reason, we can't get into contact with the Admins, even though they were able to send us a message. However,

Charles is confident that if he messes around with the device enough, he should be able to find a way to contact them.

“Pass the hammer.”

…

I’m somewhat worried now.

As for the rest of the crew, they aren’t much better. Luckless Larry has fallen into the ocean… twice. Valiant Viktor keeps telling us that we’re all a bunch of rulebreakers for using magic when we weren’t supposed to. Huge Hugo keeps smashing tables and chairs, and Magic Mance is just practicing card tricks… which he keeps getting wrong.

“Is this your card?”

No.

In fact, the only one who seems relatively calm is Brian the sailor. Strange, considering how much he despises ‘Team Grieferz’. He’s just been studying the maps, attempting to chart a course back home. But as I mentioned before, we can’t find where we are. Like this place was never charted on the maps.

Right now, our only hope is to get in contact with the Admins and pray they can find a way to get us home. Otherwise, Team Grieferz has got a one-way ticket to cause as much destruction and mayhem as they please.

Charles and I will find a way to reach them. Right now, that is the sole task on our minds. There is nothing, and I mean nothing, that could hope to distract us from our mission. I swear on the lives of

everyone in Minecraftia that we shall not rest until we've found a way out of these accursed-

"DINNER TIME! WE CAUGHT SOME MORE SHRIMP!"

…

Right after a tasty meal of shrimp, that is.

DAY 2

We've done it!

"You mean I did it."

I didn't think we'd manage to do it, but after long hours of working through the night-

"After I worked long hours through the night."

We've managed to establish a link with Admin HQ!

"I MANAGED TO ESTABLISH A LINK WITH ADMIN-MRMHMHMH?"

Thank goodness for that spare roll of duct tape.

"Who is this? Identify yourselves!" barked a voice from the communication crystal.

"It's your best friend Phil," I rolled my eyes.

"Phil? I thought you were in a food coma after winning that pie-eating contest."

"I mean err, it's Greg."

"Greg? I thought you were busy writing Minecraft fanfiction."

"I mean, err…"

"This is Charles Brilliant," Charles snatched the device from me, having removed his duct tape, "Head Admin, is that you?"

"It is," a burst of static came from the device, "I'm guessing that was Dan?"

“Correct,” Charles sighed, “we got your message, but we’re in a bit of a predicament right now.”

“Well you’d best get out of that predicament right away. Things are not looking good over here.”

“What’s going on exactly?”

“Team Grieferz. They’ve managed to summon some sort of giant creature that’s begun terrorizing our cities and despawning everything in sight.”

“That’s not a very helpful description,” I pointed out.

“What more do you want me to say? It’s a giant fish!”

“A giant fish,” Charles began rummaging through his backpack, “Head Admin, enable video mode.”

And so he did, and we were greeted with the Head Admin’s glorious mustache.

“What is it?” he asked.

“Take a look,” Charles showed him the scroll he and Mance had found back in the temple, depicting a giant, squid-like creature.

“That’s it!” the Head Admin nodded, “That’s the creature that’s been attacking… but what are those markings on the paper?”

Markings? All I’d seen were a few squiggly lines.

“Interesting… they’re written in one of Minecraft’s oldest languages. Hang on, I may be able to translate it.”

His eyes ran over the paper a few times, as he twirled his mustache and pulled out a dictionary,

“Yes… yes… I think I’ve got it.”

“What does it say?” Charles asked, a small smile on his lips.

“This is a drawing of a giant squid monster attacking a boat.”

I facepalmed.

“We’re aware of that,” I sighed, “We don’t need the tagline translated to figure it out. Is there anything else?”

“Not much,” the Head Admin admitted, “it appears to be the start of some kind of spell… but the remainder of the scroll is missing. I can only assume that Team Grieferz found the scroll, summoned the creature and then removed the important part.”

“Seems kinda stupid” Charles pointed out.

“Well, there are pirates.”

“What do you want us to do now?” I asked, waiting for the Head Admin to give us some sort of spell or item that would take us home in a jiffy.

“I need you to get home,” he told us, and both Charles and I facepalmed.

“As we said Admin, we’re in a spot of bother. We engaged in battle with Team Grieferz and managed to escape, but now we have no idea where we are. We can’t even find this place on the map.”

“You can’t?” the Head Admin raised a troubled eyebrow, before shaking his head, “Then, I can only assume you’re in the one place

beyond my help… The Lost Sea.”

“The Lost Sea? Can’t be all that lost if we found it,” I chuckled.

“Enough with the jokes,” the Head Admin snapped, “It’s no wonder a scroll like that is in The Lost Sea. The point is that you’re in a place where the power of the Admins has no effect. And for all the sailors that have ventured into that wretched place, only one ship has ever returned.”

“Whose?” Charles questioned with shaky breath.

“We all know the answer to that. They’re the ones causing us so much trouble.”

DAY 3

So Team Grieferz emerged from The Lost Sea itself?

It makes sense, in some strange way. When Captain Hammer waged war on the pirates so many years ago, it would make sense that some were able to survive. And what better place to hide than The Lost Sea?

We spoke with the Head Admin for some time, who told us everything he knew about the Lost Sea and what to expect.

“Strange monsters lurking beneath the ocean, thick barriers of fog that block your vision and of course, man-eating chickens.”

He wasn’t joking either. We’ve managed to end up in the one place in Minecraft no player is supposed to go. Though you’d think The Lost Sea would be a little harder to find.

We met with the crew to discuss our next move. That was certainly a productive conversation.

“If the Head Admin says we are beyond help, then so be it,” said Valiant Viktor, “we must not disappoint our superiors.”

“Looks like I’m not the only one who doesn’t have any luck,” Luckless Larry chuckled.

“For every five seconds we remain trapped here, I shall smash a table!” Huge Hugo promised.

“But you’ve already smashed all the tables,” Magic Mance stuttered.

“Then Hugo shall smash people instead.”

“No smashing,” I snarled, “and no sitting around either. The Head Admin didn’t forbid us from going back, he just said it was pretty much impossible. I intend to prove him wrong.”

“And how are we going to manage that?” Charles asked, “You seem to have forgotten just where we are.”

“I’ve already figured out how to escape,” I shot back.

Wait, what?

“And how’s that?”

“Simple. We keep sailing.”

“Say that again?”

“We keep sailing onwards.”

“Do the words ‘Lost Sea’ mean nothing to you?”

“Oh they do,” Charles nodded, “but as a very famous pirate once said: you have to be lost to find a place that can't be found.”

“You didn’t get that from a movie, did you?”

“… No.”

“Alright then, I’m in,” Charles nodded.

“AS ARE WE!” cheered the bounty hunters.

“Great,” I grinned, “now has anyone seen the sailor?”

“CLETUS!”

From below the deck, we could hear crying.

“Probably best to leave him for a few minutes,” I decided, instead heading for top deck to take the wheel.

Next stop: Whiteport!

DAY 4

It has begun.

True to the Head Admin's word, we've already begun to experience the strange offerings that The Lost Sea has for us. Namely, a giant veil of fog.

"Are you sure we should be sailing into that?" Brian asked me.

"Of course," I replied, "wait a minute! Aren't you supposed to be the sailor here?"

"I never passed sailing school," he admitted.

A bombshell announcement from our supposedly veteran sailor.

"Whatever, it can't be helped now. Head straight into the fog. It's not like anything bad is going to happen."

I do have a tendency of jinxing pretty much everything.

The second the boat moved into the fog, we could feel it. This strange, prickling sensation which ran across our skin. That seemed to suck the very heat from the air, leaving us cold, frozen husks…

"You've been reading way too many fantasy novels," Charles shook his head.

Hey, just because I want to entertain my readers.

We kept a careful eye out for even the slightest bit of movement. This fog would be the perfect place for someone to ambush us after

all. But whether that someone would be Team Grieferz or some sort of sea monster, we'd soon find out.

"What was that?" Mance asked, as the boat rocked slightly.

"Just the wind," I shrugged, but Charles shook his head.

"There's barely any wind to push the ship, let alone rock it."

It happened again. Like when a Minecart goes over a particularly bumpy section of track. And again. And again.

"Just what is that?" I hissed.

And that's when the sea serpent emerged from the water.

Us Minecraftians never have to deal with anything that dangerous. Oh sure, we battle the occasional skeleton and zombie, and on rare events we get to take on Ender Dragons and Withers. But this was something new entirely. Something that hadn't been seen for decades.

"BRACE FOR IMPACT!" Brian cried out, as the serpent crashed into the side of the ship, nearly tipping it over completely. The rest of the crew and I managed to grab hold of something, but the TNT cannons on the starboard side of the ship (that's the right side) were sent to the briny depths.

"LOAD THE CANNONS!" Charles ordered, as the sea serpent dived back under water, "MOVE HALF TO THE PORT SIDE!"

Two on the left. Two on the right. Not a great amount of firepower. Still, it'd have to do.

“It’s coming back around!” Larry yelled, as the sea serpent emerged in front of the ship, attempting to bash into the metal hull once again.

“BOUNTY HUNTERS, ATTACK!”

Charles and Mance had their bows out, firing at the beast with incredible speed and ferocity. The sea serpent was filled with arrows, and it hissed as it retreated back underwater, away from the danger.

“Cannons loaded!” Huge Hugo announced.

“Alright then,” Charles decided, “Larry and Viktor, you’re on the port side. Dan and Hugo, you’re on the right. Mance and I will shoot at it when it rears its ugly head. You guys blast it. Brian, you keep the ship steady.”

I wanted to ask who’d made him captain, but seeing as it wasn’t that bad a plan, I figured we should go along with it.

The sea serpent popped up on the starboard side not two seconds later, letting out a bellowing cry. We responded with a yell of our own, in the form of explosions.

“COME AND GET SOME!” I yelled.

“YOU’LL MAKE A FINE MEAL FISHY!” Hugo grinned.

I reminded myself not to sit near him when he was hungry.

It was just like a video game boss fight. The beast would appear on the left, on the right and then in front of the ship. And each time, we were there to meet him with arrows and TNT, slowly wearing down the creature and reducing its invisible health bar.

“It’s working!” Charles switched his bow for a blade, as the sea serpent’s head crashed onto the deck. Now was our chance to finish it. We all drew our swords, axes and sticks and rushed the creature whilst it was down.

A few dozen swipes later, and nothing remained except a few floating items and a puff of black smoke.

“What is this stuff?” Mance asked, picking up one of the items and examining it. It was like nothing we’d ever seen before.

“Equipment from an old era,” I explained, “people would pay a king’s ransom for these sort of items.”

“Looks like we’ll be going home rich men,” Charles chuckled, as the crew gathered round to praise him for his glorious victory. Heck, even I found myself giving him a pat on the back for a job well done.

“What was that, Dan?”

Nothing.

“It sounded like you were complimenting me.”

I SAID NOTHING!

“Sure you didn’t.”

Note to self, must be more discreet. Still, no time to worry about his massive ego. That sea serpent battle wasted too much of our time. We needed to get back home, and quickly!

DAY 5

Turns out the sea serpent wasn't the most dangerous thing we've had to face.

There was more of a wind today, allowing us to sail at a much faster pace. Which is a good thing too, considering we just lost most of our supplies.

Around lunchtime, I went on down to the pantry to gather something to eat. Whilst I was expecting to find a delicious meal, I instead found a giant hole in the side of the ship, with all of our food chests missing.

I alerted the others, but we have no idea how this happened. We thought it might have been the sea serpent, until we realized he hadn't managed to breach the hull.

Then, that's when we began spotting it.

We thought it was an illusion at first, caused by the strange way the fog looked. But when almost everyone on the boat began reporting it, I started to wonder if that wasn't the case.

There's another boat around here.

Sometimes, if you look carefully into the distance and squint really hard, you'll see it. It's not the largest vessel, nor the most dangerous looking. But it's chilling to stare at. All I've been able to make out so far is a rotting hulk of wood floating in the waters, with a sail bearing a black skull and crossed bones.

Sometimes it's just ahead of us. Other times behind us. And on occasion, you'll see it floating right beside us. I've got no idea what it is or why they're doing this, but I'm more driven than ever before to get out of these cursed waters before we up as another lost soul.

As for food, we've resorted to fishing, which hasn't been very productive. We've gathered up enough shrimp for a meal tonight, but we're low on bait and the fishing rods look like they'll snap at any minute. To make matters even worse, we're also down to our last bottle of ketchup.

Truly we are in a perilous situation.

***

Another update: things have gone from bad to worse.

As if the lack of supplies wasn't bad enough, that ship keeps reappearing. It seems every time I look out to see, I spot the blasted vessel sailing across the waters, as if searching for its next victim. I'm certain it's no trick now.

The question remains though. What is it exactly? Another boat lost in these waters? Perhaps a friend of 'Team Grieferz'? Or maybe, something… more. Something far worse. Something that would chill the bones of even the hardiest of men.

Except for me of course. There's nothing on these blasted waters that'll frighten me.

I spoke with Charles about it. He thinks we should just keep our distance and continue sailing. After all, they don't appear to have

any weapons onboard their craft. If they did, surely they would have attacked us? Yeah, that has to be right.

Alright then, that's the plan. Keep them at arm's length and just make sure they don't try to make a move. Maybe they're like Endermen! They won't bother us as long as we don't bother them.

I sincerely hope that is the case.

DAY 6

By the son of Notch, the Head Admin was right.

Our situation was growing more perilous by the day. There were barely any fish to catch and that cursed ghost ship seemed to be veering closer and closer, no matter our efforts to avoid it. The bounty hunters were growing more and more anxious, and at one point Brian himself went below deck, fearing for his life.

It was at this point I took the helm, trying to steer the ship through the fog and away from our pursuer as best as I could. But no matter where I managed to turn our vessel, our enemy grew closer by the second.

And that's when we saw it.

A break in the fog, free from all the madness. A chance to elude the other ship and to finally get some visibility. I wasted no time in sailing straight through it.

It was like a glorious breath of fresh air hitting us in the face, as we finally escaped the wretched cold smog we'd travelled through for days. My fellows were delighted, as we sailed forth as fast as the winds would carry us, with no sign of the ghost ship pursuing.

"Perhaps it can only remain in the fog," Valiant Viktor suggested, and I was inclined to agree with him.

It seemed that Lady Luck wanted to rectify all the bad things she'd caused throughout our journal, for soon enough we were not only

free from the fog, but we'd also spotted an island a short distance away. A place to rest up and gather supplies.

"Are you sure it's safe?" Charles asked me, "An island in the middle of The Lost Sea doesn't reassure me all that much."

He did have a point. Sometimes Charles was actually right, as rare as those occasions were. Not wanting to risk anything happening to my loyal crew, I sent him off to the island to check it out on a rowboat.

He returned not three hours later, with an inventory full of chicken.

"The Head Admin was right," he grinned, barely able to move, "the island was home to giant chickens. The biggest you've ever seen. I made sure to gather enough food to get us all home."

And so we feasted well that night .We were all happier than we'd been in ages. We'd managed to elude the enemy boat and Charles had filled our bellies. We all toasted him with bowls of mushroom and chicken soup, before proceeding to eat ourselves into a food coma.

"What's going on here?"

Oh yeah, we totally forgot about Brian. The guy who accompanied us because Team Grieferz were responsible for capturing his pet chicken. It never occurred to me that he might actually get annoyed for eating Cletus' family.

At any rate, he wasn't happy to say the least. It took all of us bounty hunters to hold him down, and even then he managed to

knock out Luckless Larry and bonk Hugo over the head with a frying pan. Needless to say. Hugo didn't react well.

No matter. The situation has since been dealt with, and it's safe to say that Brian won't miss his pet chicken anymore.

"Are you talking about the fact that we left the sailor on the island with the giant poultry?"

Indeed I am.

"Are you sure we shouldn't go back and get him?"

What's he going to do? Chase us down whilst riding on the back of a giant chicken?

"Knowing our luck, that might just happen."

A good point. I'll tell Mance to blast any flying chickens out of the sky.

"Very good!"

And now we sail onwards, to what I hope will be our freedom from this awful place…

DAY 7

I'm never sailing again.

It was early in the morning. All through the night, the ship had drifted onwards through the empty ocean. And I mean empty ocean. There wasn't anything in sight. No islands. No boats. Not even fish splashing through the water. Even the wind was barely audible.

"I don't like this," Charles sighed, "it's too quiet."

I had to agree with him diary… even if I'm not as much of a coward as he is.

"That implies you are a little bit cowardly."

Quiet you, or I'll look ye in the brig.

"Nice work practicing on your pirate speak."

Arrr.

We continued onwards, morning turning into midday and midday turning into afternoon. The crew were all anxious and on edge, just waiting for the moment the enemy would pounce on us. Yet no matter how much they yearned for battle, it never came.

At least, not until we found the exit.

Yes, the exit to The Lost Sea. Presumably the one place in Minecraft no man can hope to escape from. Well guess what? I managed to find the one way out of there.

“I thought this was a team effort.”

Charles, there’s a lovely space in the cells that I would love to fill. And I will, unless you keep your trap shut.

“I’ll be good.”

Ergh. Anyways, we were on the verge of leaving The Lost Sea once and for all, when a round of cannon fire sounded the presence of our foe.

The ghost ship was on us once again.

I hadn’t forgotten the vessel, barely afloat and looking as if it’d rotted away at the bottom of the ocean for thousands of years. It was upon us once again, with no fog to mask its appearance. Only TNT cannons to roll the red carpet.

“Battle stations!” Charles cried, as we prepared for the oncoming conflict.

What the ghost ship seemed to have lacked in firepower before was apparently false. TNT cannons adorned the port and starboard, loaded with explosions and ready to fire. I ran my eyes over the deck, searching for an enemy captain to deal with. But I found nothing. There was not a single soul manning the ship.

So sea serpents, blankets of fog, man-eating (not anymore) chickens and now ghost ships. Things were really starting to get interesting.

We returned fire immediately, using the same strategy as we did on the sea serpent. Except this time, Charles was steering the boat.

Seeing as there weren't any available TNT cannons, Mance basically sat around.

Throughout the battle, we struggled to maintain a distance between us and the ghost ship. No matter what tricks we pulled, they had the faster vessel. With that in mind, we only had one option.

We'd have to blast them out of the water.

Whenever they drew close, our cannons would blast them relentlessly. If they tried to return fire, Mance would shoot down their blocks of TNT with his arrows. If they tried to retreat, Charles would slow the boat as we loaded the cannons for another round of fire.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Each attack tore into the side of the enemy's hull, slowing tearing the rotting husk apart. Each impact brought us a little bit closer to victory, as several rounds of TNT blasts later, I saw their ship start to slow down.

"It's working," I cried, and we turned the boat around to face them once again.

We were utterly without mercy, blasting holes in every portion of the ship our weapons could reach. If it had looked bad before, it resembled a soggy pile of timber now. The cannons decimated the deck, the sails and their weapons, before blowing the ship on its side, where it slowly began to sink to the briny depths.

A victory is a victory as they say, but this didn't feel like one. Our enemy had barely fought back, and we'd successfully destroyed them and their ship. And although the crew is happy and cheering

and helping themselves to extra chicken, there was a question that refused to leave my mind.

Just what had been controlling the ghost ship?

WEEK 2

DAY 8

Home at last.

The moment our ship passed through the exit, we were returned to the realm of the living. The Found Sea. Haha.

“Not funny.”

It totally was.

Of course, there weren’t hundreds upon thousands of villagers, waiting to greet us with open arms and open hearts. No, if reports were anything to believe then they were probably being served as squid food right now.

“Head Admin, do you read me?” Charles raced onto the deck with his cystal in hand, “This is Charles Brilliant. Are you there?”

“Where the heck have you been?” the Head Admin hissed, “Just how long does it take someone to find their way out of The Lost Sea?”

“Nice to see you too Head Admin, how are the wife and kids?” I chuckled.

“Fine, thanks for asking,” He hissed, “but enough about my family. You guys couldn’t have come at a better moment. That squid

monster is on the move and probably looking for its next meal. We need you guys to get over here as quickly as you can!"

"And where is here?" I sighed. For all his power, the Head Admin was a few sandwiches short of a picnic. Poor guy.

"Whiteport, but you can't delay! The creature is on the horizon! Our powers are having no effect against it. We need backup and we need it now."

Why the Head Admin though that some bounty hunters who weren't even officially members of the Admin community could help him out, I'll never know. But we weren't going to turn him down.

"Alright, we're on our way," I promised, directing Charles to grab the wheel. I knew where we were. A short distance away I could spot the Fair Island, known for hosting fairs and festivals. To our right was Christmas Island, home of now extinct giant chick-

Huh. Guess they're not so extinct now. Or at least they weren't.

Anyways, onwards to Whiteport. Hopefully where we could finally end this battle once and for all.

***

Whiteport was in a sorry state.

Team Grieferz had already attacked once before, leaving it bad enough. A second assault seemed to have finished the town for good. The buildings were little more than piles of rubble, the docks had been burnt to cinders and the town was empty.

In fact, the only activity were flashes of red and green, as the Admins threw spells against Team Grieferz's black flagship.

Still, they were distracted. And if Admin magic wasn't going to harm them, then maybe our TNT cannons could cause some damage.

"We don't have many blocks left," Luckless Larry noted, "we can fire off one round of attacks but that's it."

"That's all we'll need!" I clenched my fist, "move all the cannons to the port side and ready them to fire."

And so they did. The explosive weapons were prepped and targeted at Team Grieferz's ship, which seemed a little preoccupied with blowing what little remained of Whiteport to smithereens. Oh how it would be there undoing.

"Ready…"

This was it. The attack that could very well save Minecraftia or leave it to be pillaged by pirates for the next one hundred years.

"Aim…"

Man, the Admins were going to owe us big time. This was the second time we'd saved their behinds, and I planned to cash in.

But first, we had trouble to deal with.

"FIRE!"

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

The cannons sang their song of destruction, propelling seventy two and a half tons of TNT in the general direction of the

swashbucklers. Some explosives landed harmlessly in the water and some even managed to strike the town.

But the bulk of them hit their mark, with no force field to stop them this time. In the span of a few seconds, the great and mighty vessel lit up like Netherrack, before exploding in a bright flash.

“WE DID IT!” I cried out, and the bounty hunters began jumping up and down in joy.

Thud.

Huh?

Thud. Thud.

“Do you guys hear something?” I asked, but a quick glance in their direction told me they were too busy celebrating.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

With no TNT left to spare, I drew my sword. I peered over the edge of the ship, attempting to spot what might cause such a racket.

Turns out I didn’t need to, for a second later I found myself doused in salt water, face to face with a beast of immense proportions. Hundreds of tentacles ran across the ship, and when it opened its gaping mouth it showed thousands of razor-sharp teeth.

Team Grieferz were defeated, but now we had their pet Kraken to contend with.

Next Time:

THE KRAKEN HAS RISEN!

Danger Dan and Charles Brilliant are the best bounty hunters Minecraft has to offer, but can they take on the ocean's greatest threat?

Team Grieferz might be beaten, but now Dan and Charles must deal with what the pirates have unleashed on the world. The Kraken, an ancient creature capable of pulling continents into the sea.

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Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 6

Mission 2 – ‘Team Grieferz’

By Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

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PREVIOUSLY:

HANDS OFF, BUCKAROO!

“I give up…”

Oh, reader. Good to see you again. I must say, this is a pleasant surprise.

“There’s no point, is there?”

Something the matter, Charles?

“Isn’t this intro getting kind of stale?”

What about it?

“You do this song and dance every single time. You act surprised to see the reader, even though you invited them over for team and biscuits. You tell them not to touch your diary, even though the reason you invited them was to read your diary. I then get angry, you act like you don’t know anything and I often end up with duct tape on my face.”

Why would I ever put duct tape on your face?

“I literally have no words for how stupid I think you are right now.”

That’s because the only time you’ll see the words “Dan” and “stupid” in the same sentence is if there’s an “is not” between them.

“…”

So then reader, I bet you’re wondering how we got to this part of the story.

“YOU INVITE THEM EVERY WEEK! HOW COULD THEY NOT KNOW THE STORY AT THIS POINT!?”

They might have forgotten to order their copy of my new book, “Dan Danger Saves the World 72 – Dan Danger Saves the World again!”

“So according to your books, you’ve saved the world seventy-two times?”

Well, I’ve had trouble keeping track, but I assume it’s around that number.

“I’ll throw you off a cliff in a minute.”

Is that any way to treat a hero?

“If that hero has a head the size of the moon, probably.”

Ah, you’re just jealous.

“Can we just get on with the story?”

Very well, we shall! Ahem.

Bounty hunters. Once foes of both the server population and the Admins, now staunch defenders of Minecraft. Alongside the Admins, we fought evil wherever it dared to rear its ugly head. Hackers and cheaters were no match for the likes of us.

Or so we believed.

With a new mission came strange rumors of a ship haunting the waters, destroying any vessel which crossed its path. The rumors were soon revealed to be true, as an assault was launched on the city of Whiteport.

Responding to this threat, we, the bounty hunters, set sail with the help of a plucky adventurer known as Brian. We discovered our foes to be ‘Team Grieferz’, who were responsible for the destruction of countless ships and cities… and for the despawning of Brian’s pet chicken.

It didn’t take long for Team Grieferz to strike whilst we were away, putting an end to nearly every sea worthy vessel. We gave chase to them, only to find ourselves outmatched by their great speed, powerful weapons and Admin-proof shield.

Of course, when I say outmatched, I mean we totally let them win.

“Yeah right.”

Quiet you. Having given them the impression they had won, we managed to pilot our vessel away from the battle… only to somehow end up in unknown waters.

Now trapped, with no clue on how to escape, Charles found a way to contact the Head Admin. He revealed we were parked within The Lost Sea, a terrible place said to be inescapable. We also learned that Team Grieferz themselves had actually managed to escape from here.

Well, if they could do it, so could we.

The Head Admin ordered us to get back as quickly as we could, for Team Grieferz had summoned some sort of giant squid creature to destroy cities. With his helpful words in mind, we set sail immediately, aiming to escape the cursed waters before Team Grieferz caused too much damage.

Deciding the only course of action was to sail, I plotted a course into the distance and we set forth immediately. Of course, we soon began to experience the strange horrors The Lost Sea had waiting for us…

Fog ran rampant throughout the ocean, almost completely blinding us to both our destination and to any threats around us. This proved to be almost fatal, when we came under attack from a giant Sea Serpent. Although we managed to defeat it, the blasted thing took out a great deal of our TNT cannons.

It was around this point that things started taking a turn for the worst. A trip to the pantry revealed our supplies were… missing. There happened to be a giant hole in the wall, which seemed to have swallowed up our food chests. To further challenge us, we began spotting a strange ship on the borders of the fog…

As the ship grew closer and closer, many of the crew began fearing for their lives…

“What are you talking about? You were the one rocking back and forth, crying to yourself and saying everything was going to be okay.”

SILENCE! THAT NEVER HAPPENED!

As the ghost vessel looked to fall upon us, we somehow managed to escape it and the thick veil of fog, stumbling upon an island in the middle of the ocean. There, we found a race of creatures the Head Admin had warned us about.

Giant chickens.

After a tasty meal, we were also reminded that Brian had lost his pet chicken to Team Grieferz. Not wanting him to stay angry at us, we left him on the island and ‘borrowed’ his ship. Don’t worry, we’ll go get him at some point.

“There was a perfectly good brig to lock him in.”

What’s done is done.

With my skills, we were able to locate the exit to The Lost Sea. Charles said it was luck, but I said he’d spend the night in the brig if he tried to lie.

That was when the ghost ship finally caught up to us.

Despite the fears we’d had about facing them, they barely put up a fight. Our TNT cannons blew their ship to pieces, sinking them to the bottom of that accursed sea. We didn’t suffer so much as a scratch, though I still wonder who controlled that boat.

Finally free from The Lost Sea, we made way for Whiteport as quickly as our sails would allow. We arrived to find the city in utter ruin, with the Admins facing off against the seemingly-invincible Team Grieferz.

Despite their immunity to Admin powers, we had one shot at taking them down. As they were preoccupied with fighting, they

failed to spot us sailing up behind them and blasting them to smithereens with TNT.

With the day saved, we were just about ready to go home and force the Admins to give us a nice, fat reward…

That was before we found ourselves face to face with the Kraken…

PROLOGUE

To whom it may concern,

It has come to the attention of the Council of Developers that one of the servers attached to our universe is facing a LEVEL 7 THREAT. To those who are unaware of our warning system, a LEVEL 7 THREAT constitutes an entity or entities which are capable of destroying the entire server.

As you might be aware, all threats classified LEVEL 5 OR HIGHER often resort in mass destruction. Early analysis suggests that a fifth of all Minecraft coastal cities have been destroyed, and there has been no fewer than fifty-thousand respawns.

Furthermore, there has already been at least one LEVEL 7 THREAT prior to this incident, which resulted in twelve-thousand respawns and nearly caused the termination of all Admins present on the server.

It is with regret that the Council of Developers informs you, the Head Admin, that your server is currently undergoing a termination review. Should the review return a negative result, then we will have no choice but to cut off all support for your server.

Signed,
Lord Dinnerbone

PART I

I gotta tell you, I'm pretty sick of the ocean right now.

It's wet and damp, and often tries to despawn you at every possible opportunity. If it isn't a storm, then it's pirates. If it's not pirates, then it's ghost pirates. If it's not ghost pirates, it's giant chickens. And if it isn't any of those things, you can bet your behind it's a giant squid monster.

So you're probably wondering how we're all still walking around. I know what you're thinking. The great and mighty Dan Danger managed to best the evil Kraken with nothing more than a shoe and a stick. And you'd be right for thinking those things…

However, I decided to let him win this one time.

The Kraken fell upon the boat and tore it to pieces in nanoseconds. The other bounty hunters and I barely had enough time to leap into the water, shortly before it ripped the hull to pieces and dragged the remains of our ship to Davy Jones' locker.

It was close, but we managed to escape. We hit the water and attempted to swim away, but found ourselves dragged about by this massive whirlpool created in the Kraken's wake. It was all we could do to keep our heads above the surface, as we were tossed about and thrown all over the place.

And yet, despite all of that, we're still standing. Takes a lot more than that to take down a bounty hunter.

We washed up on the beaches of Whiteport. Lovely place to visit, y'know, when there isn't a giant squid monster trying to destroy the world. After brushing myself down and getting the water out of my ears, I went looking for the others.

Hugo's seen better days and Luckless Larry somehow managed to get a seashell stuck up his nose, but other than that we're all okay. We'd barely had a moment to rest however before the Admins were on the scene.

"Oh my goodness!"

"Look at you!"

"WHY DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN?"

"Relax guys, we're okay," Charles raised his hand, before he realized they weren't actually talking about us but rather, the remains of our ship.

"SUCH A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF WOOD!" the Head Admin sniffed, tears in his eyes.

Oh for the love of Notch, they didn't even own the dang thing.

"Nice to see you too," I spat, "now if someone could please let me know how we're supposed to defeat Moby Dick's little brother, that'd be swell."

The Admins stopped crying for a minute and glanced at one another, before the leader turned to me.

"You'd best come inside and dry up by the fire. This is going to be a long conversation."

***

“What do you mean, lord of the ocean!?”

Admin HQ. They’d managed to repair the damage we’d caused on our last visit, replacing the wall of diamonds with a few dirt blocks. Not what I would have chosen, but eh, it works.

“The Kraken is essentially a Minecraft god,” the Head Admin explained, “an ancient creature capable of untold destruction. When Minecraft was born, the Kraken was created to control the oceans and to keep the waters calm for sailors.”

“That was until Captain Hammer attacked it.”

Wait, hold up.

“The Captain Hammer?” Charles wanted to clarify, “The same man who gathered Minecraftia’s fleets and battled the pirate armies?”

“The very same,” the Head Admin nodded, “but the stories you’ve been told are false. Captain Hammer’s fleet wasn’t big enough to take on the pirates. He needed a weapon to turn the tides against his foes…”

“So he sailed across the oceans until he found the lair of the Kraken. He attacked it, angered it and found a way to lure it to the sight of battle, where it proceeded to call a super tsunami and destroy every ship present.”

“It was around this time Lord Notch decided he couldn’t leave such power unchecked. He created an item to control the Kraken, and sealed it away within The Lost Sea, never to be seen again. At least, not until Team Grieferz stumbled upon it.”

“You managed to defeat Team Grieferz, and we’re beyond grateful. However, they’ve managed to unleash an even greater threat. If we can’t find a way to defeat the Kraken, then our server faces destruction.”

“The Kraken is little more than a giant fish,” Huge Hugo spat, “why not abandon the ocean and allow it to swim as much as it likes?”

“One way or another, the Kraken will find a way to get to us, no matter how far we travel,” replied the Head Admin, “and besides, there’s a much graver reason as to why we must defeat it.”

A much graver reason?

With a shaking hand, the Head Admin handed a piece of paper to us bounty hunters.

To whom it may concern,

It has come to the attention of the Council of Developers that one of the servers attached to our universe is facing a LEVEL 7 THREAT…

We read through it quickly, growing more concerned with each passing letter.

“Let me get this straight,” said Charles, “there are other servers out there, not just ours? And on top of that, there’s a council with more power than the Admins?”

“Indeed there is,” the Head Admin nodded once again, “it’s not something everyone knows. Probably best if they didn’t. The fact

that there's a group of people with the ability to control every server's fate is pretty scary to say the least."

"I'll say," Mance shook his head, "but now you're saying these people are considering to cut all support off to this server? How bad will that be?"

"Very. Without support from the Council of Developers, we'll lose all our Admin powers. Without Admin powers, there will be nothing to stop the Griefers, the Hackers and any other rulebreaker who decides to mess around on our server."

"We bounty hunters used to manage fine without powers," I noted, "would it really be that bad?"

"You never had to face the nastiest villains back in those days. What would you do if you had to go up against another Dr. Boom?"

Fair point.

"For once, I cannot agree with the decision of the rulemakers," Valiant Victor muttered, leaving us all speechless at his comment.

"We've only got one shot at saving the server. We have to find a way to defeat the Kraken before the Council of Developers make their final decision."

"And just how do we do that?" spat Luckless Larry, "We've got no weapons that could so much as scratch that thing."

"Maybe not," the Head Admin noted, "but I think I know of the one item which can save this server."

Thank goodness for plot convenience!

“A weapon from the era of the Kraken itself. Said to have been wielded by none other than Captain Hammer himself. It’s quite possibly the only thing we can hope to use to fight against the Kraken.”

“Well don’t leave us in suspense,” I chuckled, “just what kind of weapon are we talking here? A super diamond sword? An Admin bow capable of firing ten-million arrows with the pull of a string? Come on, what kind of awesome item will we be searching for?”

“None other than Herobrine’s Trident.”

Say what?

“Back when the world was young, it was Herobrine who was placed in control of the seas and the oceans. It was he who created the Kraken, for who else would create such a mighty beast?”

Makes sense I guess.

“The legends tell of a weapon Herobrine crafted to keep control over the Kraken. After all, he only wanted to destroy nations which weren’t his. Although a very famous artefact, we know almost nothing about it.”

“It was said that during Herobrine’s final days on Minecraft, he hid the trident to protect it from his brother, Notch. It was around this time the god wars started, and Herobrine was soundly defeated by Notch. Yet despite his defeat, he never gave up the location of the trident…”

“So what makes you so sure we’re going to find it?” I asked the Head Admin, to which he grinned at me.

“Why it’s very simple my dear Dan,” the Head Admin chuckled, “for I have one tick up my sleeve that no one else here does.”

His blue eyes blinked. When they opened, they were purple.

“I can cheat at this game.”

“Did you just say game?” Charles asked with a raised eyebrow.

“I SAID NOTHING!” shouted the Head Admin.

“But-“

“NOTHING!”

PART II

Note to self: When this is over, I am never sailing again.

Perhaps it was the fault of Team Grieferz. Maybe it was that ghost ship or sea serpent. Or y'know, it might just be the fact that we were nearly eaten alive by that blasted Kraken monster. Whatever the case, I seem to be developing a slight hatred of the sea.

Or maybe it's just me.

After our meeting at Admin HQ, the Head Admin got us back down to Whiteport to take a ship back onto the ocean. The only ship which had survived the destruction of the city for that matter. The Head Admin's own ship: The Malevolence.

"Seems like a bit of an evil name," I noted as we boarded the ship.

"Nonsense, people everywhere love my ship. They peek at it from the windows and tell their children to hide inside to gather gifts."

"If anything, that just sounds like they're giving you bribes to stay away," Charles noted.

"Seriously?" the Head Admin shook his head, "I can't believe they'd do such a thing. Who wouldn't want to meet me?"

"Yes, who wouldn't want to meet a man with powers capable of destroying the planet, piloting a ship called The Malevolence?"

"… Point taken."

Our banter aside, there was a reason we'd returned to the open waters yet again. As you can probably guess, we were off searching for the one weapon which could hope to defeat the Kraken. Herobrine's Trident.

"Why did Herobrine choose a trident anyway?" Mance asked, "Why not a sword or a bow or a giant hammer of doom?"

"Tridents are cool," came the simple reply.

So, we've gone from battling griefers to searching for an ancient object which hasn't been seen in thousands of years, in an effort to not only stop the Kraken but also save the server from deletion or whatever it is that Lord Dinnerbone has in store for us.

Gotta say, I'm really not liking how this month has turned out.

The Head Admin claims he has the ability to find the location of the trident, but I'm not too certain. Sure he can cheat at the game, but why had they left it hidden up until this point? Surely if he could find this lost weapon, he'd go looking for immediately.

"There's a simple answer to that," he explained when I questioned him, "and that is that I've been busy."

"Busy?"

"That's right. Busy."

"Busy doing what?"

"Admin things."

"Admin things?"

"Admin things."

On second thought, I totally believe he can find it now.

“Alright then, moving swiftly along,” I spoke, looking over the edge of the ship, “how are we going to find Herobrine’s Trident?”

“Through the magic of cheating.”

“Care to elaborate?”

“Oh it’s very simple,” he assured me, “I’m going to modify the code of the realm itself, allowing me to access all the hidden files and secrets, and thus allowing me to edit everything I need in order to a establish a clear and concise path to the target destination, which I shall create by illuminating the trail taken by the previous visitor to the trident.”

…

“What?”

“I’m going to track Herobrine’s last movements.”

Ooooh, that makes so much more sense.

“And you’re sure that will lead us to the location of the trident?”

“Positive, now get your rear end below deck and be quiet. I need to concentrate here.”

With an annoyed sigh, I did as he said, Charles and Mance following me. At least he respects me a little bit more than he used to. At least he’s not trying to get me arrested for a crime I actually committed.

“So, can we find it?” Luckless Larry asked as we arrived below deck.

“Sounds like he knows what he’s doing,” I nodded, “we’ll just have to wait and see I guess.”

“But who knows how long it will take?” Hugo moaned.

“Patience,” whispered Viktor, “it shall take time, but I believe that the just and true Head Admin will lead us to eternal glory and victory in our quest, no matter how long it-“

“FOUND IT!”

“Bout darn time,” Hugo snarled, as we once again returned to the top of the ship.

“Glad you decided to show,” said the Head Admin, who now had a telescope in his hands, “feast your eyes on what lies ahead.”

And so I did. Already, memories began stirring in the back of my mind. This was eerily similar to the previous temple we’d discovered in The Lost Sea. And whilst I hadn’t actually been inside it, I was fairly certain the interior would look very similar.

“So this is it?” Charles snatched the telescope into his own hands, “The place where we can find Herobrine’s Trident.”

“It sure is,” the Head Admin nodded, “although, there’s a bit of a problem.”

“Problem?” I raised an eyebrow.

“These temples were constructed to keep beings of justice out. Namely, Lord Notch and his servants, the Admins. You guys should be fine, so long as I temporarily disable your powers. Unfortunately, I have no means to do so, and thus am unable to enter the temple.”

“You’re just scared of what’s inside, aren’t you?” I challenged.

“Not at all,” he protested, a fake smile adorning his face, “now get going! Don’t forget to write!”

***

With the Head Admin staying behind to ‘monitor the ship’, it was up to us bounty hunters to find the trident and return before the Kraken caught up to us. Seeing as we couldn’t get the boat any closer, we were forced to take the rowboat.

“And just why aren’t you doing any of the rowing?” Charles asked, huffing and puffing as we went along.

“I’m writing in the diary,” I explained to him, “who else will document our fine adventures?”

“Anyone but you,” Charles huffed, as we drew ever closer to the temple.

The structure itself was half underwater, with an archway which had once served as a gate. We sailed through, readying our weapons in case we came to encounter any of Herobrine’s long lost creations.

“Scared yet?” Charles asked me with a grin, as a blast of cold air fell upon us.

“Course not,” I chattered, “nothing can scare the mighty and power Dan Danger!”

“Boo.”

I proceeded to ~~cry for fifteen minutes~~ smack Charles with my blocky fist. Despite his annoyances however, he did have some good advice to share.

“This looks exactly like the temple back in The Lost Sea,” he explained to me, as we passed several pillars depicting the face of Herobrine. We had to start lighting torches now, for the sunlight held no say here.

“It’s strange they look the same,” I noted, “Obviously they were made by the same person… but why? They stick the Kraken in one and the weapon that can control it in another? Doesn’t make much sense to me.”

“Notch was probably a pretty strange person back in his day.”

And with that, we kept silent, sailing forth through the shadows as we approached what I hoped to be the end of our destination.

There, at the very heart of the temple, was a staircase which looked ready to fall into the water at any moment. At the top was an altar, displaying none other than a golden trident. Herobrine’s Trident.

“There it is,” I yelled, pointing at the object, only for a low rumbling noise to emerge from beneath the waves.

“You idiot,” Charles hissed, as the bounty hunters drew their weapons, “I knew we weren’t alone here.”

“Why do I keep hanging out with you guys?” Luckless Larry moaned, as shapes began to climb out of their watery pits.

Skeletons. With seaweed for hair and wielding weapons too old to identify. Ancient guardians of the temple perhaps? Or maybe

adventurers who'd tried their luck at claiming Herobrine's treasure. Either way, they weren't happy to see us.

"Dan, get the trident," Hugo barked, "we'll keep these things off you."

I nodded, as the bounty hunters launched their attack. Hugo began by knocking a pair of skeletons to pieces, as behind him Mance and Charles blasted a trio with a flurry of arrows. Luckless Larry seemed to be beating them to pieces with a mace, whilst Valiant Viktor was boring the skeletons to oblivion by reciting ten reasons why they weren't allowed to be in this temple.

With my brave companions fighting them back, I raced to the top of the crumbling staircase. Already, I could feel the steps beginning to sink back into the water. Hustling my pace, I charged to the summit as fast as I could sprint, as the entire structure began to collapse.

"TIMBER!" Hugo warned, as I reached the top.

The stairs were starting to give way, threatening to pull me and the platform into the waters, never to be seen again. Not really liking this idea, I instead plucked the trident from the altar and began my rush back down.

More than one occasion, my foot threatened to go through the holes in the stone. At one point, I very nearly slipped to my despawning. Yet despite the dangers of the wet floor, I successfully managed to make it back down to the boat, the bounty hunters not far behind, as the staircase and platform began collapsing altogether.

“SAIL!” I commanded, as we rowed and rowed as fast as we possibly could. The skeletons desperately tried to reach us, launching one final attack in an attempt to keep us there with them. They failed after Mance threw Viktor’s book of server rules at them.

“Oh quit you crying,” he barked to the saddened Viktor, “I’ll buy you a new one once we make it back home.”

Upon arriving back at the ship, the Head Admin was slightly less pleased to see us but elated to find the trident on board.

“Oh my baby,” he grinned, taking the weapon and proceeding to kiss it, “it’s so good to see yo- wait a minute, this is the wrong trident!”

“WHAT!?”

“Only kidding,” he chuckled, tossing me the trident, which I proceed to clean thoroughly before touching.

“So now that we’ve got the trident, what do we do?” Charles asked, to which the Head Admin shrugged.

“It didn’t come with an instruction manual?”

Ladies and gentlemen, meet the player who is responsible for every living being on this entire server.

“The stories state that it gives you total control over the Kraken,” he explained, “so I assume we will find a way to unlock its power when the squid monster shows up.”

“How long will that take?” Huge Hugo slammed his fist into his palm, “I’m itching for a fight.”

“Who knows?” the Head Admin shrugged, “It could be hours, days, weeks, months or even years, before that creature decides to return to battle us. We could be waiting here for the rest of our lives without seeing so much as a -”

“IT’S THE KRAKEN!” Luckless Larry screamed.

And sure enough, it was. Coming towards us at an incredible speed for something of that side. Its tentacles poked out of the water, and a big black eye lurked beneath the surface of the waters. Had we found it by chance? Or was it here to stop us using Herobrine’s last weapon?

There was only one way to find out.

“BOUNTY HUNTERS, TO BATTLE!”

PART III

“Bounty hunters, distract the Kraken whilst we figure out how to use this,” the Head Admin ordered my group, as we examined Herobrine’s Trident.

“Fire the TNT cannons and set your arrows alight!” Charles ordered, as he pulled back on the string of his bow and shot forth a burning projectile. Mance copied this motion, whilst the others fired the TNT cannons.

The same strategy we’d used before. Question was if it’d actually work on a creature as powerful as the Kraken.

The answer? No.

The explosives blasted a couple of its slimy tentacles, and the arrows might have done half a heart of damage, but this thing absorbed our attacks like they were nothing. It rushed forward with a new speed, as if planning to topple the ship in one blow.

“PUSH US FORWARD!” Charles shouted to the Head Admin, who called upon a great gust of wind to nudge us slightly out of harm’s way. The Kraken missed us by a hair’s width, though that didn’t stop its tentacles from smacking at the people on deck.

“BACK I SAY!” I stabbed at the beast with the trident, but that did little more than annoy it enough to tear down our sails.

Although we repelled the tentacles, the Kraken was turning around, planning on another attack.

“How’s the work on that trident coming along?” Charles asked.

“Give us a minute,” I shouted back, as my eyes ran along the golden metal. Then, they spotted something I’d missed before. An inscription in Minecraft’s oldest language.

“What does this say?” I asked the Head Admin, who was busy shoving us out of harm’s way again. Without the sail, it was much more difficult to move the ship with magic.

“I’m getting too old for this,” he huffed, before taking the trident from me, “I’m going to need a few minutes to translate this.”

“And yet you claim to speak this language,” I sighed, drawing my sword, “fine, I’ll get you the time you need.”

With the Head Admin reading through his dictionary, he wouldn’t be able to help us dodge the next attack. Luckily, I had a much better idea in mind.

“If I don’t make it back from this, tell my wife and kids I love them!” I shouted to Charles, as I untied one of the ropes on the deck.

“You don’t have a wife and kids,” Charles pointed out.

“Then tell it to some random woman,” I yelled, as I swung from the ship, soared through the air and leaped onto the Kraken’s back.

Its reaction was not pleasant. It stopped dead in the water, directing its hundreds of tentacles to remove me by any means necessary. I

slashed at any which dared come close, whilst the bounty hunters blasted any that I missed with explosives and arrows.

“Come on you big slimy fish,” I sneered, “come face the wrath of me, Dan Danger, the greatest warrior in the history of Minecraft!”

It was at that point the Kraken slapped me across the face, and I grew furious. How dare he interrupt my glorious moment! I attacked with renewed vigor, swinging my blade as fast as physics would allow it, slowly chipping away at the Kraken’s seemingly endless life bar.

“I THINK I’VE GOT IT!” the Head Admin shouted from the boat, “YES, I’VE GOT IT TRANSLATED!”

He tossed the trident over to me, which I caught with my spare hand. Twisting and twirling my two weapons, I cut each and every tentacle which came close down to size.

“What does it say?” I asked, “Cuz it doesn’t seem to be doing much!”

“It says that the wielder of the trident must be a foe of the Admins.”

What?

“But we’re allies!” I reminded him.

“I know,” he nodded, “which means that we’re pretty much finished.”

No. This couldn’t be the end. Was I to perish here, fighting a Kraken atop its back? Going down in a blaze of glory, cutting up

sushi? Although it would make for a pretty good story, I couldn't allow things to end like that.

I had an idea.

"So apparently we're allies," I yelled back to the Head Admin, "that's strange, considering I spat in your coffee back at the meeting."

"YOU WHAT!?"

It was then that I felt it. A buzz from the trident. A vibration. For a second, I even saw a blue glow around it. It was working.

"That's nothing!" Charles spoke up, "I put salt in the coffee, rather than sugar, and broke all of your pens."

"THOSE PENS WERE EXPENSIVE!"

It was working. The blue light flickered again. The trident was becoming empowered by every crime we'd committed against the Admins.

"Oh please, you guys are chumps," Mance chuckled, "I shot two of his Admin buddies and took pictures of the Head Admin whilst he was in the shower."

"YOU DID WHAT!?"

"I bought those pictures from Mance," Hugo grinned, "and sold them to Larry for ten times what I paid for them. I then used that money to found the 'We Hate the Head Admin Association'."

"WHY!?"

The trident was beginning to shake in my hand now, nearly ready to unleash its power. For every blow I now struck against the Kraken, I could see it getting a little angrier, a little more injured.

“I cannot count the number of times I’ve hit Admins with a frying pan,” Luckless Larry yelled at the top of his lungs.

“MONSTER!”

Just one final boost. That was all we needed. There was only one person left to voice his crimes against the Admins. The one person who’d never commit one.

Valiant Viktor looked left, right and at the floor, as the others turned to look at him. Each bounty hunter hoping he’d have one secret to share with us. One foul act he’d committed against the Admins, rather than help then.

“I-I-I…”

“Not you too Viktor,” the Head Admin moaned.

“I used a roll of Admin toilet paper and never replaced it,” Valiant Viktor collapsed to his knees, crying, as Herobrine’s Trident turned a bright blue.

“HOW COULD YOU!?” screamed the Head Admin, as I raised the trident above my head and called upon a burst of lightning.

“Kraken!” I bellowed, with a voice that shook the world, “In the name of the bounty hunters and the Admins, I hereby strike you down!”

I stabbed the weapon downwards, as a flash of lightning erupted in my vision, turning everything dark…

EPILOGUE

And so, that's how I saved the world.

Now I know what you're wondering: What happened to the Kraken? Relax, it's been taken care of. You see, Herobrine's Trident was meant to control, not despawn. The Kraken is now under my command, and I've ordered him to start rebuilding the cities he destroyed with his slimy tentacles.

"I can't believe the Head Admin is letting you control him," Charles shook his head.

And if Charles ever annoys me, I just send the giant squid after him to keep him quiet.

Minecraft is rebuilding from the damage it suffered. Boats are sailing the seas once more, and the members of Team Grieferz have been imprisoned, never to see the light of day again. All in all, things are pretty good.

At least, that's what I would have said, if the Head Admin hadn't paid me a visit last night.

He's been away these past few weeks, speaking with the Council of Developers. He's trying to resolve matters with them, and to make sure our server continues to receive support.

He came to me yesterday, looking incredibly tired and carrying a letter.

“It’s for you,” he explained, “the Council of Developers want to speak to you.”

“What for?” I asked, as my eyes scanned the letter in horror.

“To determine whether or not they’ll terminate the server.”

Next Time:

ALL HAIL DINNERBONE!

Dan Danger and Charles Brilliant have saved the world more times than we can count, but can they protect it from its creators?

Both Dr. Boom and the Kraken have been defeated, but now the bounty hunters face a new threat. Lord Dinnerbone has decreed that their server is a threat, and has plans to terminate it for good.

But when an enemy is revealed that has the power to defeat Lord Dinnerbone himself, can Dan and Charles prove their worth to save their server?

Make sure you pick up your copy of ‘Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 7’, which starts the third epic trilogy of this series.

Download Part 7 of the Bounty Hunter Series Here:

Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 7

(Mission 3 - 'Dinnerbone')

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Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

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Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 7

Mission 3 – ‘Dinnerbone’

By Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

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Huh?

“I MEAN IT DAN! DON’T YOU DARE DO IT!”

Do what?

“YOU KNOW WHAT YOU’RE GOING TO DO!”

You seem to know what I’m going to do before I do.

“THAT’S BECAUSE I DO!”

You do?

“I DO!”

Are you marrying me?

“WHAT!?”

I must say, this is very surprising.

“AS IF I’D EVER MARRY YOU!”

Oh my poor heart.

“ARE YOU BEING SERIOUS!?”

Of course not. I can do much better than you.

“RARGH!”

Charles, let's calm down here.

"I'LL SMASH THIS PLACE APART!"

If you do that, we'll pay a visit to Mr. Kraken. Would you like that?

"…"

That's what I thought.

"I'll be outside."

Oh, reader! When did you get here?

"I GIVE UP!"

Hehe, I love messing with that guy.

At any rate, it's good to see you again. How you been? Eating your greens I hope. Five vegetables a day, and you'll be a strong as a bounty hunter. Actually, I don't think there are five different vegetables in Minecraft. Carrots, potatoes and… yup, that's it.

"No wonder why everyone in Minecraft looks so blocky."

Dude, you stole my joke!

"I don't see your name on it."

Ah, whatever. I believe these people are here for a story.

"You're not going to give them the story so far, are you?"

Course I am.

"Dude, don't you think they're bored of that by now? Surely most of the fans know the history by now."

Oh come on, who wouldn't want to hear the epic and incredible tale of Dan Danger?

"Everyone on this planet."

Quiet you. So then, where shall we begin?

"How about the part where I saved your butt when Dr. Boom attacked?"

Spoilers! Gosh.

"Sigh…"

Anyway, without further ado, let's begin!

Bounty hunters. Once foes of both the server population and the Admins, now staunch defenders of Minecraft. Alongside the Admins, we fought evil wherever it dared to rear its ugly head. Hackers and cheaters were no match for the likes of us.

Until Team Grieferz made an appearance.

Pirates from a long forgotten age, these players made a dramatic return by causing chaos and destruction wherever they ventured. Many boats which risked venturing on the ocean waters never returned, and thousands of players were despawned.

Things got even worse when Whiteport, one of the largest Minecraft coastal cities, was attacked. It was left in near ruin, which finally drove the Admins to do something about this new threat. But rather than get off their rear ends to fix it themselves, they sent us. Yay.

With only a sailor called Brian to help us, we journeyed onto the waters ourselves and began searching for our new foe. Yet despite all of our “mad skillz”-

“Did you really just say mad skillz?”

I did. Problem?

“… No.”

Good. Yet despite all of our “mad skillz”, we were unable to locate Team Grieferz. Mainly because they sailed around us and attacked all the ships which had decided there wasn’t anything to be scared of anymore.

Those poor, poor fools.

After dozens of vessels were sunk, we followed a trail leading to Team Grieferz. And although we managed to track them down, we were swiftly defeated and forced to retreat, which somehow led to us ending up in an ocean we’d never seen before.

Long story short, we soon found out we were in the Lost Sea. And so began our journey to return home, fraught with peril as we battled against sea serpents, ghost ships and even giant chickens. Poor Brian didn’t make it.

“That’s because you left him on an island.”

Details, details.

When we finally managed to make it home, we found Team Grieferz and Team Admin battling it out in Whiteport. It was a fierce battle and Team Grieferz was on the verge of victory.

Luckily, we managed to catch them by surprise and blast them to smithereens.

Happy ending, right? Wrong.

It was here we discovered that it wasn't just Team Grieferz who'd returned from the past. They'd also unleashed the god of the seas: the Kraken. It quickly destroyed our vessel and fled the scene, intent on destroying Minecraft.

Meeting with the Head Admin, we came up with a plan to defeat this monster. In an effort to stop it, there was only one weapon which could bring this beast down. Herobrine's Trident. A weapon said to be able to control the Kraken.

And so we departed on a dangerous, life-threatening journey to retrieve Herobrine's Trident. Fraught with peril, danger and perilous danger, we made our way to the last known place of the trident.

A temple built in Herobrine's honor. Who would have guessed we would have found it there?

"Your sarcasm isn't appreciated."

It's always appreciated!

So after looting the temple, stealing Herobrine's Trident, fighting off a bunch of undead creatures and fleeing the scene, we journeyed back into open waters, where we prepared for the upcoming battle with the Kraken…

Which showed up after about ten seconds.

And so, we began battle with Minecraft's god of the ocean. An epic conflict which raged across the seas far and wide… Nah, just kidding. The boat barely moved. It was basically us firing a bunch of TNT cannons at the thing's tentacles.

As the fight went on, we quickly discovered something about the trident. It was no more useful than a wet noodle. I couldn't figure out how to work the weapon, let alone use it to defeat the most powerful creature we'd ever faced.

Turns out, all we needed to do to power it was to admit all of the things we'd done to annoy the Admins. Who would have guessed?

Needles to say, it worked. With a mighty surge of energy, I was able to take control of the Kraken and force it to obey my commands. As much as I wanted to ask it to eat Charles…

"Hey!"

I figured I'd let him live for now. But yes, the Kraken was defeated, the seas were saved and the future was looking bright once more. Happy ending time?

Nope.

The Head Admin had received a message from someone very important. The leader of the Council of Developers, Lord Dinnerbone, wasn't happy with what was happening to our server. Considering we'd only just dealt with Dr. Boom, he wasn't too happy that another threat had arisen.

The Head Admin's been talking with him, and now I'm personally going to meet him. Once we arrive and we've spoken to him, it'll

be Dinnerbone's decision to determine whether or not our server will continue to receive help.

If it doesn't, then we might as well give up now. A server without help from the Council of Developers means no Admin support whatsoever. And without Admin support, we'd be destroyed by hackers and griefers alike.

No pressure, but these next few days basically determine our future.

PROLOGUE

WARNING! WARNING!

TO ALL SERVERS CURRENTLY REGULATED BY THE "COUNCIL OF DEVELOPERS", THIS IS A CODE RED ALERT!

PROJECT END IS FREE OF ALL SEALS, AND IS CURRENTLY RUNNING RAMPANT ON THE MAIN SERVER. ALL PLAYERS ARE HEREBY ADVISED NOT TO APPROACH HIM. FAILURE TO LISTEN MAY RESULT IN YOUR PERMANENT DESPAWNING.

ALL HEAD ADMINS ARE HEREBY REQUESTED TO REPORT TO THE COUNCIL IMMEDIATLEY, FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO DEAL WITH THE CURRENT SITUATION.

IF PROJECT END CANNOT BE STOPPED, WE WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO TERMINATE THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE MAIN SERVER AND ALL OTHER SERVERS. IF PROJECT END WERE TO BREAK OUT, IT WOULD TRULY MEAN THE END OF EVERYTHING.

STAY SAFE,
LORD DINNERBONE

Day 1

“Did we really have to take the minecart?” I asked the Head Admin.

“The minecart is the transport of champions,” he explained to me whilst patting my head, “back in my day, we had to walk to get to places. So imagine our happiness when the minecart was invented. Heck, we couldn’t even sprint back then, for you see…”

I tuned him out and looked to the side, off into the distance as we grew closer to Server Central. To my right were various buildings, each taller than the last. Obviously they’d had some sort of building contest. To my left was a vast forest, slowly being chopped down by other players. Probably to build taller buildings.

And of course, in front of me was Mr. Ugly himself.

“I can read your mind y’know,” the Head Admin pointed out.

“You can read!?”

The Head Admin sighed.

“You can’t act like that in front of Dinnerbone. If you do, we’re going to be in serious trouble.”

“We’re already in serious trouble,” I reminded him, “there’s a very good chance we’re not going home to our server.”

“I’m aware,” he nodded, “but I’ll do my best to make sure that doesn’t happen.”

We sat in silence for most of the journey, and I started thinking back to the others. My fellow bounty hunters. My comrades. My friends… well, most of them.

Magic Mance the magician. Huge Hugo the brute. Valiant Victor the honest. Luckless Larry the… well, luckless.

Huh, I can't help but feeling I'm forgetting someone…

Someone important? Nah, it couldn't be. Else I'd remember them. Certainly no friend. Heck, I doubt I even care about this person in the slightest, so there's no way I'd-

"DUDE, THAT'S REALLY HURTFUL!"

The heck!?

From my suitcase sprang forth a man. He was my height, mainly because everyone in Minecraft is the same height. Some might say he looked brilliant. Personally, I was considering all the reasons not to throw him from the minecart.

"Pleased to see me?" Charles Brilliant chuckled.

Right, that was it. I grabbed him and promptly tossed him out the rear end of the minecart.

"What was that?" the Head Admin asked, who'd been distracted by a flock of birds.

"Oh don't mind that," I grinned, "so what were you saying about the texture of grass in Alpha?"

At that moment, his expression turned serious. He leaned forward, a veritable fire burning in his eyes.

“It was perhaps the worst decision the Council of Developers ever made,” he sighed into his hand, shaking his head, “the day they changed the texture of grass was the day our server looked uglier than ever…”

As he began ranting on about different shades of green, I heard something whooshing through the air. There was no mistaking it. I’d heard it several times before whilst attempting to ruin fishing trips for other people. It was a fishing rod.

I caught sight of a hook landing on the side of the minecart, burying itself in the metal. I gritted my teeth, turning to spot none other than Charles. He’d hooked his fishing rood to the minecart, and was being dragged along the track,

It looked really, really painful.

“Help me,” he begged with big, painful eyes, as he desperately held on for dear life.

I turned my attention back to the Head Admin, and nodded in agreement as we discussed the stupid inclusion of hunger. Why, one day, did we all wake up feeling hungry? Ridiculous. Prior to that, we only had to eat when we were injured. It was a stupid decision.

“Perhaps we can get Dinnerbone to change those things as well,” I chuckled.

“We’d best not push our luck,” the Head Admin sighed, “let’s just save our server. Then we can force that idiot to make the changes we want.”

“Alrighty.”

And no more was said after that, only the screams of Charle’s taking damage to his hearts filled the air. The Head Admin glanced up once or twice, trying to find the source of the noise, but ultimately said nothing and remained deep in his thoughts.

As much as I haven’t liked the guy in the past, I’m glad we’re allies now. Even so, I’m not sure even he can convince Lord Dinnerbone to back down. From what I’ve heard, this guy isn’t the nicest person around. The Head Admin’s told me many stories, the most notable being Dinnerbone tossing someone into a bottomless pit for accidentally putting milk in his coffee.

Still, you never know. Maybe he won’t be such a bad guy after all.

Day 2

“Nope, not a chance.”

“OH COME ON!”

Well diary, we finally made it to the Main Server. Home of the Council of Developers and Lord Dinnerbone. Upon arrival, we were made very welcome by a free gift basket and twelve soldiers waiting to escort us to the council.

And yes, they were armed with Uber Weapons. Essentially, the things that delete you permanently from the game.

“Is this really necessary?” the Head Admin asked as we were marched towards the council’s building.

“Sorry sir, but considering you and your friend here are responsible for chaos and destruction unlike anything we’ve ever seen, we have to be very careful.”

“To be fair, we were only responsible for about 60% of the stuff that happened,” I pointed out.

“Not helping,” the Head Admin hissed, and that was the end of that conversation.

I glanced behind me, noting that Charles had managed to drag himself over to the minecarts. He’d been hanging on by the fishing rod for hours on end. He had determination, I’d give him that.

“Alright, send the minecart back,” one of the guards yelled to the conductor, who set the minecart in reverse.

“WAIT!” Charles cried, but to no avail, as he was squashed against the back of the minecart and sent back on a journey to our server. We wouldn’t be seeing him for a long time.

“Did you hear something?” the Head Admin looked left and right, but I merely shook my head.

“Just the wind buddy.”

After a short walk, we were brought to the council chambers. It was a grand affair, made out of diamond, emerald and blocks I’d never seen. But there was something strange about it, something crazy that I couldn’t put my finger on…

“MOTHER OF NOTCH!” the Head Admin spat out, pointing at the building, “THAT BUILDING IS A CIRCLE!”

“WHAT!?” I yelled back, staring closer at the building. He was right. The entire structure was a circle. The most mind-blowing thing in Minecraft.

“WE ARE NOT WORTHY!” the Head Admin bowed down on one knee.

“Save it for the council,” one of the guards snarled, pushing him forward.

The inside was massive. A giant hall lead to the council room, the ceiling supported by great pillars. On the walls were every painting you could imagine. Creepers, swords and even giant masterpieces depicting Dinnerbone against Herobrine.

“When did that ever happen?” I whispered to the Head Admin.

“Guess.”

Never. Got it.

Finally, after what seemed like forever (even though it wasn't much more than five minutes), we arrived at the council's chambers. If you've ever seen Galactic Wars, you'll know what it looks like. Twelve chairs placed in a circular pattern-

"CIRCLE!" the Head Admin screamed.

"IT'S NOT RIGHT!" I punched the wall, "IT SHOULDN'T EXIST!"

"QUIET!"A voice boomed out.

There, at the center of the room, sat none other than the man we'd come to meet. Lord Dinnerbone. Once a man who'd served under Notch himself, now the supreme ruler of all things blocky… and circular.

"IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!" the Head Admin collapsed, foaming at the mouth. They ended up having to drag him from the room, as he muttered things about "nightmarish circles".

Leaving me alone with the developers.

"How's it going?" I asked.

Lord Dinnerbone glared at me from beneath his mask. At least, I assume he was glaring. He was dressed in white robes and wore a golden mask. Despite the expensive looking outfit, I did catch sight of a small coffee stain on his sleeve.

"Enjoy your coffee?"

“You dare to mock the high and mighty Lord Dinnerbone?” a developer to the left of their leader spoke, “why I ought to smite you where you stand.”

I moved one block to the left.

“You are the one they call Dan?” Dinnerbone asked, leaning forward.

“Yes sir,” I nodded, “and might I say, what a pleasure it is to be here.

“Sarcasm detected,” a robotic voice came from Dinnerbone’s right, “permission to despawn with extreme prejudice?”

“Denied,” Dinnerbone shook his head, “are you here to just make jokes?”

“Maybe,” I shrugged, “depends on how you’ll react.”

“Terminate the server,” he turned to the robot.

“Can’t we talk about this!?” I begged.

“Nope, not a chance.”

“OH COME ON!”

“You come in here, mock my circles and then talk to me sarcastically. I see no reason as to why your server should continue existing.”

“There has to be something I can do!” I begged.

“Someone like you can only cause terror and destruction,” Dinnerbone waved his hand, “this conversation is over. We will

now begin the process of cutting off all support to your server. Developers, are you in agreement?"

"We are!" the room sounded.

"Then let's be -"

BOOM!

"What was that!?" Dinnerbone jumped off his chair, his hands glowing purple, as the guards surrounded me, "What did you do!?"

"I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!" I shook my head wildly.

"As if we'd believe t -"

BOOM!

"There it is again!"

"Give me a status report!" Dinnerbone demanded.

"I don't think that will be necessary sir," one of the developers pointed out.

"And why's that?"

"Because whatever it is, it's coming right for us."

Oh dear.

The window exploded in a shower of glass. My first thought was why one would install a window in the most important building in the entire universe. My next thought was that was a very expensive window they'd just broken. Sand isn't cheap these days.

"ARE YOU STILL MAKING JOKES!?" Dinnerbone roared.

“Stop reading my mind!”

When the glass had finished falling, we dared to open our eyes. The room was now inhabited by another figure. Dressed completely in black, with a cape draped around his shoulders. Both his hands were glowing purple, similar to Dinnerbone’s though the color was much darker.

“DEVELOPERS!” he boomed, “I apologize for the interruption, but I’m here on important business.”

“And what might that be?” Dinnerbone asked, brushing off his robes.

“DESTROYING MINECRAFT!”

Seemed pretty important to me.

With a wave of his hand, all the developers save for Dinnerbone were tossed about the room like little dolls. The guards immediately rushed for this new foe, only to meet the same fate.

“I think I’ll sit this one out,” I muttered to myself, sitting down on the floor and eating the sandwich I’d brought with me.

“ARE YOU SERIOUS!?”

“You look like you’ve got this under control,” I replied to Dinnerbone, before digging into my delicious sandwich. Yum. Eggs and bacon.

“Errr…”

CRASH!

Dinnerbone was blasted into his little chair, as this new figure bombarded him with purple orbs of what I could only assume was dark magic.

“DESPAWN! DESPAWN! DESPAWN! DESPAWN! DESPAWN! DESPAWN! DESPAWN! DESPAWN!”

Fairly dramatic, dontcha think?

BANG!

Man, I love these catchy sound effects!

The mysterious stranger was launched backwards, as Dinnerbone approached his foe with glowing white eyes. If it weren’t for his ridiculous moustache, you could easily have mistaken him for Herobrine.

“MY MOUSTACHE IS NOT RIDICULOUS!”

“Get back to fighting!”

“BEGONE!”

Purple spears, purple swords and other purple objects morphed into existence, before flying towards Dinnerbone and exploding upon impact. The ~~poor~~ guy ~~didn’t~~ deserve(d) it.

“MY SPLEEN!” he moaned in pain, as he rolled around on the floor.

“STOP MOVING!” his opponent demanded, attempting to hit him with the attack. Surprisingly, he couldn’t land a single blow after Dinnerbone started rolling around.

“HELP ME OUT!” Dinnerbone begged.

Oh. So the guy who wanted to destroy my server was asking for help. I couldn't help but feel there was some sort of irony here.

"THAT'S NOT HOW YOU USE IRONY!"

"QUIT SCREAMING!"

Sigh. I decided it was probably in my best interest to help the guy out. Whilst this enemy was delivering the smack down, I spotted a weapon on the floor dropped by one of the guards. A blaster rifle of some sorts, which they'd described as being able to despawn something permanently.

It was worth a shot.

Hehe. Get it? Because it's a laser gun? And it shoots? No? Okay then.

I dived for the weapon, as the robed magician called upon an oversized hammer to crush Dinnerbone, similar to one I'd seen the Head Admin use. I only had seconds to spare.

"Any last requests?" the enemy asked Dinnerbone.

"Just one," he replied, "do you think you could disappear forever?"

"Sorry, I must refuse," he chuckled, raising the hammer and preparing to strike Dinnerbone down.

"Consider your request granted!" I declared, rifle in hand.

The figure turned, as a bright flash of red and green filled the room. A wave of energy struck my opponent in the chest, causing him to howl in pain.

"What is this!?" he hissed, "No, anything but that! GAH!"

The hammer he'd conjured up disappeared, and he began flailing about the room. Crashing into the walls and chairs, he collapsed to the floor, writhing as he took damage.

"NOT AGAIN! I WON'T ALLOW IT!"

Not again?

BOOM!

One annoying sound effect later, and black, billowing smoke had flooded the room. Coughing, I ran to the nearest (broken) window to fill my lungs with fresh air. But by the time the smog had cleared, the figure was gone.

"Did we get him?" I asked Dinnerbone, who was rising to his feet.

"I'm afraid not," he shook his head, "you probably just made him angry."

Wonderful. Before I could ask what he meant, the doors burst open. And who else was it going to be other than Charles? I must say, he looked a little worse for wear. His skin was imprinted with the markings of minecart tracks, and he was breathing heavily.

"Dan…" he coughed.

"Yes Charles?"

"You've got five seconds before I pound you to a pulp."

I pointed the rifle at him.

"You were saying?"

"It's so great to see you!"

Day 3

“So what was that about the bounty hunters being reckless and stupid?”

“Quiet.”

We were all gathered at Ye Olde Inn, apparently meant to be the nicest restaurant in all of Minecraft. Yet when we got there, we found the place to be empty and lacking in choice.

“What do you mean you only serve apples, bread and pork?” Lord Dinnerbone demanded, “Do you have any idea who I am?”

“Unfortunately sir, I do,” the innkeeper shook his head, “now are you going to order something or not?”

“… I’ll have apples and pork, with a side of bread.”

After the innkeeper took our orders, we returned to the conversation at hand.

“So can someone please tell me what I missed?” Charles asked.

“And who is this supposed to be?” Dinnerbone demanded.

“One of my fans,” I explained with the wave of my hand, “I can have him thrown out if you like.”

“The name’s Charles Brilliant,” Mr. Brilliant hissed, “I’m the one who defeated Dr. Boom a while back.”

“That was you?” Dinnerbone asked, and Charles confirmed it, “I’m impressed. You did a bang up job bringing him down.”

“And how come I haven’t had a compliment yet?” I moaned.

“You can shoot a laser rifle half-decently,” Dinnerbone chuckled, “but that’s about it I’m afraid.”

“Sounds about right,” the Head Admin laughed.

Oh if only I could call the Kraken on these chumps right now.

“Oh yes, remind me to confiscate that trident when this is all over.”

… Dang it.

“So Lord Dinnerbone,” said Charles, “what exactly are we up against?”

“He gave you a pretty good smack down,” I reminded him, “seems a wee bit stronger than what we’ve been dealing with.”

“… Fine, I supposed you ought to know. The robed figure who attacked us is none other than Project End.”

Project End? I’d heard rumors about such a thing in the old days of Minecraft, but that’s all they were. Rumors. Project End was never meant to exist… right?

“And what is Project End?” Charles asked.

“The ultimate developer tool, designed to take down hackers, cheaters and rulebreakers across all servers.”

“I’m guessing it didn’t work out?” the Head Admin sipped from his drink, a smile on his face, “That’s why you hired us mighty Admins to do the job for you.”

“Zip it Gregory,” Dinnerbone spat, “else I’ll revoke those powers from you.”

I kid you not diary, I spat my drink out from laughing.

“Gregory? HAHAHAHAHA!” My fist hit the table, as I convulsed with fits of laughter. Charles was a little calmer, but even he couldn’t stop himself from laughing so hard that milk came out of his nose.

“Yes, my name is Gregory,” Gregory the Head Admin sighed, “now can we please -”

“Gregory! Oh Gregory! Might I call you Greggy?”

“HAHAHAHA.”

Even Dinnerbone was grinning at this point, prompting Gregory to flip the table.

“YES, MY NAME IS GREGORY!” he snarled, “I AM KNOWN AS GREGORY! IT IS WHAT MY MOTHER NAMED ME, AND WHAT I SHALL BE NAMED FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE! AND IF ANY OF YOU DARES TO SAY ANOTHER WORD, I’LL ERASE YOU FROM EXISTENCE!”

“You can’t do that,” Dinnerbone protested, “I’m your -”

Gregory turned to Dinnerbone, his eyes glowing a fiery shade of red. His fists were clenched, and he looked ready to blow up half the server with a single spell. That was more than enough to silence Dinnerbone.

“Now can we get back to the conversation at hand?”

We all agreed, and the Head Developer continued the story.

“Project End was designed by Notch as soon as Minecraft started getting more and more popular. Back in those days, there was only Notch and Herobrine keeping everyone in check. Now, considering that Herobrine wasn’t the most trustworthy person around, Notch didn’t want him to be responsible for everything. That’s why he created Project End.”

“Project End was left to do as it pleased, rounding up any rulebreakers and punishing them accordingly. Some he only gave a warning to, others he threw into a cell for all eternity. It worked relatively well, and soon enough there weren’t many rulebreakers in Minecraft at all.”

“But that soon changed. Herobrine, growing more and more impatient with Notch’s idea of fairness, decided to add a little chaos into the mix. He reprogrammed Project End to give rulebreakers the maximum punishment. Permanent despawning.”

“That very same day, Project End detected a hacker in one of the major cities. After dealing with the hacker, he determined that the inhabitants had been protecting the rulebreaker by hiding him in the city. Thus, he immediately began to despawn everything in sight.”

“When Notch found out about this, he was furious. This was what began The God Wars, where Notch and Herobrine fought a devastating battle across the planet. The two fought for decades and centuries, until Notch managed to overcome his opponent and seal him away in the Nether.”

“But that wasn’t the end of the trouble. Project End stopped its rampage after Herobrine’s defeat, but Notch couldn’t overwrite Herobrine’s programming. So, with a heavy heart, he sealed Project End at the heart of the main server, never to be released again…”

“For years, we developers have kept a close eye on Project End. Due to his captivity, his programming has becoming even more dysfunctional. He now believes that each and every player is a rulebreaker and a threat against Lord Notch, and won’t stop in his quest to destroy them.

“And now that he’s free, there’s no telling what he might do.”

Day 4

So, we're basically up against an Uber Admin who's banned more people than Banny McBan?

Sounds like fun!

We've been going over a strategy with Dinnerbone, who believes the way to win this is actually simpler than it looks.

"Like I said, it's rather simple," he told us last night, "all we need to do is find an ancient object never before seen by anyone in Minecraft in the hopes that we can somehow use it in some way to defeat our enemy."

… What?

"You're not talking about Notch's Apple, are you?" the Head Admin moaned, "Rumored to contain the powers of Notch himself?"

"Indeed I am," Dinnerbone nodded, "Notch's Apple is said to contain a secret update, which can shutdown Project End for good."

"If that's the case, why didn't Notch himself use it?" I asked with a frown.

"That's another story altogether," Dinnerbone explained, "but let's just say that Notch and Project End were once good friends."

Ah, friendship. The bane of my existence.

"You have no friends," said Charles.

I resisted the urge to toss him through the nearest available window.

“Enough with the petty arguments already,” Dinnerbone shook his head in annoyance, “the fact is that if we don’t find Notch’s Apple soon, we’re going to be in some major trouble.”

“Oh come on, what’s the worst Project End can do?” I asked, “I kicked this guy’s butt, and I’m an honorary Admin.”

“You got lucky,” Dinnerbone replied, “Project End has the ability to teleport anywhere he wishes. He’s equipped with weapons that can severely damage Admins and Developers and which despawn players immediately. He’s immune to all hacks and cheats, can spawn whatever item he so desires and, perhaps the most troubling thing about him, has the ability to destroy circles merely by looking at them.”

“That’s a good thing, they’re abominations,” the Head Admin pointed out.

“Quiet you.”

“Never!”

“At any rate, if Project End finds a way out of the main server, he’ll destroy everything he comes across. We can’t allow that to happen.”

“Out of curiosity, what’s in it for us?” I asked.

“Yeah, sounds like a dangerous mission,” Charles noted.

“Bounty hunters like danger, but only if we’re well paid for it.”

“He has a point,” the Head Admin noted, “what are you willing to offer us?”

“Ugh…” Dinnerbone facepalmed, obviously caught in a predicament. He couldn’t handle Project End without our help, but he didn’t look very willing to pay us for our time, “What is it you want?”

“How about not terminating our server?” the Head Admin chuckled, “That’s a start.”

“A start?”

“We’ll also be wanting payment for our services,” I added, “shouldn’t be a problem for a developer as powerful as you.”

“Okay, okay!”

“And for the love of Notch, make those minecart tracks safer,” Charles protested, rubbing his head.

“Fine!”

“One last thing,” said the Head Admin, forming a fist with his blocky hand.

“No. More. Circles.”

“But… but… circles are hip! Circles are now!”

“If you ever say the word hip again, I’ll throw you out the nearest window. Are we clear?”

“… Yes sir.”

“Very good!”

And with that, the deal was sealed. Bounty hunters, Admins and Developers would join together to fight the greatest threat Minecraft had ever faced. Yes, we fight a lot of threats, each greater than the last.

You know, in comparison to what we've faced now, Dr. Boom really isn't anything to write home about. I can't believe we actually considered him a worthy foe.

"What did you just say?"

That voice… no. There was no way. Couldn't be possible. Nuh-uh. Nope. No.

Please no.

The four of us turned, weapons, as you'd imagine, in hand. There, standing a short distance away, gazing off into the distance like in some cheesy romantic movie, was none other than the infamous Dr. Boom.

"Nice you see you all," he grinned, "it's been quite a while, hasn't it?"

"Take in the view Boom," I suggested, raising the Uber Rifle I had, "one blast from this and you'll be erased for good."

"Oh I really wouldn't do that if I were you."

"And why not?"

I blinked. One second, Boom had been standing a good fifty blocks away. The next, we were face-to-face, my laser having been snatched away.

“What is the meaning of this?” Dinnerbone replied, but immediately shut up when Boom pointed the weapon at him.

“Funny, isn’t it? You give these toys to your guards, hoping they’ll protect the server. Thing is, they’ll despawn you just as easily as they would a regular player.”

“What do you want Boom?” Charles asked, “Make it quick before I crush you like I did last time.”

“Such an attitude,” Dr. Boom sighed, lowering the weapon, “I thought we could have a bit of a friendly chat.”

“The only friendly chat is the one we’ll be having on the way to the cells,” the Head Admin declared, “you might as well surrender. You can’t hope to take all of us on.”

“Oh can’t I?” Boom challenged.

As the Head Admin threw the energy orb he’d been charging, Boom disappeared. He reappeared a moment later behind Gregory, knocking him to the floor with the laser. He vanished again as Dinnerbone and Charles launched their own attacks, returning at least ten blocks in the air.

“SHADOW STRIKE!”

His fist turning black, his punch blasted Dinnerbone into a nearby tree. Charles retaliated with a dagger, but Boom merely blocked it with the butt of the weapon and delivered a well-earned kick to the stomach.

“Ouch,” Charles moaned.

I decided not to get involved in this little conflict.

“Now if we could all calm down here,” Boom sighed, running a hand through his hair, “as you can see, I’ve got you outmatched. Pretty unlucky for you. Luckily for you however, I’m not interested in beating you chumps.”

Boom walked a short distance away, his lab coat billowing in the wind. He took a deep breath, taking a few moments to himself as he was lost in thought.

“The fact is, if Project End makes it out of this server, we’re all finished. I intend to stop him, but I’ll need your help.”

“And why should we work for you?” Gregory groaned, slowly rising to his feet, “You tried to destroy us.”

“It’s not in my interest to destroy you right now,” Boom replied, “and whilst I’m sure you have many questions concerning how I’m still here and how I have all these cool powers. But right now, only one question matters.”

“Where is Notch’s Apple?”

Next Time:

The end times are coming.

Dan Danger and Charles Brilliant have kept their server alive for now, but it may not last much longer.

Project End, a powerful secret weapon designed to combat rulebreakers, has managed to escape captivity and wreak havoc across the main server. If he escapes, it'll be the end of everything.

To bring him down, Dan and Charles need to find Notch's Apple, said to contain a hidden update that can wipe Project End out.

But they'll soon discover that this titanic super villain isn't the only thing to worry about.

Make sure you pick up your copy of 'Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 8', which continues the third epic trilogy of this series.

Did you enjoy this book?

I want to thank you for purchasing and reading this book. I really hope you got a lot out of it.

Can I ask a quick favor though?

If you enjoyed this book I would really appreciate it if you could leave me a positive review on Amazon.

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Thanks so much.

Wimpy Boy and Minecrafters

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Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 8

Mission 3 – ‘Dinnerbone’

By Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

PREVIOUSLY:

GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF MY DIARY, YOU DARNED, FILTHY GAMER!

…

Charles, nothing to say?

“Charles isn’t here.”

Gregory?

“That’s Head Admin to you.”

What are you doing here? Where’s Charles?

“He’s been dragged off to the funny farm.”

The what?

“Insane asylum.”

Ah. Did something happen?

“Yes, he said something along the lines of ‘I CAN’T TAKE DAN’S STUPID INTRODUCTIONS ANYMORE’, before proceeding to curl up into a ball and mutter that this world isn’t even real.”

It isn’t?

“No. Apparently this is all the work of some author in another universe. We are nothing more than entertaining characters, designed to do whatever the author says. Crazy right?”

I'll say. No wonder why they dragged him off.

"Ah well. So what do you normally do here?"

Why I welcome our readers of course!

"We have readers?"

Yeah. Who would have guessed?

"Obviously they're here for my good looks."

Oh please. The last time you looked good, you'd installed a HD texture pack. And yes, I said texture pack, not resource pack. Look it up all you Minecrafters. We didn't use to have all this fancy, hip technology that you do today.

"That was a really nerdy joke."

Bah whatever.

"So seriously, what goes on here?"

I introduce the story, joke around with Charles-

"Your joking around has turned him into a lunatic who claims he is the lord of cheese."

Wow. Remind me to upload that to BlockTube.

"Reminder: upload a clip of Charles running round like a maniac whilst proclaiming he's the lord of cheese to BlockTube."

Erg, I meant remind me later. Whatever. Aside from joking around, I also talk about what's already happened.

"You mean the story so far?"

Correct.

“Surely most people who know it by now?”

Who cares? If it’s an excuse for the readers to hear my beautiful voice, then they’re gonna take it.

“I think I’m starting to understand what happened to Charles!”

LET US BEGIN!

“Yeah, I’d better reserve a room.”

Bounty hunters. Once foes of both the server population and the Admins, now staunch defenders of Minecraft. Alongside the Admins, we fought evil wherever it dared to rear its ugly head. Hackers and cheaters were no match for the likes of us.

Our first battle pitted us against Dr. Boom, a notorious griefer renowned for his love of explosives. Despite his efforts to destroy the Admin’s power and shape the world in his image, I managed to stop him in an epic battle to determine the fate of all of Minecraft.

“Hang on a minute! I thought Charles was the one who defeated Boom?”

I don’t see Charles here, do you? If he’s not going to take the credit, then I shall!

“You’re despicable.”

I know. Soon afterwards, we were promoted to the rank of Honorary Admin. With our new powers, we could take on the strongest of foes. Even the likes of Team Grieferz, a crew of pirates who terrorized cities and ships.

Although we were initially no match for these dastardly beings, in our second encounter we managed to catch them off-guard and blow the lot of

them to Davy Jones' locker.

It was around this time that the Kraken showed up.

You know, the Kraken? The giant, tentacle monster capable of dragging ships and even entire continents to the depths of the ocean. Fortunately, thanks to my incredible skills-

"We might need some context there…"

-we managed to overcome the creature after acquiring Herobrine's Trident, a powerful artefact which gave me the ability to control the Kraken. And with Dr. Boom defeated and the Kraken under the control of ~~me~~ the Admins, Minecraftia looked to be safe at last.

Except it wasn't.

We learned that the Council of Developers, led by Lord Dinnerbone, was planning on disconnecting our world (or server) from the main world (or server). Apparently, our place was getting a little too dangerous for his liking. So he was going to cut off all help and leave the server to the likes of hackers.

"Which is where we went to save the day!"

I went to save the day. You went insane after you saw all the circles they'd built.

"Still better than poor Charles."

Yeah. Poor Charles. Guy attempted to sneak in on our minecart, only to get dragged along the tracks whilst dangling onto a fishing rod.

"Probably contributed to his own insanity."

You're probably right. Now then, where was I? Oh right! I met with Lord Dinnerbone and the Council of Developers, and after calmly discussing our little situation…

"You mean making fun of him?"

Pretty much. He got all upset for some reason and was about to terminate our server for good, when a mysterious figure burst into the room and started blasting the place to bits. He even managed to take down Lord Dinnerbone, but luckily for that idiot I was on hand to help.

I blasted this mysterious dude with an Uber Weapon, the items they use in the main server. Whilst it didn't despawn him, it sent him running. After this, we found the Head Admin and Charles, whereupon we began planning our next move.

It was here we learned of the solution to all our problems: "Notch's Apple." A powerful artefact, capable of modifying the game however we wanted. We also learned the name of our foe: Project End, a weapon designed by Notch to ban rulebrekers, but which was later corrupted by Herobrine and made to ban people for the slightest mistake. The Developers were supposed to keep him locked up, but somehow he escaped.

"I can't explain the stupidity of leaving that thing alone for five minutes. Of course he was going to escape!"

And now we have to clean up the mess. But just as we were about to set off on our journey, we ran into an old, shall we say, friend?

"Hey guys!"

Hey Boom.

"Oooh, is this the introduction?"

Yes. Now clear off. You're in the spotlight.

"Oh come on! I wanna be in the story too."

"Clear off Boom! Leave this part to the famous people."

"Famous? Are you kidding? There is no one more famous than the mighty Dr. Boom!"

Dude, it's been what, four books since we last saw you? Our first readers have probably died from old age by now.

"LET ME HAVE THE SPOTLIGHT!"

NEVER! ON WITH THE STORY!

"NOOOOOOOOOOO!"

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PROLOGUE

Item #272 – Notch's Apple

Notch's Apple is considered to be the greatest rumor in the history of Minecraft. You probably would have heard about it in school, or maybe from some confused, dizzy dwarf in the local inn. They'll describe it in all its glory: a glowing object that is rumored to posses the ability to change the world as we know it…

Then they'll laugh and go back to playing with their toys or focus on their mushroom soup, completely unaware that what they've laughed off is real…

Notch's Apple does indeed exist. Its powers are real and he who owns it can hope to change the world as they please. The question of course is finding it, and only one person knows where's it hidden.

Notch himself.

No one knows why Notch created the apple. Perhaps he thought that one day, when he was gone, there would be the need for another to take his place. Or maybe he thought his own power too great, and decided to leave the secrets of the developers in someone else's hands.

Or maybe he was bored.

At any rate, he who finds the apple will essentially become Notch. And whilst this is fine for someone of a pure heart, should someone evil fall upon this item, then world is truly finished…

We're all doomed, aren't we?

Day 1

“Where is Notch’s apple?”

That was the question that hung in the air, like stinking fish. Dr. Boom stood in front of me, glowing with newfound power. My allies were eyeing him, as if waiting for the opportunity to attack, but seemed reluctant to do anything.

“And why would we tell you?” Dinnerbone asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Aha, so you don’t know where it is,” Dr. Boom chuckled, “I figured you’d fall for that.”

“Wait, how-”

“I’m smarter than you,” Dr. Boom shrugged, “and stronger by the looks of it.”

“And how is that?” Gregory asked.

“The fact that I’m smarter than you? I read lots of books, solve lots of math problems -”

“I’m talking about the powers!”

“Oh! Didn’t I say I’d explain that later?”

“Explain it now, else I’ll make you suffer the worst possible pain.”

“And what might that be?”

“I’ll set off TNT without you.”

“PLEASE NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT! I’LL TELL YOU ANYTHING!”

Dr. Boom paused for a moment to collect himself, before beginning to talk.

“Long story short, your little friend over there didn’t defeat me for good,” he stated, whilst pointing to Charles.

“Say what?”

I turned to look at Charles, who had gone notably silent. I shook my head and reminded myself to give him a slap later.

“Yes, he didn’t finish me off,” Dr. Boom told us the true story, “although he did manage to beat me, I’ll give him that. But here’s what really happened…”

FLASHBACK!!!

I remember sitting in the ruined remains of a barracks, all the way back in Blockopolis. Everything was hurting and my vision was blurry, probably because I’d just been blasted out of the sky by Charles. I scrambled for cover as that bounty hunter descended into the destroyed room, searching for me with glowing eyes.

“BOOM!” he boomed, “GET OUT HERE! YOU’VE LOST! THIS BATTLE IS OVER! I HAVE DEFEATED YOU! I’M THE WINNER! BOW DOWN BEFORE YOUR SUPERIOR FOE!”

As I listened to his taunting, I started to grow angry. Was I really going to sit here and wait for my end? Or was there a chance I could escape? To fight another day as it were.

Like lighting a block of TNT, an idea illuminated itself in my mind. With a grin, I rose from my hiding place and stumbled out, ready to face Charles.

“So you’ve come to battle me? Ready to give in?”

“I’ll never give in,” I hissed, “not until the world is remade in my image. People will worship the circle. They will hail the circle. Even the developers will love circles!”

“NEVER!” Charles cried, throwing an orb of energy at me. Just as I’d planned.

I redirected the blow towards the ceiling, and struck a battle stance. As anticipated, the already broken ceiling began to crumble. Before Charles could launch a second attack, the entire structure came down upon us.

Carefully buried under a patch of rubble, my next move had to be pitch-perfect. Using the last of my energies, I was able to slip through the rocks and leave an unconscious clone in my place. I watched gleefully as Charles dug it from the rubble and wrapped it in duct tape, before dragging it off to the prisons.

With my capture faked, I fled the city in the night. Naturally, I was furious. I’d drained so much of the admin power, yet it hadn’t been enough. I’d still lost. I made a pledge to train my newfound powers and grow them to the point where no one could defeat me.

Admins are forbidden from training, but that restriction didn’t apply to me. I spent days, weeks, months and years in the sun, rain and snow, attempting to grow my abilities to a level beyond the norm. Whereas one day I could burn down an entire tree, I soon found myself able to burn down entire forests with a mere whisper.

I was growing ever more powerful, nigh-on invincible. But it still wasn’t enough. Although I could challenge the admins, I knew that if I caused enough trouble, the developers would one day come for me…

So I did the one thing I’m best at, and started to craft explosives.

FLASHBACK OVER!!!

“You remember those series of earthquakes on your server a while back?” Dr. Boom asked me, to which I nodded, “Well, let’s say I was responsible for them.”

“You what!?” the Head Admin was furious, “Do you have any idea how long it took to fix all of that damage?”

“Judging from your reaction, it probably took about five minutes,” Boom shrugged, “the point is that I found what I was looking for.”

“And what might that have been?” Dinnerbone questioned, “There’s no item on earth which would let you take us on. You must have hacked.

“If I had indeed hacked, then you would have detected it. Heck, your own powers would have stunned me immediately. No, I found something much better than that… but you’ll just have to wait and see. For now, I believe we have an apple to find.”

And so we did. If we were going to win this battle, we needed Notch’s Apple.

Or Minecraftia was welly and truly doomed.

Day 2

“So where does our search begin?”

“Where else? The tomb of Notch himself.”

Great. Diary, I’ve had enough of creepy, ghostly things to last a life time. From the pirates in The Lost Sea, to Team Grieferz (who I’m pretty sure were half ghost).

“How can something be half ghost?”

“Don’t question it!”

“I’m questioning it.”

“Gah!”

And now, we get to visit the tomb of the creator of this world and all the others. Notch Blockman. I’m guessing Blockman is his last name.

“It’s not.”

“How do you know?”

“Because I paid attention in history class.”

Fair enough.

Notch’s tomb is located at the heart of the main server, according to Dinnerbone, making this trip incredibly dangerous.

“Something you need to understand about the main server is that very few regular players live here,” he explained to us, “this place is dangerous, wild and free of many rules.”

“Sounds like my kind of place,” I chuckled.

“The point is that the developers mess around on these servers. They’re always trying to come up with new creations and designs to help us out… though sometimes they don’t exactly work.”

“A few years ago, a young, aspiring developer decided to create the ultimate guardian for Notch’s tomb. A powerful warrior, set to obey our commands. He based it on Project End, where I’m sure you can see is where things started to turn south…”

Oh dear.

“This warrior was programmed with several abilities, including one to duplicate itself. Which it used. Hundreds of times. By the time we shut it off, the heart of the server was overrun by these warrior clones. They deemed us as threats and we were quickly overwhelmed.”

“How powerful are they?” Dr. Boom asked, “Surely they’ll be no match for me?”

“They wouldn’t,” Dinnerbone nodded, “if the heart of the server didn’t shut off our powers.”

SAY WHAT!?

“Again, some idiot messed around with the code. Now, stepping into the heart of the server disables all admin and developer abilities. We’ll have to rely on our instincts and regular skills down there.”

“Wonderful,” Dr. Boom sighed, “I’ll get some explosives made. I suggest the rest of you gather up some Uber Weapons. We’ll need them.”

“Yeah, I wouldn’t mind my own,” said Charles, “Dan keeps threatening me with his.”

“Oh shush,” I protested, “I’ve only threatened to blast you like fifty times. Normally I’d have threatened you at least a hundred. See? I’m trying to be nicer.”

“It’s true,” the Head Admin nodded, “he must be at least 10% nicer.”

“This isn’t the time to be nice,” Dr. Boom hissed, “we need to be cold blooded and heartless if we’re going to win this battle. We are up against something which will permanently despawn everything in existence.”

“That reminds me,” the Head Admin noted, “Dinnerbone, is the main server sealed off?”

“It is. Project End can’t leave here unless he ends up defeating me.”

“Isn’t that just painting a target on your head?” I inquired.

…

“Shut up Dan.”

Hehe.

So, keeping a careful eye in the sky for any being which might want to destroy us, we began the long and traitorous journey to Notch’s tomb.

“Where’s the entrance to the heart of the server?” I asked, after we’d spent a few hours flying through the skies.

“Right down there,” Dinnerbone pointed to a small gathering of trees.

“Let me get this straight,” said Boom, “you hid the entrance to the heart of the server, which should probably be the most secure place on the server, under some trees? Flammable trees? The kind I burn down when I’m bored?”

“You burn down trees? Monster!”

“I’m beginning to understand just how Project End got free in the first place.

“And how’s that?”

“It’s because you’re thicker than a block of Obsidian.”

“Obsidian is pretty thick,” I whispered to Charles and the Head Admin, which only made them laugh.

“Hey,” Dinnerbone snarled, “do you want my help here? Or shall I leave you to fend for yourselves.”

“You’re right, I’m sorry,” Dr. Boom faked a smile, “what would we do without an effective arrow shield?”

Hahaha. Even if this guy did try to destroy both us and the Admins, I had to admire his humor. He was my kind of guy.

“By Notch, I’ll destroy the lot of you in a minute.”

“Alright, enough arguing,” Charles stepped in, “let’s despawn Project End before we despawn each other.”

“Oh very well,” Dr. Boom sighed, “does everyone have their equipment ready?”

We did indeed. I was equipped with my Uber Blaster, along with a few bombs provided by Boom. Charles had his bow, enchanted with the Uber enchantment. Gregory the Head Admin was armed with a pair of (Uber) axes and Dinnerbone himself was armed with his own personal weapon. The Dinner Bone.

It’s a sword. But it looks like a bone. And it glows blue. And blasts lightening everywhere. Very powerful. Very effective.

“That thing looks ridiculous,” Dr. Boom pointed out.

“What’s wrong with it?”

“You’re hitting enemies with an item you’d use to get a wolf with.”

“So?”

“So it looks stupid!”

“Your name is stupid!”

“Is this meant to be the lord of all things in Minecraft?” I asked Charles, who only shrugged as Dinnerbone threw a tantrum.

“Oh calm down,” Dr. Boom punched him in the shoulder, “I was kidding.”

Dr. Boom’s items were interesting to say the least. He was armed with a crossbow of some kind, which I’m guessing was also enchanted with the Uber enchantment. Aside from that, he was equipped with several daggers, a bunch of explosives and a pair of sunglasses.

“What’s with the sunglasses?” I asked.

“You’ll see,” was the cryptic reply.

“Alright everyone,” announced Dinnerbone, “we’ll now be descending into the heart of the server. It’s a long trip to Notch’s tomb, so be on your guard. And keep an eye out for The Guardians. If you see them, alert the others immediately. When one appears, the others aren’t far behind.”

“Yes sir,” we all cried in sync. Except for Dr. Boom of course. Rebel.

And with that, we entered the trees, opened a trap door buried in the floor and began our descent into the darkness below

Day 3

It's been a long day, and I don't know how the heck we even managed to make it this far.

Dinnerbone's description of the heart of the server is everything he said it was. Immediately after entering, I felt a cold chill go down my spine as the all the powers granted to me by Gregory faded away. My flight and magical abilities had truly been disabled. Not that it was a bad thing. Wouldn't want to make things too difficult for the bad guys.

No, it'd be like the old days. As a regular bounty hunter with no special powers, who protected the innocent no matter what they thought of him. Just as long as he was paid of course. I'm guessing Charles had to feel the same as I did at that moment.

"MY POWERS! THEY'RE GONE!"

Or maybe not.

Down we climbed, descending from the ladder to a staircase which led even further into this strange world. Giant blocks of glowstone clung to the ceiling, giving us some small light. Occasionally, we'd catch sight of a giant flying creature or hear the cries of some elusive beast lurking in the shadows.

"We must be careful," Dinnerbone whispered, "The Guardians aren't the only things lurking down here. The developers, when they got bored, would also code giant monsters."

“You really need to get your priorities straight,” Dr. Boom sighed, “you spend your days coding monsters in a place nobody ever visits, when you could be doing better things with your time.”

“Like what?”

“Like helping out the servers,” Dr. Boom spat, “there’s already enough bad things the Admins have to deal with, without you adding to the problem by coding giant creatures.”

“We’ve got our own work to do as well you know,” Dinnerbone replied, “If it weren’t for us, your servers wouldn’t even function.”

“They barely do,” the Head Admin pointed out, “we get some world-ending event every other day. How about helping us out with those?”

“It’s your job to keep the servers safe,” Dinnerbone hissed, “what am I supposed to do if you decide to screw everything up?”

“ENOUGH!” Charles yelled, “If we start arguing amongst ourselves, our alliance is going to collapse pretty quickly. None of us want to be here, and I get that. Quite frankly, I’m certain that most of us hate each other. But we need to put that behind us, because right now there’s a much bigger threat to deal with.”

“Like zombie giants?” I asked.

“Exactly Dan, like zombie… giants?”

The others turned to where I was pointing. As we’d decided to argue in the middle of nowhere, it had attracted the attention of a few zombies. Giant zombies.

“Oh I remember these,” Dinnerbone grinned, “Notch removed them from the game a long time ago. Wow! I didn’t realize we still had them!”

“RUN FOR IT!” I bellowed, as the giant brought its, well, giant foot down upon us. We barely managed to dodge the attack, as the appendage shook the ground and blasted blocks in all directions.

“So you store old mobs down here too?” Dr. Boom asked as we fled for our lives, following a glowstone trail leading deep into a tall forest.

“Well, where else are we going to put them?” Dinnerbone replied.

“Giant cages, preferably suspended over lava.”

“Lava is an excellent solution. Even when there’s too much lava, you just add lava!”

“Somehow I don’t think that’s right,” I pointed out to the Head Admin, who merely shrugged and grinned.

“Lava is best. It’d certainly help in this situation. WAIT, I HAVE SOME IN MY BACKPACK!”

“NOOOO!” we all cried out.

But of course, it was too late.

The Head Admin emptied the bucket as we ran, and although it did a fantastic job in cooking the giant zombie, it also did a fantastic job in setting fire to the forest around us.

“YOU DOLT!” I screamed, as we accelerated our speed, “DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU’VE DONE!?”

“ALL HAIL THE LAVA GODS!”

I’m starting to think he may have hit his head on the way down here. To prevent any further incidents, I grabbed a roll of duct tape and buried him in the stuff.

“HAVE MERCY!”

With the Head Admin unable to inflict any more trouble, I threw him over my shoulder and ran with the others to safety. And whilst I can’t say I enjoy fleeing for my life, being chased by boiling flames, I will say it did look quite pretty.

Oh, and as a plus, it took out all the evil creatures following us. I guess that’s a bonus.

“The lava gods are pleased,” the Head Admin grinned, before I stuck duct tape over his mouth as well. That would keep him quiet, I hoped to myself.

“OVER THERE!” Dinnerbone shouted, pointing forward to what looked like a mountain.

“IT’S A MOUNTAIN!” Charles cried.

“A BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN!” Dr. Boom looked like he was going to cry out of happiness, “WE’RE SAVED!”

“MMMMPHPHPHPHPH!” I could only assume the Head Admin was glad as well.

I later found out he had a fear of mountains, and was begging to be left to the lava instead. Oh well.

After a nice jog (horrible sprinting session), we were free of the flames and had managed to make it to this so-called mountain.

“This is the Mountain of the Fallen,” Dinnerbone explained, munching on a steak to regain his hunger, “this is the place where most of the old developers are buried. This place should hopefully keep us safe as we make our way to Notch’s tomb.”

“And what’s so safe about a mountain?” I asked sarcastically.

“They can’t get to us,” the lead developer pointed.

I followed his finger to the edge of the cliff we were stationed on, my eyes widening at the sight of dozens of feral beasts, each looking to make a meal out of us.

“Those are the creatures the developers coded. The only place they’re not allowed access to is the Mountain of the Fallen. So long as we don’t run into any of The Guardians, we should be safe.”

It was at that exact moment we did indeed run into one of The Guardians.

“Oh crud,” Dinnerbone facepalmed.

At first, I didn’t really see the problem. It looked like a regular player, complete with a skin and a pair of giant swords-

Oh crud.

“Threat detected,” it announced, “you are trespassing on private property. You have five seconds to leave.”

“Bit of a problem,” I pointed out the burning forest to him, “our route is blocked.”

“Hostility detected,” it announced again, “you will be terminated.”

“Oh for goodness sake,” I sighed to myself, before pulling out the Uber Laser and blasting The Guardian in the chest. It disappeared in a puff of smoke.

“Done, dealt with, over, what’s for dinner?”

But the others were too busy wetting themselves at the sight of twelve more Guardians, which now blocked the path back down to the forests.

“Ah crud.”

“BATTLE POSITIONS!” Dr. Boom yelled, tossing one of his miniature TNTs. It blasted one of The Guardians into smithereens.

“These guys are supposed to be tough?” I sneered, blasting a few more of them.

Several seconds passed, and it was over. They’d been defeated.

“I don’t understand,” the Head Admin scratched his head, “I thought these were meant to be dangerous.”

“Wait for it,” Dinnerbone trembled.

Huh?

I followed his gaze to the clouds of smoke which remained. My eyes were attracted to the spot where I’d blasted the first one. Whereas there had been only a puff of smog before, there was now… something else.

A bright, glowing light sat in the place of The Guardian I’d just shot. A moment later, and it exploded in a blinding flash, before dissipating into nothing and revealing an unharmed guardian.

“What the heck is this?” I demanded, shooting him again. He disappeared, only to reappear again, this time even quicker than before!

“RUN FOR IT!” Charles yelled, firing arrows to cover our escape. Each time they were hit, there merely returned even quicker than before.

We fled through the mountain passage before us. The only way to go. Every so often, I’d fire a shot to the rear or the Head Admin would cut down a

Guardian who'd grown a little too close for comfort. As if it weren't bad enough we were already dealing with thirteen of them at the start, they soon called for backup.

Left and right, more and more of these normal-looking yet lethal monsters were coming after us. If we didn't pick up the pace, we'd be trapped within the mountain.

"How much further?" I yelled to Dinnerbone, who only shook his head. We weren't going to make it.

"Oh yes we were!"

Boom, why the heck were you reading my diary?

"CUZ I FELT LIKE IT!"

Removing yet another one of those darned bombs from his belt, he threw it into the ground. We were immediately swallowed up by a cloud of smoke, effectively blinding everything around us and breaking The Guardians' visual on us.

"Now's our chance, RUN FOR IT!"

And so we did.

We've managed to make it to an empty cave, where we've set up a campsite to catch our breath. Although we've managed to escape from The Guardians, we still have a ways to go before we reach Notch's tomb.

"At least a few thousand blocks," Dinnerbone didn't look too happy, "and by now you've seen what The Guardians are capable of. They'll know we're coming for Notch's tomb, so we can expect heavy resistance."

“Just who was it who created them?” I asked, but Dinnerbone could only shrug.

“Like I said, some young developer who managed to escape our clutches. Rumor has it his own creations destroyed him.”

“Wonderful,” Charles said bitterly, “so even the guy who made these things couldn’t defeat them?”

“Once we have Notch’s Apple, we’ll have to remove them,” Dr. Boom suggested, “That thing can edit the game world, right?”

“Correct…” Dinnerbone nodded, a little hesitantly, “but who says we’re going to let you use it?”

“Well we’re certainly not giving it to you,” Dr. Boom shook his head, “you’re the one who got us into this mess.”

“Oh please don’t tell me we’re going to have an argument about who gets the apple,” I moaned, “we’re supposed to be a team. I’m not going to sit here all night, listening to you lot moan.”

“Dan is right, for once,” Charles grinned, “there’s only one person here who should be allowed to use the apple.”

“And who’s that?” Dinnerbone asked.

“Gregory.”

Say what?

“Me?” even the Head Admin looked surprised.

“Yes,” Charles nodded, “you’re the most fit for the task. Think of it like this. Dan and I are bounty hunters, so it shouldn’t fall to us to decide on

what to use the apple for. Neither should it be Dinnerbone, because he's a developer with too much power already."

"Hey!" he protested.

"And Boom, you already know the reason," Charles pointed out.

"True, I have tried to destroy this planet numerous times," he agreed, "alright then. I'm fine with it if you guys are."

"No complaints here," I grudgingly agreed.

"I suppose," Dinnerbone nodded slowly.

"Then it's settled" Charles decided, "Gregory will use the apple to remove The Guardians and to stop Project End."

"Here here!"

***

In a few hours, we'll be moving out.

I have to admit diary, I'm worried somewhat. We're so close to our goal, but something feels off. What's Project End been up during out time here? I know for a fact he hasn't been sitting around, playing card games. No, he must be planning something. Heck, he might have already made his next move.

What if this is a trap? What if there really is no Notch's Apple? And even if there is, who says it's at the tomb? Who says we aren't looking in the wrong place? What if this entire journey has been for nothing?

Sigh. I guess tomorrow we find out.

Day 4

“By the son of Herobrine, that’s a lot of Guardians.”

And it was. We’d set off early that morning, attempting to beat our foe to Notch’s Tomb. We’d traveled through a bubbling swamp, across a rickety bridge above a lake of lava and even had to fight an army of squid people to make it this far.

But now, our journey looks to be well and truly over.

In front of us is none other than an army of those Guardian things. We’re currently stationed on a hill, overlooking a staircase leading into the ground. In front of us stands hundreds of these monsters, just waiting for us.

“They’re not even attacking,” Dr. Boom noted, “they actually want us to go to them.”

“Of course they’re not going to attack,” said Charles, “why would they? They’ll overwhelm us if we try to get close, but if we don’t move soon then more of them will show up. The ones we fought on the mountain can’t be far behind.”

“But what do we do?” Gregory asked, “We can’t fight that many!”

“Can’t we?” I whispered under my breath.

“Oh dear, he’s gone crazy,” Charles sighed, “someone get the duct tape.”

“We’re the defenders of Minecraft!” I turned, yelling in their faces, “Why the heck can’t we fight them?” We have to try, don’t we? If we give up now then Minecraftia is doomed anyway. If we’re defeated, we can at least say we did our best.”

…

They began to look at each other, one by one. A feeling of understanding fell upon them, as my words began to sink in.

“How much do you want?” the Head Admin asked with an eyebrow raised.

That was it. For years, I’d been fighting for the person who’d pay me. Before I’d become an Admin, I’d worked for the people who were giving away emeralds. And yet here, I was about to plunge into the face of danger, with no care for how much I made at the end.

“I’ll loot the place on the way out,” I chuckled, “Now who’s with me?”

“I am!” said Charles, raising his bow.

“As am I!” the Head Admin declared, drawing his axes.

“Don’t forget me!” Dinnerbone pulled out his bone.

“I suppose I’m in too,” Dr. Boom sighed, reloading his crossbow.

And with those words said, we marched down the hill. The five of us, all brought together for various reasons, now marching into the mouth of Herobrine…

Whether we lived, or whether we fell, would determine if Minecraftia lived to see tomorrow.

Next Time:

The journey is coming to an end.

Dan Danger and Charles Brilliant are on the verge of acquiring Notch's Apple, but a powerful foe awaits them.

As Project End causes havoc across the server, Dan and Charles need to unlock the secrets of Notch's ancient weapon, in the hope of stopping Project End once and for all.

But as the final battle approaches, the true face of evil is revealed. And as a horrific betrayal threatens to rip the group apart, the bounty hunters realize that they might not make it to the very end…

Either way, Dan and Charle's story is about to come to an epic conclusion.

Make sure you pick up your copy of 'Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 9', which concludes the third epic trilogy of this series.

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Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

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Wimpy Boy and Minecrafters

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Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 9

Mission 3 – ‘Dinnerbone’

By Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

PREVIOUSLY:

Previously:

Hello? Is anyone here?

Charles? Greg? Dinnerbone? Boom?

Gosh dang it, I'm all alone. Guess they finally got sick of my introductions. Wait a minute, what am I saying? Who could ever get sick of my amazing introductions? Heck, people buy the books just for that. Well, that and my amazing adventures. But it's mainly the introductions that get the readers reading.

Anyways, where was I? That's right!

HANDS OFF THE DIARY, PUNK!

...

Huh. Normally that's a lot more fun. Guess it kinda lost the effect without the others around. Sigh. It's nice to have someone to make fun of whilst I'm doing these introductions. Anyways reader, how are you? Good, I hope. I suppose I should probably get on with telling the story. I'm sure by now you know it off by heart at this point, but heck, it makes for an entertaining read.

Bounty hunters. Once foes of both the server population and the Admins, now staunch defenders of Minecraft. Alongside the Admins, we fought evil wherever it dared to rear its ugly head. Hackers and cheaters were no match for the likes of us.

Up until this point, we'd had two major battles. The first was with a master of explosives, known only as Dr. Boom. After a long, winding chase and a lengthy battle over the city, I... I mean Charles, managed to defeat him, even though he'd managed to acquire Admin powers.

Soon afterwards, we were made Honorary Admins and sent on our next mission, which pitted us against Team Grieferz, a bunch of age-old pirates who hadn't been seen in years. Despite their immunity to our new Admin powers, we eventually managed to best them, though not before they summoned some ancient creature to give us a bit of trouble: The Kraken.

Despite the world-destroying capabilities of this beast, we managed to overcome it and save the day. It was around this time that Dinnerbone, leader of the Council of Developers, made an attempt to shut our server down. Charles, the Head Admin (AKA Greg) and I all went to speak with him, where we soon encountered Project End.

Project End was a banning tool to be used against evil players, created by Notch no less. Although it was effective, Herobrine eventually corrupted it and Notch was forced to seal Project End away. Now however, he'd managed to escape, and was busy causing damage across the entire server.

At this point, Dinnerbone revealed the existence of an item which could help us: Notch's Apple. An object capable of editing the world itself. We set off on a journey to find it, though we found ourselves facing an old foe. Dr. Boom.

Boom revealed he'd survived the previous battle and wanted to help us out. We reluctantly allowed him to join, and his powers soon became apparent. He was stronger than the Developers themselves, though he wouldn't say why.

We eventually made it to our destination: the heart of the server. There, we encountered strange creatures designed by the Developers themselves, including Guardians: human-like beings which couldn't be destroyed. Apparently they were once tasked with protecting Notch's Temple, supposed home of Notch's Apple, but had since gone rogue.

After a lengthy journey, we finally found ourselves overlooking the temple...

And over a hundred guardians in our way...

With an almighty shout, we charged down the hill to face our foes and to fight our way into Notch's Temple, even if it meant our lives...

PROLOGUE

Is this the end of everything?

Look at how things are. Really, take a good, long look at the state of Minecraft right now. Doesn't it scare you? Doesn't it terrify you? No? You think you're safe? You think that just because some apocalyptic bringer of death can't reach you, you think you don't have to worry?

Guess again.

Project End. You must have heard about him now. The Developers sent a warning to everyone about how he's on the rampage, causing all sorts of pain and destruction, wherever he goes. And we're supposed to just sit back and pretend that nothing is happening. That we have nothing to fear.

Oh how wrong you are.

Project End will not stop with the central server. Oh no. He'll find a way to reach you and the other servers. You think just because the developers have shut things down that you're safe? Of course not. He'll find a way, he always does.

How do I know this, you might be wondering? What do the ramblings of one person mean in the end? Surely some crazy person doesn't know how things are going to end up, right?

Wrong.

I was there when he first got out. Yes, this isn't the first time. Project End escaped once before, a long time ago. Sure he wasn't as powerful, but he still managed to cause some pretty serious damage. It's why we have Admins to help monitor the different servers now. When Project End escaped the first time, we had no way to know where he was going to strike next. No way to defend our lands. He tore through everything, until the Developers eventually caught up to him.

But now, even the Developers can't handle him, and soon it'll be history repeating itself. Each and every server will be destroyed, all the cities will be reduced to rubble and soon enough, every single person will be despawned. Project End will not stop until all "rulebreakers" have been captured.

Do you understand now? He won't stop until EVERYONE has been dealt Notch's justice. Every single person in Minecraft will be subject to his terror. Every last one of them will be forced to know the havoc he can cause. He will travel to the ends of the earth to find each and every one of us...

That is why he must be stopped. And although we can only wait, there are still some heroes left. Those who would defend Minecraft at its darkest hour. The only ones who remain to protect us. And right now, we can only hope that they will succeed in their task of defeating Project End and saving the world...

If they fail, then we have well and truly lost. Minecraft will be destroyed, and all we know will be cast into the shadows, unless our heroes succeed.

Wow, that was really dramatic, wasn't it? Huh. Didn't mean for it to be like that. i thought we were all going to be laughing and joking. Man, Project End really made things dark, didn't it?

Hmm...

Ah well. I'm sure things will work out in the end. Now if you excuse me, I'm gonna go play some Minecraft Super Smash Bros. I'll let the heroes handle the problems here. See you all later!

PART I

Phew. That was exhausting.

Oh hey reader, what's up? Staying cool? That's good, that's good. Keeping relaxed? Yeah, that's pretty good as well. Me? I've just fought through an army of the most powerful enemies ever created. You know. No biggie or anything.

"How many others made it?"

I heard Dr. Boom panting to my right, his hand pressed against the wall. Even for someone with powers such as he, it hadn't been an easy battle. He looked exhausted, ready to collapse at any second.

"How many others made it?" he repeated, looking behind at the temple's entrance.

Where the heck was everyone? Looking outside, I could only see the vast hordes of Guardians. They looked to be locked in battle with something...

…or someone.

"Dang it, they're still out there," I hissed, reaching for my sword once again, "we have to help them."

"And how do we save them?" Boom asked, shaking his head, "They're finished. There's no way we can get to them."

"We have to try!" I exclaimed, just about ready to go charging out the door. After all, who else would make me look good? I needed them for my future

success!

"We'll be despawned," Dr. Boom shook his head, "you can go out there and try to help them, but how do you think it will end? You'll be destroyed, and I won't be the one saving you. You need to remember exactly why we came here. To secure Notch's Apple. The others understood that, and they were willing to give up their lives to help us accomplish that goal."

Sigh. The good doctor had a point I suppose... but those were my friends out there. Well, half-friends. Associates. People I was forced to hang out with. And now... I'd never see them again.

"We can get them back."

Wait, what? I looked at Boom, who had a giant grin on his face.

"We can get them back," he repeated, "think about it. Notch's Apple has the power to do anything the user desires. It's not just about stopping Project End from causing anymore trouble. We can use it to fix everything! Think about it for a minute Dan. The power to do anything, right at our fingertips. Anything! Even the Developers have limits. They'll never be able to threaten our server again."

"And why do you care?" I asked, raising my eyebrow, "What do you have to gain here?"

"A perfect world," he stated, "which you can create. You could remove evil from the servers. That way, people like me would never have to cause trouble again."

Was this the truth? Could I really change the world in such a way? Was Dr. Boom correct?

"Why though?" I questioned, "You've always been the villain. Always the one to cause chaos and destruction throughout the server. How do I know you're willing to change?"

"Because I've never wanted to be the villain," he smiled simply, "but it's my nature. I have no choice. I'll never have that choice. But you can change things Dan. With a few words, you can put an end to every griefer who's ever set foot on your server. The world will be safe. You'll be hailed forever as the man who changed the world."

The man who changed the world. I'd always wanted to be respected in such a way. As bounty hunters, everyone had hated us. When we'd been made honorary admins, things had changed, but they still weren't perfect.

Could I really save the world and achieve my ultimate dream?

"Alright Boom," I nodded slowly, "where do we start?"

Dr. Boom grinned.

"We better start moving. The Guardians will catch up to us soon enough. All we need to do now is reach Notch's Apple before they make it here. If we do that, then we've won."

"And Project End?" I asked, as we both began running down the temple's corridor.

"No doubt he'll be showing up soon enough," replied Dr. Boom, "if he knows we're going after Notch's Apple, he'll do everything in his power to stop us."

That sounds pretty bad to me.

"We should probably hurry up."

"Agreed."

***

"THIS PLACE HAS TRAPS?"

"SORRY, I DIDN'T READ THE INSTRUCTIONS!"

There we were. Dr. Boom and I were just minding our own business, running down the corridor as fast as our legs would carry us. Then, as if Notch didn't want us visiting his most sacred temple, he dropped a giant boulder on us.

A giant, freaking boulder.

I tell ya, there's nothing more fun than charging down a corridor as fast as your legs will carry you WITH A BOULDER CHASING YOU. Jeez, I haven't run so much since gym class in school. At least there, you didn't have massive rocks chasing you as you ran around the track.

"UP AHEAD!" Dr. Boom yelled, pointing.

He was gesturing to a wide gap, overlooking a pit of spikes. Ouch, that looked really painful. But more importantly, if we could get across then we could escape the boulder. It was our only chance.

"Better run," Dr. Boom panted, increasing his speed and clearing the pit with a single jump. Darn it, he made me look out of shape. Come to think of it, he was probably right. Note to self, stop spending so much time at McRonalds.

"I CAN MAKE IT!" I yelled to encourage myself, leaping through the air, jumping over the pit and landing on the other side safely.

I couldn't say the same thing about the boulder.

The giant rock met an untimely end after it crashed into the pit below and shattered against the spikes. Guess it wasn't so tough after all.

"Where now?" I panted, as I observed our new surroundings.

Another room made out of ancient, yellowish stone, lit only by a few strange torches. At the center of the room sat a small pedestal, carrying an even smaller box.

"Is that what I think it is?" I whispered, reaching out as if to touch it.

"It is," Dr. Boom nodded, "that box contains the single most-powerful item in all of Minecraft. Notch's Apple."

This was it. What we had come here for. What Dinnerbone, Greg and Charles had sacrificed themselves before. As much as I appreciated their efforts, they would be with us again soon. All I needed to do was get the apple.

"Do you think there will be more traps?" I asked Dr. Boom, as we grew closer to the pedestal, "I mean, it would make sense to have a trap here."

"Not surprisingly, you're right," Dr. Boom nodded, "though I don't think this will be a simple "death trap". Notch was always very clever, meaning that boulder is only the first of many challenges we still have to face."

With a nod, we approached the box. Formed out of pure gold, it was decorated with beautiful carvings and seemed to suggest that something incredibly rare was inside of it. An object rare enough to change the world?

Perhaps.

"Is this it?" I asked, my voice barely louder than a whisper.

"I sure hope so," Dr. Boom muttered, "though I can't help but feel there has to be something else here. Another trap, for instance. There's no way Notch would let us get to the apple this easily."

"But what could it be?"

"I'm not too..."

He stopped talking, his attention focused on a part of the floor.

"...sure."

He bent down on one of his knees, running a hand over a portion of stone. Immediately, a portion of the floor sank beneath his hand. A trap. I immediately ducked, waiting for arrows to fly out of the walls or lava to come pouring out of the ceiling. Dr. Boom merely waited where he was, looking left and right and searching for whatever was coming our way.

Nothing did.

"As I expected," he sighed a truly defeated sigh, "someone has already been here. Most of the traps have already been set off. Which means..."

We turned back to the pedestal. I raced towards the box and tore the lid off, desperately hoping to find something inside. Spoiler alert: I found nothing. It was completely and utterly empty. Nothing to be seen or found anywhere.

"DANG IT!" I cried out in a fit of fury, throwing the box to the floor and kicking it to the other side of the room.

"Calm yourself Dan," Dr. Boom began, but I cut him off.

"CALM DOWN!? WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO NOW!? WE LOST DINNERBONE, GREG AND CHARLES TRYING TO REACH THIS STUPID THING! WE'VE BEEN TO THE NETHER AND BACK,

JUST SO WE COULD FIND A WAY TO DEFEAT THAT SUPERPOWERED FREAK! AND NOW THAT WE'RE FINALLY HERE, NOW THAT WE FINALLY MADE IT AND NOW THAT WE'VE DISCOVERED THAT THERE'S NOTHING HERE, YOU'RE TELLING ME TO CALM DOWN!?"

That seemed to shut Boom up, so I continued.

"WHAT DO WE DO NOW!? WHAT CAN WE DO!? WE'VE LOST! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN USE TO DEFEAT PROJECT END! NOTHING!"

He was quiet for a few more seconds, his gaze locked to the floor once again. All of a sudden, I got the feeling that Dr. Boom knew something that I didn't. That he'd been hiding some sort of secret this entire time. That thought gave birth to another: just how had Dr. Boom acquired his powers? He was even stronger than the Developers now. Just what had caused this change?

"We do have something," he muttered, rummaging through his pockets for a moment, before pulling out a closed hand.

I walked forward slowly, approaching Dr. Boom as he opened his hand and revealed the item he was holding.

An apple, stained pure black and glowing with purple energy.

"Notch wasn't the only one who made an item. Herobrine did too. I'd like to present the source of my powers: Herobrine's Apple."

"I... I don't understand," I muttered.

"After escaping Charles and training up my abilities, I discovered I still needed something to boost my powers. After all, what would I do if the

developers themselves decided to come after me? So I got to searching. I scoured each and every server, searching for something that would give me powers beyond anything anyone has ever known... and I found it."

"If Notch's Apple allows you to add to the world, to change it however you please, then Herobrine's Apple is all about destroying. It gave me powers that outmatch the Developers themselves. In a fight against Project End, I might even have a chance at defeating him, given the right circumstances. Notch's Apple would have guaranteed that victory."

Herobrine's Apple... even less people knew about it than Notch's Apple. That was really considered the legendary item. No clues to its existence, save for one or two stories that Herobrine was jealous of Notch and decided to make his own item.

"Can... can you really use that to defeat Project End?" I asked, and Dr. Boom nodded.

"Of course. It wouldn't be an easy battle though. There is just as much of a chance as me losing as there is in me winning. It's a massive risk, and if I were to be defeated, Project End would take the apple and grow even stronger because of it. Though if he already has Notch's Apple, then it's too late..."

No. Something told me he didn't have it. Not Project End at any rate. After all, this place had existed for thousands of years. Maybe some explorer from hundreds of years ago managed to beat us to the item. Maybe Notch's Apple had never existed, and this temple had contained some other treasure. Maybe it was hidden somewhere else.

"I don't think he does," I told Dr. Boom, and repeated my own thoughts to him. He quickly agreed.

"Alright then," he decided, "let's go and take the fight to the crazy guy. Though if we're going to be doing any battling, then I'm going to need your help."

"My help?" I repeated, "But I'm nowhere near as powerful as you are."

And Dr. Boom smiled at that.

"You will be."

PART II

"So where is Project End right now?" I asked Dr. Boom over the howling winds of the sky.

"If I had to guess, there's only one place he can be," he replied, "the transit station."

The transit station. The only way in and out of the central server. Dinnerbone had locked it down before we'd left, but now that he'd been defeated there was nothing to stop Project End from breaking free and reaching the other servers. And if he managed to do that, we were as good as finished.

"Better speed up," Dr. Boom suggested, "things become a lot easier when you're going faster."

"Still getting used to it," I replied through gritted teeth.

I was used to flying. My Admin powers allowed me to do that much. But speeding through the air faster than an arrow shot? Now that was a little scary.

After we'd left the temple, we noticed that all the Guardians had left. They probably though they'd defeated us all and that their work was done. There was no sign of Dinnerbone, Greg or Charles, which only confirmed my suspicions that they had indeed been despawned.

"We'll find Notch's Apple," Dr. Boom had promised, "once all this mess has been cleared up, we'll find it. Once we do, we'll bring them back and fix the

world for good this time."

I nodded, still buzzing from the blast of energy that Herobrine's Apple had given me.

Yes, Dr. Boom gave me a portion of his powers. Half of them, in fact.

"When I battled both you and Charles, I realized that two minds really are better than one," he explained, "if we split the power of Herobrine's Apple, you'll still be stronger than any Developer and we'll be able to take on Project End together."

I'd quickly accepted. We didn't have a lot of time, and we really had to get moving. The sooner we caught up to Project End, the better.

Absorbing those powers wasn't easy. Come to think of it, it was pretty painful. Still, I allowed Dr. Boom to go through with it. If we really were going to fight Project End, then I wasn't going to miss out on the fun. He had a lot to answer for.

Anyways, after that we'd made our way through the heart of the server and back up to the surface, where our powers became available once again. We took off into the skies in pursuit of our foe, intending to catch him before he could escape for good.

"Transit station is coming up," Dr. Boom yelled, pointing below. The train station was indeed coming into view. Along with a giant cloud of smoke and flames capable of melting Obsidian.

"Looks like he beat us here," I said, flying down to the ground. Dr. Boom joined me, as we raced inside the station.

"WHY WON'T THE BARRIER BREAK!?" Ahead of us, a voice cried out in frustration and anger. They obviously weren't having a very good day.

"Hurry Dan!" Dr. Boom yelled, as he raced through the building, pulling out a block of TNT as he did. I followed suite, bringing my sword to the party.

Just ahead of us was Project End. The purplish figure had its back to us, as it used spell after spell on the barrier in front of it. The barrier that was blocking access to the Minecarts, the only way to leave this place.

"Just what kind of spell did Dinnerbone use?" we could hear him muttering, as he deployed another wave of magic on the barriers. Yet no matter what spells he brought into existence, nothing could open the path to the other servers.

"Looks like Dinnerbone did a good job," Dr. Boom noted, "but it's too dangerous to leave Project End standing. We have to destroy him."

"Alright," I agreed, "what's the plan of attack?"

"Use every spell in your arsenal to defeat him. And whatever you do, don't get hit by his 'Elimination' spell. It'll permanently despawn you in one hit."

"Got it."

"Then let's not wait around any longer. I believe we have to take care of this punk."

That we did.

"On the count of three," Dr. Boom whispered, "one, two, THREE! EXPLOSIVE CANNON!"

"LIGHT OF JUDGEMENT!"

Dr. Boom's attacks had certainly improved since we'd last battled. His Explosive Cannon released a dozen stacks of glowing TNT, which smashed

into the back of Project End. My own Light of Judgment followed, an attack which released a pure ray of energy, straight into Project End.

"AGH!" the god-like entity cried out in pain, bending down on one knee. I'm surprised we managed to catch him off guard, but I'm certainly not complaining. It only made the fight easier.

"Oh, it's you two," he groaned, "and to think I thought I was done dealing with you distractions."

"We're more than distractions," I retorted, "we're going to destroy you."

"We'll see about that," was his simple reply, before the room went dark, like someone had shut off all the lights, "WRATH OF NOTCH!"

A tsunami of purple flames sprung up in front of Project End, which he promptly unleashed on myself and Dr. Boom. I leaped to the ceiling, diving over the attack, whilst Boom called upon some sort of shield and burst right through it.

"Gunpowder Storm!" my explosive-loving ally cried out, releasing a tornado of gunpowder towards Project End, who merely chuckled.

"Oh no, dust," he laughed, "is that really the best you can do?"

"No, but this is," I countered, "Flint's Flames!"

I doused the new gunpowder-covered Project End with a burst of fire. As you've probably guessed, gunpowder and fire isn't a great combination.

KABOOM!

The pillars supporting the ceiling crumbled a little, pelting us with rubble. Our battle here would probably destroy the building if we kept it up. We'd

have to finish this quickly. As the smoke cleared, I spotted Project End, who was bent down on one knee. Hurt and stunned. This was our chance.

"BINDING CHAINS!" I declared, opening my palms and released a string of metal, which wrapped itself around our opponent and squeezed him tight. Dr. Boom did the same, effectively trapping our enemy.

"NOW!"

We flew upwards, crashing through the ceiling and ascending into the sky, dragging Project End behind us. That was one part of the plan completed: getting him away from the transit station. That way, he wouldn't be escaping anytime soon. Now to get him to a place where we could fight him on much more even terms.

Grabbing hold of the chain, I pulled on it, throwing Project End higher than myself. I then released the bindings and flew forward, punching him upwards and knocking him even further.

"Gah," he groaned, "that hurt. I'm so going to lock you two in volcanoes for that."

"Yeah, about that..."

...

"You wouldn't dare," he tensed up, looking incredibly angry, "there's no way you'd lock me in a..."

"VOLCANIC ERUPTION!"

Oh yes we would. Whilst I'd been keeping our friend distracted, Dr. Boom had taken it upon himself to make a volcano. Yes, an actual volcano, which rose from the seas below us, already emitting a massive smoke cloud.

"Like heck I'll let you defeat me like that," he warned, "SHADOW BLAST!"

Ooof! A cloud of black had emerged from Project End's fingertips, crashing painfull into my chest and knocking me back quite a ways. Before I could recover, it came back again and struck me from behind, knocking me forwards. And thus began what was essentially a game of table tennis, with this shadow creature knocking me back and forth.

"That should do it," he grinned, when I was struggling to maintain flight, "now let's put an end to this. ELIMINATION!"

Oh no. His signature spell. The one capable of despawning any player, no matter who they were. If he hit me, that was it. It would all be over. The adventures, the bounty hunting and even the diaries. Who would be the next hit author? Who would make millions of dollars from their books? Who? WHO!?

"Any last words?" Project End asked.

Oh what a mistake.

"Remember me, punk?" Dr. Boom asked, appearing behind Project End before stuffing a block of TNT down his shirt.

KABOOM!

The explosion threw him off balance, and he completely missed with the attack. With Project End stunned, I used the opportunity to recover and launch my own attack:

"BLAZE OF GLORY!"

My fists transformed into human fireballs, as I closed the distance between us and gave Project End his just desserts. One strike. Two. Three! Dizzy,

my foe attempted to punch back, only for me to duck under his attack and smack him again. Four. Five. Six!

"You people are stubborn," he groaned, as I prepared the seventh and final strike, "it's a shame that won't help you."

He ducked, my fist sailing over his head. Before I could register what was happening, he grabbed me by the shirt.

"Prepare to know Notch's justice," he hissed, "LIGHTNING HAMMER!"

Ever been electrocuted by a bajillion volts of electricity? I have, and it isn't nice. I cried out in pain, as Project End blasted me with enough energy to power a city of redstone. To my right, I could spot Dr. Boom charging up his own attack in an attempt to rescue me, but Project End had spotted him first.

"SHADOW BLAST!"

The same shadow creature that Project End had used on me was now focused on beating Boom. The poor doctor couldn't do anything, as he was subject to attack after attack. I tried raising my own hand to cast my own spell, but Project End just upped his electricity.

"Just give up," he told me, "you can't win. You'll never beat me, no matter how hard you try. We could battle until the end of time itself, and you won't have done anymore than scratch me. So why bother? Save yourself some pain and give up. If you do, then I'll let you live. And that's not an offer I extend to many rulebreakers."

Was he right? Was this all pointless? Did I really have no chance at beating Project End? I'd only managed to score a few hits in, and they hadn't done anything. In fact, what had we managed to accomplish at all? My friends

were gone, and now only Boom and I were left, using some magic object to try and fight the most powerful enemy to exist.

Maybe it was best to give up. To just stop. I'd tried, right? Yeah. There was no point in continuing, not now. I could just retire and live out my life in peace. No more stupid adventures, no more fighting creatures which could destroy the world with a flick of their hand.

We'd finally be free.

"I-"

But before I could speak, I heard a voice calling to me.

"FIGHT DAN! FIGHT!"

So familiar. So well-known to me. So... brilliant.

Charles?

"FIGHT!"

That was all the encouragement I needed. I thrust my palm forward, fighting through the rage and the pain, and yelling out my most powerful spell.

"PUSH!"

Okay, it wasn't really a spell. It shoved Project End about one block forward. But it was enough to break the connection between us. Great. Time for payback.

"MIRROR MOVE!"

Hehe, a personal favorite of mine. It allowed the user to copy the last move used on them. But the best part? It doubled the damage. Enjoy the two

bajillion volts, Project End.

"AGHGHGHGHGHGHGH!" he cried out, writhing in agony as I bathed his body in electricity.

"How does it feel?" I taunted, "Knowing you're about to be beaten by someone like me."

"IT REALLY SUCKS!"

"I know, right?"

KABOOM!

Dr. Boom stepped in, throwing his own attacks into the ring. Bomb after bomb, missile after missile, block of TNT after block of TNT, each one shoving Project End closer to his final prison. The volcano.

"You think some lava scares me?" he hissed, "I bathe in that stuff every day! It's great for cleansing the skin. That stuff won't affect me!"

"It's not the lava you need to be worried about," I pointed out, "it's the water."

"The water?"

By the time he realized what was going on, it was too late.

"ALMIGHTY PUSH!"

"ALMIGHTY PUSH!"

We threw Project End into the center of the volcano with the powerful burst of wind, dropping him into the pool of lava below. Dr. Boom kept the spell going to keep him trapped in the lava, but I began pouring buckets of water into the sea of fire below me.

"Just a few seconds," I muttered. That was all we needed.

"NO!" Project End yelled out, desperately trying to escape the lava. But we wouldn't let him. Once I was done, I joined Dr. Boom in keeping him trapped, as the water dropped closer and closer to the inferno.

"I CAN'T BE BEATEN!" he declared, as he charged forward one last time, finally breaking free of our spell. Like heck we were going to let him escape.

"FIST OF FURY!"

"FIST OF FURY!"

Another combo by Dr. Boom and yours truly, which knocked Project End back into the lava one final time. Just long enough for the water to hit, transforming the lava into Obsidian.

"Obsidian," Boom grinned, "the second most unbreakable material in all of Minecraft. That's what they made Project End's prison out of. Even he can't break free of that."

"I hope not," I chuckled, "cuz I could do with a nap for a few days."

"Right back at you," Boom smiled, "you know, this has been fun... in a sort of twisted way."

"Agreed," I almost smiled, before remembering what we had lost to get here. Dinnerbone. Greg. Even Charles. As if sensing my discomfort, Dr. Boom put a hand on my shoulder.

"Like I said, we'll get them back. One way or another."

I nodded.

"Who knows, they might have even survived," Dr. Boom suggested.

"You got that right!"

What?

The two of us turned. There, floating towards us, was none other than our three allies. Dinnerbone, Greg and Charles. In the flesh.

"You guys are a little late," I chuckled, but they weren't smiling. Come to think of it, they looked very, very angry.

"Is something wrong?" I asked them.

"Looks like you were right Dinnerbone," said Charles, "Dan is working for Dr. Boom."

Wait, what?

"I don't want to believe it, but it's true," Greg sighed, "guess we better make this quick."

"Alright then," Dinnerbone nodded, "Dan Danger and Dr. Boom, the two of you are under arrest for releasing Project End and causing massive damage to the server."

Guess the problems were only just beginning...

Next Time:

Trouble is brewing for our heroes.

For the moment, it seems Project End has been defeated. But for Dan Danger, the problems are only just starting. He's been falsely accused of releasing Project End in the first place, and now he and Dr. Boom are wanted criminals!

Dan has to prove his innocence, but he can only do that with the help of his TNT-obsessed ally. But is Dr. Boom really innocent? Or did he have some involvement in this plan after all?

And what will Dan do when he has to face off against his closest friends?

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Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 10

Mission 4 – ‘Evil Dinnerbone’

By Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

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PREVIOUSLY:

“NO TOUCHY!”

Boom, it’s me who does the introductions. Not you.

“Whoops, sorry about that. I got excited.”

Ugh. Just let me handle this.

“Right, got it!”

Bounty hunters. Once foes of both the server population and the Admins, now staunch defenders of Minecraft. Alongside the Admins, we fought evil wherever it dared to rear its ugly head. Hackers and cheaters were no match for the likes of us.

Up until this point, we'd had two major battles. The first was with a master of explosives, known only as Dr. Boom. After a long, winding chase and a lengthy battle over the city, I... I mean Charles, managed to defeat him, even though he'd managed to acquire Admin powers.

Soon afterwards, we were made Honorary Admins and sent on our next mission, which pitted us against Team Grieferz, a bunch of age-old pirates who hadn't been seen in years. Despite their immunity to our new Admin powers, we eventually managed to best them, though not before they summoned some ancient creature to give us a bit of trouble: The Kraken.

Despite the world-destroying capabilities of this beast, we managed to overcome it and save the day. It was around this time that Dinnerbone, leader of the Council of Developers, made an attempt to shut our server

down. Charles, the Head Admin (AKA Greg) and I all went to speak with him, where we soon encountered Project End.

Project End was a banning tool to be used against evil players, created by Notch no less. Although it was effective, Herobrine eventually corrupted it and Notch was forced to seal Project End away. Now however, he'd managed to escape, and was busy causing damage across the entire server.

At this point, Dinnerbone revealed the existence of an item which could help us: Notch's Apple. An object capable of editing the world itself. We set off on a journey to find it, though we found ourselves facing an old foe. Dr. Boom.

Boom revealed he'd survived the previous battle and wanted to help us out. We reluctantly allowed him to join, and his powers soon became apparent. He was stronger than the Developers themselves, though he wouldn't say why.

We eventually made it to our destination: the heart of the server. There, we encountered strange creatures designed by the Developers themselves, including Guardians: human-like beings which couldn't be destroyed. Apparently they were once tasked with protecting Notch's Temple, supposed home of Notch's Apple, but had since gone rogue.

After a lengthy journey, we finally found ourselves overlooking the temple, with hundreds of guardians blocking our path. Although we managed to fight our way through them, only Boom and I made it inside the temple. Dinnerbone, Greg and Charles looked to be defeated.

Inside, we discovered the apple was gone. That meant fighting Project End without it. It was here however, that I found out Boom’s own little secret. Notch’s Apple wasn’t the only apple around. There was another,

Herobrine's Apple, which had given Boom powers beyond that of the Developers.

Sharing the powers with me, Boom and I took the fight to Project End. It was a long and lengthy battle, but in the end, we emerged victorious.

"OH MY GOSH, IT WAS SO AWESOME!"

Boom, if you say one more word, I'll take away all your explosives for a week.

"… I'll be good."

But just when we thought the good times were here at last, we were approached by Dinnerbone, Charles and Greg. Apparently alive. And as ~~annoyed~~ ~~angry~~ happy as I was to see them, it was here the lines between friend and foe began to blur…

Especially after Dinnerbone accused us of releasing Project End in the first place.

PROLOGUE

To Head Admin Greg,

As per your request, I've done some looking into the logs of "Dan Danger" and done plenty of homework on the subject. As much as I hate to admit it, it appears that he is indeed involved with the liberation of Project End.

The records show that he was the one who removed the blocks on Project End's cell, thus allowing him to escape. Whilst these logs can be faked, I have also seen a recording of Dan breaking into the cells to complete this task.

In short, there is no doubt in my mind that Dan is indeed the one who helped to break Project End out. Possibly under the orders of Dr. Boom, though I can't say for certain at this moment in time.

On another note, it also appears that there has been another crime committed by our former friend here. Doing some more research, I've come to the conclusion that Dan is indeed the one who...

[READ MORE]

Day 1

"Dan Danger and Dr. Boom, the two of you are under arrest for releasing Project End and causing massive damage to the server."

Man, this was turning out to be a really bad day. We'd just finished taking out Project End, and now these guys were going to arrest us?

"Jumping to conclusions a little, aren't we?" Boom noted, "Where's your proof? We just took this thing down."

"Probably when you realized you couldn't control it," Dinnerbone retorted, "but here's your evidence."

A few menus popped up. Server logs. I'd seen them before, used by Greg. Reading through them, I was more than a little shocked when I saw my name pop up.

DAN DANGER - ONE WEEK AGO - BROKE TWO BLOCKS IN AREA: PRISON CELLS - SOLITARY ZONE

"The solitary zone is where we were keeping Project End," Dinnerbone told us, closing the server logs, "we even have video evidence."

Oh, this was going to be rich. What, had they hired some actor to play me? But the laughter I was about to unleash turned to ashes in my mouth, when Dinnerbone displayed a video and began playing it.

In a dark corridor, a figure prowled forward in leather armor. On his back was a sword, a backpack and a trident... Herobrine's Trident to be precise. At one point, his face even turned to look at the camera, showing my glorious beauty off.

“That’s me,” I muttered, “but how can that be possible? I was never even at the cells!”

“All I know is that I’ve got all the evidence I need to arrest you,” noted Dinnerbone.

“And what about me?” Dr. Boom demanded, “You’ve got no evidence on me!”

“I’m considering you as an accomplice. That’s all I need.”

“This whole thing is a sham,” Dr. Boom hissed, “and what makes you think you can arrest me anyway? I seem to remember beating all three of you last time we fought.”

“Guess again,” Dinnerbone shot back, “my sensors tell me your power levels have decreased. Before I came here, I made sure to boost my power from the Developer’s Vault. Whatever you’ve been using to juice up your levels is useless now. I’m on the same level as Project End. I would have destroyed him here, if you two hadn’t gotten around to do it first.”

“And the fact that we took down End means nothing?” I demanded.

“I’ll take it into consideration,” Dinnerbone nodded, “but for now, we have a more pressing matter to discuss. Will you come quietly, or will I be forced to arrest the pair of you with violence?”

Hmm. A lifetime in the cells for a crime I didn’t commit... or freedom. Tough choice.

“This whole thing is disgusting,” Dr. Boom spat, “what about you two? Charles? Greg? What’s your opinion on this?”

“I don’t agree with it, but I have to obey Dinnerbone’s orders,” Greg replied solemnly, “I’ll speak in your defense at the trial, but right now I have to

help him take you two in."

"Wonderful," Dr. Boom replied sarcastically, "and you Charles?"

"Me?" Charles looked... a little lost, actually. Confused at what was going on. Like he didn't agree with it. Like he was struggling between making what he thought were the right choices. In a sense, he didn't want to be here.

"Enough of this," Dinnerbone interrupted him, "are you going to surrender or not? I won't ask again."

"We just defeated Project End and saved the server!" I screamed at him, "You've been against me ever since I got here! Why in the heck would I ever trust you? You've just come up with this evidence out of nowhere, and now you're going to arrest us? I've done more for the people of Minecraftia in these past few months than you've done for them in your entire life!"

That had to be a slap in the face for the so-called Head Developer. He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists. Out of anger of course. But just when I thought I had him, a grin sprang across his face.

"Tell me Dan... if you're going to deny this crime, will you at least admit to the other one?"

"What other one?" I asked, raising an eyebrow. I hadn't committed a single crime! What was this?

"How about you tell us where you've hidden Notch's Apple?"

Oh you had to be kidding me...

"Notch's Apple wasn't at the time!" I shook my head, "Someone else found it before we did!"

“A likely story,” Dinnerbone sighed, “you don’t lie all that well.”

“Neither do you! You’re just looking for someone to pin the blame on!”

“Is that so? Well then, how do you explain the fact that your powers have increased incredibly since we last spoke?”

Oh crud. Herobrine’s Apple. The exact opposite of Notch’s Apple. Right now, that was my only advantage. Boom’s too. I couldn’t reveal it. But before I could think of a reply, Boom spoke up.

“I supercharged him,” he explained, “used my own powers. He’s half as strong as I used to be. And considering we just defeated Project End, I wouldn’t recommend attacking us.”

“Are you threatening me!?” Dinnerbone demanded, his voice as cold as his food.

“Maybe I am.”

And that’s basically how things kicked off.

Dinnerbone started tossing some kind of energy balls at Boom, ones that glowed bright gold and screamed “you’re in for a world of pain.” Boom merely shrugged and dodged each and every one of them, before retaliating with a giant hammer to Dinnerbone’s noggin.

“Ugh, now I see stars everywhere,” he moaned, “what are you two idiots doing anyway? Help me out here!”

Again, they looked reluctant. Of course they didn’t want to fight us. Mainly because I’m probably the strongest guy in the known Minecraft universe, but also because we were friends. Friends who were supposed to look out for each other.

“I’m sorry Dan, Boom,” Greg sighed, “but I really don’t have a choice here.”

And he blasted with a surge of lightning.

Ow. I’d already gotten enough of that from Project End. I didn’t need a reminder of how painful it was. So, gritting my teeth that this fight really was unavoidable, I charged through the electricity and knocked the Head Admin back with a Mega Punch, tossing him into the sea below.

I then focused on Dinnerbone, who was locked in a sword/hammer battle with Boom. The two of them were giving it their all, but it looked to me that the Head Developer was slowly gaining the upper hand. Still, he’d made the one mistake all my enemies made. Turning his back to me. I charged up a fireball in one hand and a lightning bolt in the other. I was going to end this quickly.

But before I could unleash my attacks, Charles had joined the fray. He surrounded my body in chains, exactly the same move I’d used on End. Huh. Guess Charles was still reluctant to do anything that would cause any damage.

Bad news for him, because I wasn’t about to be made a prisoner.

I broke free of the chains with “Chainmelter”, a spell of my own design that, you guessed it, melts chains. I then dodged the pitiful energy balls Charles sent my way, before sending him into the ocean to join the Head Admin. Man, Herobrine’s Apple sure did give you a power boost.

“I’VE GOT YOU NOW!”

I turned. Boom had lost his hammer, replacing it with a shied to repel Dinnerbone’s attacks. But the shield was faltering, breaking and about to

shatter into a thousand pieces. It was now or never.

“PHANTOM BLAST!” I screamed at the top of my lungs, as most characters on TV do when they’re about to launch an attack, before thrusting my palms into Dinnerbone’s side.

I immediately flooded his body with enough dark energy to sink an island. I could only imagine the effect it was having on his poor, weakly Developer body.

“OH GOSH THAT STINGS! THAT REALLY, REALLY STINGS!”

Huh, I expected it to be a little more potent than that. Still, he was stunned, and so were the other two. We wouldn’t have a better time to escape.

“Let’s go Dan,” said Boom, grabbing onto my shoulder, “TELEPORT!”

And with that, we were gone. A few minutes ago, saviors of Minecraft. Now, fugitives on the run.

Day 2

We'd made it out of the central server.

We'd considered going to one of the many dozens of servers that existed with the Minecraft realm, but ultimately we realized we wouldn't have a chance there. Boom barely knew them, and I less so. On top of that, the Admins would have been alerted to keep an eye out for us and arrest us if they spotted us.

That meant the only place we were safe is where the Head Admin was absent and a server which we actually knew. The home server of course.

"You sure this the right place?" I asked Boom for probably the seventh time that day. I just had to be certain. I didn't feel safe anywhere anymore.

"Of course," Boom nodded, "I've got plenty of secret labs hidden around the server. We can rest up and try to figure out a plan to prove our innocence."

Our innocence... Could I really trust Boom? Did he really have nothing to do with this? Or was he hiding something behind his mad scientist goggles? Had he perhaps framed me, as a way of bringing us both together?

... No, I don't think so. At least, I hope not. Although he's not the person I would have chosen, Boom is the only ally I've got left in the world. I haven't been able to reach the other bounty hunters, and I'm pretty sure the Admins wouldn't be too happy to see me, considering I just got their leader's hair pretty darn wet.

After a few minutes of travelling, we finally reached one of Boom's labs. I still remember the little house we discovered out in the middle of nowhere,

which had been on one of our bounty hunting missions to take Boom down. Now, I was going to his home willingly, as a friend.

The inside was nothing to scoff about. There was a giant monitor built into the wall, with several redstone computers installed below it. A small lab area contained all the components necessary to build enough explosives to level several cities. There was even a cookie making machine. A cookie making machine guys! Delicious!

“Help yourself,” Boom told me, as he sat down at the computer, and so I did. I munched and munched away until my belly was so full, I could barely drag myself across the floor. But whilst I’d taken this time to put on a few pounds, Boom had been tapping away on his keyboard, never looking away from the screen. Every so often, I’d hear him say something like “interesting” or “groovy”, before he returned to his work.

Finally, after many hours of work, he strolled over to me with a smile on his face.

“I think I’ve got something,” he grinned, “come and take a look at this.”

Currently displayed on the screen were the server logs I’d seen Dinnerbone bring up. They looked exactly as they had before, with the same message in caps that brought a sense of dread to my heart.

DAN DANGER - ONE WEEK AGO - BROKE TWO BLOCKS IN AREA: PRISON CELLS - SOLITARY ZONE

“Yeah, we’ve already seen this,” I sighed, “I don’t need to be reminded that they all think I released Project End.”

“But you didn’t,” Boom reminded me, “and the others about to learn that as well. Take a look at this.”

With the push of a few keys, the server logs began to change and alter themselves. They disappeared off-screen for a few seconds, before reappearing. Everything was the same as before, but with one added twist...

UNKNOWN PLAYER - ONE WEEK AGO - BROKE TWO BLOCKS IN AREA: PRISON CELLS - SOLITARY ZONE

“Unknown player?” my eyes widened.

“Exactly,” Boom nodded, “the server logs can be modified. Every Admin and Developer knows this. These ones were very well faked, I can tell you that. But with a little redstone knowledge, I soon discovered the ugly truth. The logs were edited to make it seem like you committed the crime.”

“Then… that’s it, isn’t it?” I said, “With this, we can prove that we’re innocent, right?”

“It’s not that simple,” Boom shook his head, “something tells me that Dinnerbone wants us banned, whether we’re guilty or not. If we take this evidence back, he’ll claim we just edited the logs ourselves. No, we need to disprove all of his evidence before we can try to return.”

“Alright then,” I nodded, “what’s next on the list?”

“The video.”

Ah yes, the video. Boom had it playing on-screen now. I wasn’t going to ask him how he was getting all of these private files. Probably best not to know. But still, the video showed exactly what we’d seen before. A figure prowling in leather armor, carrying the exact same items as me. Including Herobrine’s Trident, a unique item which couldn’t be replicated. That was some pretty damaging evidence.

“This will take some more time to decipher,” Boom noted, “but I’ll do my best.”

And his best he did.

All through the night, whilst I watched in amazement, Boom worked away at this video. He examined every frame, watched it from every angle and even added some stupid black and white effects to it. Whilst I sat back and dipped cookies in my cup of coffee, he worked tirelessly to uncover the secrets of the video.

Then, just when I thought he was ready to give up, he yelled in enjoyment.

“AHA!” he cried out, “I’VE GOT IT!”

I raced over to his side, “What have you found?”

“Take a gander.”

The video played as normal. The figure walking down the hallway, before turning to face the camera. But there was something off about it this time. A little detail I was missing. Boom played it again and there, right there, as ‘I’ turned my head, I caught it.

A little flicker.

“That’s...” I began, but Boom interrupted.

“A disguise,” he nodded, “a lot of servers have this ‘mod’, as they call it. It allows certain players to disguise themselves as others. Of course, normally said player has to be at least an Admin or higher if they want to do that. Things may be different on the central server, but we can’t ignore the possibility that Dinnerbone may know more than he’s letting on...”

“So what do we do now?” I asked, “Is this not enough to go back?”

“It’s enough to disprove the crime of freeing Project End,” Boom nodded, and I jumped up in the air out of happiness, “but that doesn’t mean we can return just yet.”

My happiness jumping stopped.

“And why is that?” I questioned, “Surely this has to be enough?”

“We’ll be cleared of the crime of freeing Project End, there’s no denying it,” Boom agreed, “but there’s still the other crime you and I have been accused of. Stealing Notch’s Apple.”

Sigh. Notch’s Apple. An object which hadn’t even been there when we’d gone to retrieve it. And we were dubbed the thieves. That was going to take some real effort to disprove. After all, to disprove the crime we’d need to find the actual apple. And where the heck was that going to be?

“It won’t be easy,” said Boom, “but we’ll find it. And then, we’ll make the changes we talked about. We’ll make the world a better place. On that, you have my guarantee.”

But would we? There was still that inkling of doubt in my mind that Boom wasn’t being all that truthful with me. That he knew something that I didn’t. Heck, maybe he wasn’t responsible for releasing Project End, but what if he knew where Notch’s Apple was and just wasn’t telling me?

He said I could remove evil with the apple. Wouldn’t he be against that, no matter what he told me? Ugh, this whole thing was so darned confusing. Why did this even have to happen? Haven’t we had enough adventuring and danger for ten darned minutes?

“Come on, let’s get some sleep,” Boom decided, “we’ll work better tomorrow with clear heads.”

I agreed, taking one of the bunk beds in the back room. I placed my head on the pillow, and drifted off into a troubled sleep full of nightmares about what could happen to me if we failed to prove my innocence.

Day 3

Oh what a beautiful day! The sun is shining, the birds are singing and-

Hang on a minute.

Every time I say that, something bad ends up happening. I looked left and right, waiting for the sky to explode or something. I checked each and every corner of the lab, but found nothing all that dangerous.

Phew, guess I was just being para-

KABOOM!

Oh darn it. Really?

“Sorry about that,” Boom gave me a sheepish grin and scratched his head, “I was just testing my latest explosives.”

“Right,” I sighed. Of course Boom would be testing his explosives. What else would that maniac do with his free time? You know, besides try and look for the one object that could clear our names and let us go back to our regular lives.

“So have you found anything?” I asked him.

“About Notch’s Apple?” to which I nodded. His happy face immediately dropped a few degrees sadder.

“I’m sorry Dan, but my research has turned up nothing. I’ve got no idea where the Apple is, and I wouldn’t have the slightest clue where to start looking for it.”

“So we’re stuck here?”

“For the time being. But look on the bright side!”

“What bright side?”

“I baked more cookies!”

... That was a pretty bright side. I decided to tuck in and eat, as Boom worked all through the day. He was a hard-worker, that was for certain. Whether it was on some new world-destroying bomb or on his latest book “Tales of Boom - The Adventures of a Mad Scientist.”

“As much as I enjoy this, we can’t just sit around and eat cookies all day,” I remarked glumly, “we have to get out and do something about our little problem.”

“What do you think I’m doing?” Boom asked, “I’ve been making enough TNT to destroy every server ten times over. Not that I’m going to do that. Just a little warning to our developer friend.”

“I don’t think that’s the correct way to do things,” I sighed, “don’t you have another idea?”

“Aren’t you the ideas guy?”

“Yeah, well the ideas guy is all out of ideas... and cookies, for that matter.”

Boom took that as a message to go and bake some more, whilst I racked my poor little brain for... something. Anything that could help me out in my current situation. Just what was I suppose to do here? How in the world could I hope to clear my name of a crime I didn’t even commit?

Thankfully, the answer came in the form of a message from my good friend Charles.

“YOU’RE AN IDIOT, YOU KNOW THAT?” he screamed in my ear after I picked up the messaging device.

“NOW I WISH I’D PUNCHED YOU INTO THE OCEAN HARDER,” I screamed back.

This arguing went on for several minutes.

“AND I WISH YOU WOULDN’T WAIT SIX WEEKS TO CLEAN THE DISHES!” Charles yelled.

“OH I’VE MISSED YOU!” I cried.

“ME TOO!” he replied.

What followed was several minutes of crying. I noticed Boom step in the room at one point, before he quickly ran off into another room, possibly to bake more cookies.

“Listen Dan, I need your help.”

“What a surprise. Everyone does these days.”

“I’m serious. Things have gotten really bad since you left.”

“Huh, what do you mean?”

“Dinnerbone’s gone insane. He thinks that you took Notch’s Apple, even though that doesn’t make any sense.”

“You seemed to believe him before.”

“That was a mistake, I know that now. At any rate, he’s threatening to burn down our server.”

“WHAT!?”

Great, we were essentially back at the beginning of this stupid story. The reason I'd even come to the central server in the first place was to stop Dinnerbone from taking down our server. And now he was going to do it anyway? Jeez, what a waste of my life.

"Ugh, and you want me to do what?" I asked him.

"I don't know? Maybe help us stop him!"

"You can't handle it yourself?"

"He's too powerful! He increased his strength with developer hacks or something. I don't know. We could just really use some help here."

"I don't know. You did kinda hurt me quite a bit back there."

"Ugh, fine. I'll do all the dishes for the next week."

"For the rest of your life."

"ARE YOU SERIOUS!?"

"Fine, it seems like you can handle this little situation. I'll just be over here, doing something el-"

"ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! YOU WIN! I'LL DO ALL THE DISHES FROM NOW ON, JUST HELP US OUT!"

"Wonderful," I beamed, "how do we get to you?"

"We're in Blockopolis. Dinnerbone is here too. I figure that if we all ambush him at once, we might stand a chance at defeating him."

"Agreed. I'll see you there."

"Alright. And Dan?"

"Yes Charles?"

“Good to have you back.”

I don’t know why, but that little comment put a smile on my face.

“Good to be back bud.”

The call ended, leaving me alone once again.

“Who was that?” Boom asked, having finally returned.

“Charles,” I told him, and began explaining what had just happened. Boom’s expression went from cheerful to furious.

“I knew we couldn’t trust the Developers,” he said, “I bet you he set the two of us up. He probably grabbed Notch’s Apple and hid it somewhere.”

“If he does have it, then how do we beat him?” I asked.

“No clue,” Boom shrugged, “we’ll just have to hope he doesn’t. In the meantime, we need to work on a plan to defeat him. We got lucky last time, and now that I’ve split my powers with you, Dinnerbone is stronger.”

“We beat Project End,” I reminded him.

“Project End was a program. Dinnerbone is an actual human being, who thinks like a human. He’ll be a much tougher challenge to contend with.”

“We can still beat him. There has to be some way we can do it.”

Boom remained silent, lost in the thoughts of his massive brain. Well, I doubt his brain is as big as mine. That’s scientifically impossible. Still, I suppose he’s a pretty smart guy. It just takes him a little longer than I would to think of things.

“I have an idea,” Boom finally spoke up, “but you might not like it.”

I listened, as the scientist explained his master plan.

Day 4

Blockopolis. The place hadn't changed much.

You know, aside from the posters of Dinnerbone, the statues of Dinnerbone and yes, even the restaurants of Dinnerbone. This guy had a fast-food chain now. He was becoming more evil and corrupt by the second. He had to be stopped.

Good thing we were here. The great and mighty Dan Danger, who lived for all things dangerous. Savior of Minecraft many times over, master of the sword and Herobrine's Trident and of course, voted Minecraft's most handsome man.

Oh yeah, there was also Boom. The guy with the fireworks. The deadly fireworks. Hehehe.

We waited around the town square for a few minutes, watching the civilians go by. They looked terrified, all whispering something about how they'd probably left the stove on at home, or how Dinnerbone was going to destroy everyone. I honestly wasn't sure which one they were more worried about.

"They're late," Boom noted, checking the clock. And indeed, our allies were. Were they okay? Had Dinnerbone caught onto them? Perhaps he was currently tickling them for information. Maybe even with a feather. Oh goodness! What if they were in trouble? What if...

"Nice to see you guys."

Oh great. They were alive and well. And I was going to make a huge, dramatic speech about everything. Sigh.

Charles and Greg had seen better days. They looked a little roughed up, like they'd just been in some fight.

"We would have been here sooner, but Dinnerbone wasn't willing to let us leave," Charles explained.

"Not until I hit him over the head with a frying pan he wasn't," Greg chuckled.

"What's Dinnerbone planning?" Boom asked.

"Total server destruction. He sees this whole place as a threat, and he's not going to stop until it's been wiped off the server map."

As I listened to Greg speak, I noticed something. The crowds which had filled the streets moments ago were vanishing. Disappearing back into their houses. Kind of like those western films, where everyone hides before the cowboy and the outlaw have their big showdown.

"That's not good," Boom shook his head, but there was more.

"That's not all," said Charles, "he's not going to stop with this one server. He's going to destroy each and every server until he finds Notch's Apple. He's obsessed with this item."

"Then we have to stop him here," I decided, "Greg, can you get us some Admin support?"

"The Admins aren't coming."

"What?"

"Dinnerbone stripped us of our powers. We're no more powerful than regular players now."

Jeez, this wasn't good. We had a super powerful Developer who was Nether-bent on destroying the server, and we weren't going to be getting any powerful support.

"That means we're without our Admin powers as well Dan," Charles informed me, "we're utterly powerless."

"...Not exactly."

"Huh?"

I glanced at Boom, who, albeit reluctantly, removed Herobrine's Apple from his backpack.

"Herobrine's Apple," he told Charles and Greg, "essentially the opposite to Notch's Apple. It gave me my powers, which I shared with Dan. Which we'll share with you."

"But won't that make you weaker?" asked Greg.

"Yes," I nodded, "but it's worth it. Four players attacking Dinnerbone with powerful abilities is a lot better than one player on his level attacking him. At least this way, we can work together to take him down."

"It worked with Project End," Boom added, "and we've also set up a few surprises for when Dinnerbone gets here."

Surprises... I thought back to the plan Boom had told me last night. Was that something I really wanted to go through with? Was it the only solution we had? Surely there had to be another option?

But then again, how else would we defeat the Developer?

"We've set up explosives around the square," explained Boom, "we'll use them to distract and weaken Dinnerbone, then throw everything we have at

him. With any luck, we'll weaken him to the point where we can easily defeat him."

"Or get our butts kicked," Charles noted the other possibility, "but I like it. I say we go for it."

"Agreed," said Greg, "and this Herobrine's Apple can give us new powers?"

"Try them out for yourself," I told him, placing my hand on his. Boom did the same to Charles.

A second later, we felt a great deal of our strength leave our bodies. Charles and Greg on the other hand looked a heck of a lot stronger.

"Nice," Charles grinned, "this is even more power than we had as Admins."

"Indeed it is," Greg nodded, "now we can actually do something to help. But how are we going to get Dinnerbone over here?"

"I'm on it!" I declared, removing the Flint N Steel from my pocket and setting some redstone wire alight.

A few seconds later, and the various statues, posters and restaurants belonging to Dinnerbone went up in smoke. Vaporized in a single instant.

"That's bound to get his attention," I chuckled, and sure enough, it did.

"JUST WHAT IN THE HECK ARE YOU DOING!?" he demanded, descending from the skies. I noticed he had a large bump on his head.

"Head Developer Dinnerbone," I struck a cool pose and pointed my sword at him, "for threatening to destroy the server, you are hereby sentenced to a butt-kicking. Do you have any last words?"

"... You're joking, right?"

“Nope. ATTACK!”

And so, the battle for the future of Minecraft be- You know what, pretty much every battle I fight nowadays is a battle for the future of Minecraft. If it isn’t a mad scientist trying to blow up the world, it’s a kraken. If it isn’t a kraken, it’s a program designed to ban every player in existence. And if it isn’t a program designed to ban every player in existence, it’s the guy who helped make the world.

So let’s just call it another regular battle.

“LIGHTNING SWORD!” I declared, pointing my blade at Dinnerbone.

“MISSILE LAUNCHER!” fired Boom.

“BRILLIANT LIGHTS!” shouted Charles.

“HAMMER OF JUSTICE!” bellowed Greg.

You’d think that a blast of lightning, a dozen or so missiles, a few light orbs and a giant hammer would be enough to take an opponent down. Guess again.

“Is that all you have?” Dinnerbone asked, as the smoke began to clear. There wasn’t a scratch on his body.

“Impossible,” said Charles, “we hit him with every attack.”

“The fact is gentlemen, that I’m a lot stronger than you are,” Dinnerbone chuckled, “you see, whilst you were off forming your little team, I went and found the one object that would garaunte me a victory.”

Of course we knew what it was before he even pulled it out of his pocket. What else was it going to be, other than Notch’s Apple?

“So he did frame us,” said Boom.

“Sorry about attacking you earlier,” Greg muttered sheepishly. Not that it mattered now. We were doomed either way.

“Do you understand now? You don’t have a chance. None of you do. From the very start, you were nothing more than insects against a mighty dragon. Now, allow me to prove it to you. I’m going to destroy you, then I’m going to destroy this entire server! And there’s not a thing you can do to stop me.”

Well, actually.

“There is one thing,” I coughed under my breath.

“And what’s that?” asked Dinnerbone.

“I mean sure, you might have Notch’s Apple and a whole bunch of powers, but there’s one thing we have that you don’t.”

“Friendship? Please, that stuff is useless.”

“Oh totally,” I nodded.

“HEY!” said Charles, Greg and Boom at the same time. Sorry guys.

“No, I’m talking about something else. Something much bigger and deadlier. Something... fishy.”

Dinnerbone gave me a look like he’d misheard me. Like he didn’t understand what I’d just said. It only then occurred to him that he had heard me correctly, and that he was in for a world of pain.

Grinning, I pulled Herobrine’s Trident off of my back and pointed it into the sky.

“COME FORTH KRAKEN!”

“Oh you’ve got to be-“

SPLASH!

The Kraken burst forth from my swimming pool several thousand blocks away, flew through the air and somehow, managed to make to Blockopolis, whereupon he crushed Dinnerbone. The fifty-thousand block fish then crashed down onto the streets below.

“NOW BOOM!”

KABOOM! The entire street was bathed in the glorious glow of explosives, as Boom set off every single block of TNT he had hidden in the concrete below. This chain of explosives actually knocked the Kraken back into the air and back towards my swimming pool. Phew. And I was worried we were going to have to clean everything up.

But was this the end? Had we done enough to defeat Dinnerbone?

We were about to find out.

Next Time:

SHOWDOWN!

It's the battle of the century. Dan, Charles, Greg and Boom, facing off against one of the creators of Minecraft!

Oh my gosh, this next book is so awesome, we can't even spoil it here. Like, dudes, do you have any idea how much fighting we managed to squeeze into this one? There's like an explosion every minute!

Seriously, the biggest battle in Minecraft history. You do NOT want to miss this!

Make sure you pick up your copy of 'Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 11', which continues the fourth amazing trilogy!

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Wimpy Boy and Minecrafters

Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 11

Mission 4 – ‘Evil Dinnerbone’

By Wmpy Boy and Minecrafters

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PREVIOUSLY:

NEXT TIME:

DID YOU ENJOY THIS BOOK?

PREVIOUSLY:

Bounty hunters. Once foes of both the server population and the Admins, now staunch defenders of Minecraft. Alongside the Admins, we fought evil wherever it dared to rear its ugly head. Hackers and cheaters were no match for the likes of us.

Up until this point, we'd had two major battles. The first was with a master of explosives, known only as Dr. Boom. After a long, winding chase and a lengthy battle over the city, I... I mean Charles, managed to defeat him, even though he'd managed to acquire Admin powers.

Soon afterwards, we were made Honorary Admins and sent on our next mission, which pitted us against Team Grieferz, a bunch of age-old pirates who hadn't been seen in years. Despite their immunity to our new Admin powers, we eventually managed to best them, though not before they summoned some ancient creature to give us a bit of trouble: The Kraken.

Despite the world-destroying capabilities of this beast, we managed to overcome it and save the day. It was around this time that Dinnerbone, leader of the Council of Developers, made an attempt to shut our server down. Charles, the Head Admin (AKA Greg) and I all went to speak with him, where we soon encountered Project End.

Project End was a banning tool to be used against evil players, created by Notch no less. Although it was effective, Herobrine eventually corrupted it and Notch was forced to seal Project End away. Now however, he'd managed to escape, and was busy causing damage across the entire server.

sAt this point, Dinnerbone revealed the existence of an item which could help us: Notch's Apple. An object capable of editing the world itself. We set off on a journey to find it, though we found ourselves facing an old foe. Dr. Boom.

Boom revealed he'd survived the previous battle and wanted to help us out. We reluctantly allowed him to join, and his powers soon became apparent. He was stronger than the Developers themselves, though he wouldn't say why.

We eventually made it to our destination: the heart of the server. There, we encountered strange creatures designed by the Developers themselves, including Guardians: human-like beings which couldn't be destroyed. Apparently they were once tasked with protecting Notch's Temple, supposed home of Notch's Apple, but had since gone rogue.

After a lengthy journey, we finally found ourselves overlooking the temple, with hundreds of guardians blocking our path. Although we managed to fight our way through them, only Boom and I made it inside the temple. Dinnerbone, Greg and Charles looked to be defeated.

Soon enough, we discovered that Notch’s Apple was gone. Already taken by someone else. Despite this, we went off to fight Project End anyway, and after a lengthy battle, managed to defeat him by sealing him in a volcano.

Our troubles weren’t over yet though, for we were then approached by Dinnerbone, Charles and Greg, who accused us of stealing Notch’s Apple and freeing End in the first place. After a brief battle, we managed to escape to one of Boom’s lairs.

There, Boom began his research and soon discovered that the evidence Dinnerbone had shown us was forged. We weren’t responsible for the

crime, and now we had the proof. We then received a message from Charles, informing us that Dinnerbone had gone insane and was threatening to destroy the server.

Boom and I met with Charles and Greg, and after sharing the power of Herobrine's Apple, we battled Dinnerbone one final time. Using our most powerful attacks and even dropping a kraken on the developer, he looked to be defeated...

But was it enough?

Oh yeah, I almost forgot.

"HANDS OFF PUNK!"

Haha, good times.

Part I:

“Is it over?”

There we were, having just launched the most powerful attack possible in the Minecraft universe. Dropping a giant kraken on someone’s head. Destructive, chaotic and really cool looking. Aside from turning Dinnerbone into a pancake (hopefully), it had pretty much totaled every building in sight. What a shame. It was going to take forever to clean all that mess up.

Good thing I wouldn’t be handling that.

“Did we do it?” Charles asked.

“I’m not sure,” I replied, surveying the crater we’d managed to make.

We’d hit Dinnerbone, no question about it. But had it been enough? And if not, did we have the means to finish him off? Or was this just going to be a battle we really couldn’t win.

“He was pretty strong,” Greg noted, “I’m not entirely confident here.”

“Then get ready,” I told the others, “if he springs out of that crater then we hit him with everything we’ve got.”

We charged up our attacks, waiting for the inevitable. Silence seemed to fall upon the town, as the wind died down and the sounds of crumbling rubble faded. Was this really the end? Had we managed to defeat Dinnerbone?

Of course not.

A bright light filled the skies, as Dinnerbone flew up from the rubble once more. He certainly didn’t look very happy. His body was covered in bruises

and scratches, and he appeared to have some trouble saying afloat. We'd certainly dealt some damage.

"You'll pay for that," he sneered, "I guarantee it with my life. I'll crush every last one of you insects if it's the last thing I do."

"It will be the last thing you do," Boom replied, "you Developers are nothing more than corrupt scumbags. You've caused way too much trouble these pasts few years, and now it's up to us to stop you."

"You really think you can stop me? Do you have any idea who I am?"

"A man whose about to be respawned," Charles grinned, "any last words?"

"Think about what you're doing," Dinnerbone warned us, "where would Minecraft be without the Developers?"

"In a better place!" I yelled, "You were going to destroy our server because things were a little too dangerous. Well look around you! How isn't this dangerous? You've threatened to put an end to every server, blaming a crime on us that you yourself committed. And apparently, we're supposed to listen to you? To just give up and let you destroy everything we've worked so hard to build? Like heck we will!"

That seemed to catch him unawares. He stumbled back slightly, like he'd just been dealt a stinging slap. Even way up in the air, I could see the expression on his face changing. I continued:

"Something you Developers will never understand is what we have to fight through every day. Before we were made Admins, do you understand how difficult things were for us? How we had to work harder than we've ever worked to gather materials to build this world? The times we had to defend ourselves against criminals when the Admins weren't around? You people

have done nothing to help us. You've just sat back and watched the world grow! Well guess what? No more! We won't submit to your reign, Dinnerbone. We'll fight and we'll sacrifice everything if that's what it takes, but we will beat you!"

Boom. Headshot.

At first, Dinnerbone barely reacted. He twitched slightly, his face contorted with pain, before he burst out laughing like a maniac. Then he was crying. Laughing. Crying. Laughing. I'm sure you get the gist.

"Oh, you understand nothing," Dinnerbone muttered after he'd calmed down a little, "you really don't. I'm sorry Dan... he was just too powerful."

What? Who was? Before I could ask, I had my answer. A purple glow enveloped Dinnerbone's form, and a second later he was gone. Replaced by none other than Project End.

"Man, he was a weakling," the entity sighed, "ah well. Hey guys! What's up? Project End here! Hope you didn't miss me too much."

No. This wasn't possible. We dealt the ultimate defeat to this guy. We stuffed him in a gosh-dang volcano! A volcano for Notch's sake! How in the heck did he manage to escape that? I decided to ask him.

"Oh that's easy," he informed us, "I just dug into the ground below. No Obsidian there."

"Dang it," I muttered. With Project End free, things were about to get a whole lot worse around here, especially considering he wasn't trapped in the central server anymore.

“Now then, where to next? Should I finish you clowns off or maybe go cause havoc elsewhere?”

“As if we’d led you,” Charles yelled, “you better come down here and face us right now, because otherwise, I’ll hunt you down through every server until I find you.”

“So threatening,” Project End chuckled, “but I’m afraid you’re in more trouble that you realize. Tell me Charles, where is Dinnerbone?”

Charles hesitated, “What do you mean?”

“I mean, where is he? You were fighting him a second ago, but now he’s gone. Strange.”

Oh no.

“You don’t mean he’s...”

“Despawned? I’m afraid so,” Project End laughed his maniacal laugh, “The poor fool probably didn’t even realize it. I’ve been tapping into his mind for years now, slowly worming my way into his head. Eventually, I gave him just enough of a push to come and open my cell door.”

“That was you!” I hissed, “So Dinnerbone’s been innocent all along!”

“He sure has,” End grinned, “even better is the fact that I tried convincing him to destroy your server! I’ve been playing him this whole time and none of you even realized it.”

So that was it. Dinnerbone hadn’t hated us at all. He’d just been under End’s influence.

“Anyways, after I got free I managed to take full control of him. I left one of my clones to play with Boom and Dan, before getting the other bounty

hunters to come and help arrest them. I must say that the plan worked out marvelously."

"A clone?" Now I was starting to get a little confused.

"Oh right! I never told you about that handy little move. Kinda like how Boom shared his powers with you guys, I've got the ability to, get this, create clones of myself. It's a really helpful move in a pinch. I just created a clone at 10% power and had it fight you guys."

What did he just say? Ten... percent!?

"That's not possible," Boom shook his head, "no way that clone was at 10%."

"Oh but I'm afraid it was," End chuckled, "and you barely managed to win. Now, that power is gone forever which is a shame, but I'm still at 90% strength. Tell me fools, what are your chances against nine of me?"

... He had a point.

What were our chances anyway? We'd started on this quest knowing full well that End was so much stronger than us, and that our only chance was Notch's Apple...

... which End was currently holding.

Was this it? Was this really where everything came to an end?

"END!"

It was Boom, living up to his name. He clenched a block of TNT tightly in his right hand, and gave Project End a glare which could melt Bedrock.

"I don't care how powerful you are. I don't care what you've managed to accomplish. I don't even care that you managed to take a developer down.

One way or another, I will find a way to destroy you. Mark my words, we will defeat you. That's a promise."

"So you've finally joined the side of good, eh Boom?"

"Not really. I'm just gonna make sure you don't your filthy hands on my explosives."

"Whatever. And what about the rest of you? Are you really going to try fighting me, no matter what the odds are?"

"Of course we are," Greg affirmed, "I'm still Head Admin, powers or no. I'll still defend the inhabitants of this server to my last breath, no matter what you throw at us. If you think you can handle that, then get ready, because I'll throw everything I have right back at you!"

"Greg's right," Charles nodded, "one way or another, we will destroy you. I don't care what it takes to do so. Project End, you won't leave this place still standing!"

They were actually going to do it. They were actually going to fight him. They were crazy. They were insane...

They were right.

"Don't forget about me," I stepped forwards, "this server is my home. It's our home. If you think you're just going to take it from us, then you've got another thing coming. We'll defeat you End, even if it means our lives. So get ready, because the people of this server and the creations they've made, they mean the world to us. And if you honestly think you're going to ruin all of that, then you've got another thing coming!"

"I was hoping you'd say that," Project End smiled, his hands turning purple once again. One way or another, this was going to be one heck of a battle.

Part II:

“ATTACK!” I yelled, and my comrades were swift to follow my commands.

Greg went in first, swinging a battleaxe he’d managed to apparate out of nothing. Project End simply flew out of the way, but failed to spot Charles coming up behind him, who managed to hit him with an arrow to the back. Injured, he growled and started tossing a few fireballs, only for Boom to blast him in the face with an explosive and me to stick him in the leg with my trident.

“OW!” he cried out, “THAT REALLY HURT!”

Whoopsie, sorry.

The four of us stepped back as the second round of his attacks came down on us, this time in the form of meteors. End obviously wasn’t messing around anymore.

“BEGONE INSECTS!”

“Greg?” I questioned the former Head Admin, who nodded.

“HOLY SHIELD!”

A bright, glowing sphere formed over our heads, kept standing only by Greg’s strength. The meteors crashed into the protection, cracking the dome but failing to shatter it. Once the assault was finished, Greg lifted the shield, allowing Boom, Charles and I to launch our next series of attacks.

“NUKE!”

“ARROW OF LIGHT!”

“DESTRUCTIVE SLASH!”

A large block of TNT fell down from the sky, looking a lot more dangerous than the previous ones we’d used. It glowed orange and seemed to scream ‘detonate me’. We did just that. Boom set it alight, leaving a giant crater in the ground and burying Project End in an inferno of fire.

Next up was Charles. Pulling back on the bow, he fired his arrow into the cloud of smoke left behind by the nuke. Naturally, any normal person would never hit their target. And as much as I hate to give the guy credit, Charles is a darned good archer. The arrow soared through the air, pierced the smoke and slammed into End.

And then it was my turn. Clutching my blade tightly, I followed the trail of light the arrow had left behind. Making my way through the thick, black fog, I found the form of End, who was currently down on one knee. Guess he wasn’t as powerful as they said.

Time to end this.

“BACK TO THE DARKNESS WITH YOU!” I cried out, swinging my sword.

I know, not the best line ever written, but I did see it in a movie once. That makes it about fifty times cooler. I mean, there’s no way that after delivering such an awesome line, End would have any way of avoiding this attack.

Guess I spoke too soon.

Before my sword could make contact, End had grasped hold of my blade. I clenched the hilt tightly, attempting to wrench my weapon free of his hands. But he refused to let go, and the incredible attack I had been about to unleash faded away into nothingness.

“Is that it?” End grinned like a maniac, “Is that really all you can bring to this little party!? A couple of bombs and some arrows? IS THIS THE BEST MINECRAFT HAS TO OFFER!?”

CRACK!

My sword shattered, and I was left defenseless. Before I could react, End thrust his palm against my chest.

“DARK BLAST!”

KABOOM!

A second, I’d been standing in front of End...

The next, I was in some crater. I couldn’t remember how I got there, but all I knew was that I was in a massive amount of pain. Each one of my limbs seemed to scream out in agony. I couldn’t so much as turn my head without the pain taking over my body.

I was reduced to a spectator, forced to watch my friends battle the ultimate threat. Unable to help. Unable to do anything. However this battle was going to turn out, it was in their hands now.

“Charles, look out!”

“On it!”

Charles sidestepped a dozen or so black orbs which had been thrown at him. Project End, annoyed that his prey was getting away, chased after him,

summoning even more of the shadow balls to blast him away. Still, for all his power, End did have a weakness. He didn't pay attention to his surroundings.

"HAMMER OF JUSTICE!"

Greg had taken to the skies now, calling upon his own Banhammah to give End a thorough beating. End turned, taking the full force of the attack and crashing back down to earth. Before he could get out of his newly formed crater, Greg brought the hammer down again and again and again. Four times. Eight times. Sixteen times. Thirty-two times.

On sixty-three, End had had enough. He flew out of the giant hole left in the ground by the Head Admin's attack and smacked him across the jaw. Greg stumbled back, but didn't relent. He conjured a few knives from his sleeves, throwing them at his opponent. Although End managed to dodge each one, this left an opening for Greg to grab ahold of our opponent's arms.

"SHOCKWAVE!"

Man, this was going to hurt.

Similar to the attack End had used on me, Greg was now filling End's body with several bajillion volts of redstone power. Notch's creation cried out in intense pain, shaking and squirming as Greg dealt his own form of justice to the machine.

"You think you can pass judgment onto us Minecraftians?" Greg demanded, "You think you can just ban us outright? Guess again pal! I'm going to give you such a thrashing that by the time I'm done, you'll wish you never crawled out of that prison!"

Greg then proceeded to up the voltage, continuing his relentless attack on the banning machine. Even I had to admit that I thought this was a bit excessive. Did we really need to do this much to take down our opponent?

That, and more.

End finally broke free of the attack, throwing five punches in less than a second. Greg felt the full force of each one, leaving him stunned by the end of the combo. Before Charles or Boom could hope to respond, Project End's fist had turned a dark purple.

"I'LL SEE YOU IN THE NETHER!" he declared, striking Greg a final time...

"Player banned," somewhere, a robotic voice announced, "Head Admin Greg has been banned from this universe."

No...

No, that couldn't be right. Greg was the Head Admin. He couldn't be banned. There was no way. It wasn't possible to get rid of him. No. No, it couldn't be true.

Greg. The Admin I'd hated during my days as a bounty hunter. Greg. The Admin who'd decided to give us a chance and make us Honorary Admins. Greg. The guy who'd just given his life to defend the server he loved so much.

Gone.

I wanted to take down Project End there and then. I wanted to climb out of this stupid crater he'd left me in and hit him with magical spells until he was no more. I wanted to do everything in my power to remove him from existence. But I couldn't. I was still recovering from the damage I'd taken.

Luckily, Charles was fulfilling my role quite well.

“BEGONE!” he roared at the top of his lungs, striking End with enough force to make the ground shake. Before End could retaliate, Charles struck him again, this time hitting him in the back. He was tossed back down to earth like a ragdoll, and my partner wasn’t stopping there.

“I’LL DESTROY YOU!” Charles promised, “I’LL DESTROY YOU, END!”

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

With each strike, the already destroyed city was shattered even further. Now, there weren’t even any ruins left. Just piles of rubble, becoming smaller and smaller with each blow that Charles landed.

“DON’T FORGET ABOUT ME!” Boom stepped in, and Charles stepped back just enough so that my explosive-loving friend could drop in many of his homemade bombs. A good three-hundred or so to be exact.

KABOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Blackness.

When I came to my senses, I wasn’t in Blockopolis anymore. There wasn’t anything left. Where there had been piles of rubble, there was now just a wasteland. Good thing the citizens had managed to escape in time, else we’d have to replace all their stuff.

Groaning, I climbed to my feet. My healing spells were still working, but at least I could move now. Seeing where I was going however was a different story altogether. A dark cloud of dust now covered the landscape. I couldn’t even see my hand in front of my face.

“Charles?” I called out into the darkness, “Boom?”

Where were they? Just what kind of attack had the mad doctor pulled off there? Incredibly dangerous, and destructive to boot. He'd destroyed what was left of Blockopolis, and now I had no idea where anyone was.

"Is that you Dan?"

Oh thank goodness. I recognized the voice of Charles immediatley.

"I'm over here," he called out from the fog, "come and give me a hand! Boom is stuck under some rubble."

I marched over to him, taking great care to walk slowly through the dust. If End was still around, he could easily be lurking in the darkness.

"Charles?" I called out again.

"Over here mate! You're almost there!"

The dust was starting to get to me now. There was barely any air to breath. I had to get to Charles, free Boom and then we could all go home...

Well, not all of us.

Greg... it was still so hard to believe he was gone forever.

"Charles!?" a called out a third time, finally making out a shape in front of me. Bent over, trying to dig through the rubble.

"Oh, there you a-"

The next thing I knew, there was a hand grasped around my neck.

"Fool," End taunted, "it's so easy to mimic voices these days. Can't believe how I was able to lure you over here. This really has been too easy."

Impossible. How on earth had he survived an attack of that magnitude? Before I could open my mouth, he gave me the answer.

“Another clone,” he grinned, “I might be down to 65% power now, but that’s all I need. I’ve already taken out one of your friends and once I’m done with you, I’ll only have to deal with the other two freaks.”

“You mean us?”

End threw me forwards, whilst he jumped backwards, an arrowing just missing his head. Furious, he tossed a fireball into the dust storm. I took this as my cue to leave.

“WHERE ARE YOU HIDING!?” he yelled. Looks like even he was having problems seeing things through the dust. This was an opportune moment to strike. Without my sword though, I was in a spot of bother. What spells could I use to take him down?

A hand grasped my shoulder, and I nearly punched its owner.

“Charles?” I asked, to which he nodded. This was definitely my friend.

“I’ve got a plan,” he whispered, “and it’s a bit of a gamble. But if it works, it might just pay off.”

“What is it?” I asked, attempting to keep an eye on End.

“My ultimate move,” he explained, “Arrow of Dawn. The attack that destroyed half a city that one time.”

“There isn’t really a city to destroy here, so it should be safe,” I chuckled, “but how do you plan on hitting him?”

“With your help,” he continued, “I need you to attack End and stun him long enough for me to charge up my attack and hit him with it. It’ll use up

all the energy I've got left, so it has to hit him no matter what happens."

"That's really dangerous Charles," I pointed out, "if you get hit even once..."

He gave me a sad smile, "I know, but it's the only plan we've got. And like we said, we have to take it down. Greg already sacrificed himself, now it's up to us."

Sigh. He was right, just like always. There was no other way of putting it. But how to pull Charles' plan off? Even without the risk of expending all his energy, it was still pretty dangerous.

"Hit him with everything you've got," he told me, "use every spell you can think of. Stun him long enough for me to get him with the arrow. Do it and we can end this!"

"Alright," I nodded slowly, "get ready."

We both prowled back towards our opponent, who was still stumbling blindly through the darkness. This was it. This was the time to strike.

"FIST OF FURY!" I barked, leaping forward, catching End unawares and landing a blow across his stomach.

He groaned in pain, as the momentum carried me right past him. I turned, and with my opponent still stunned I struck again.

"LIGHTNING SURGE!"

My fist, this time powered with electricity, gave End another frying and brought him down to his knees. He conjured up some more of his shadows orbs and threw them in my direction, but I managed to dodge each and every one of them.

“Too slow,” I taunted, “DOUBLE FIST OF FURY!”

I hit him again. And again. And again. Each blow I landed against him inched me ever so closer to victory. Sure, it was a long shot. More than a long shot in fact. Any other person would have given up by now, considering the odds we wee facing. But not me. Never me.

“THIS IS FOR GREG!” I told him, after smacking him for the fiftieth time, “SHOCKWAVE!”

Like Greg had done, I grabbed hold of End and blasted him with almost every ounce of energy I had left. He writhed in pain once again, as I reminded him of the person he’d destroyed. This was it. There would be no mercy for my opponent. He had to be utterly defeated, else he’d destroy everything and everyone in Minecraft.

“You’ll... regret... alll... of this... DAN!”

He broke free of my attack and responded exactly as I hoped he would. Charging up another one of his permanent despawning moves, he was going to try and take me out in one. Or so he thought.

“SAY HI TO GREG FOR ME!” he declared, swinging his fist.

“CHAINS OF BINDING!”

“WHAT!?”

The metallic chains I’d used in my last battle shot out from my sleeves and encircled my opponent, binding and wrapping every portion of his body. He struggled, attempting to break free before the spell was complete. Luckily, I had someone on hand to help me.

“CLUSTER BARRAGE!”

Boom had taken this opportunity to leap out of his hiding place and pelt Project End with another round of explosives. He tossed up several blocks of TNT into the air, which exploded, releasing several smaller blocks of TNT. Each fell down upon End, who was engulfed in another round of fire and brimstone. I was lucky enough to step out of the way at the last minute.

“That should do it,” Boom decided, “now get him Charles!”

End was face down on the ground, panting heavily. The chains I’d summoned had successfully trapped him. His clothes were torn and he was covered in scratches and bruises. Finally, we were getting somewhere.

Charles stepped into view and pulled back on his bowstring. At first, nothing happened. It was nothing more than a regular arrow. Hardly the so-called amazing Arrow of Dawn I’d heard him brag about so much. Was this piece of wood really going to take down Project End?

And that’s when the world pretty much exploded in blue light.

The tip of the arrow was blasted in this mighty aqua glow, which could melt anyone’s eyeballs just by looking at it. The arrow I had mocked only a few seconds prior now looked ready to rip apart the ground, making a worthy grave for our foe.

Seriously, this thing looked like it could cause some pretty serious damage.

Charles pulled back on the bowstring a little more, and the blocks beneath him began to crack. This arrow was literally begging to be released, to destroy whatever it came into contact with. But would it be enough?

End was starting to stir now. He was attempting to stand to his feet and to wriggle free from his chains. It was now or never. Time to end this once and for all.

“Time to end End,” said Charles.

I don’t know if it was the pressure of the situation, or maybe because I was slowly becoming stark, raving insane, but I have never laughed so hard in my life.

Charles let the arrow loose, and time itself seem to freeze. For a moment, I watched the projectile just hang there. Stuck in the air. The metal tip winking with blue light...

Then time continued, the arrow flew forth and struck End square in the chest.

“NOOOO!’ he cried out, as the shaft exploded, bathing End in the light of dawn.

It was several minutes before I dared to open my eyes again. When I did, I was greeted by a sight most horrifying.

Charles was down, breathing heavily. That attack had sucked every last bit of energy out of his body. A short distance away was Boom, who’d managed to get himself caught in the arrow blast. He was down for the count. Greg, of course, wasn’t anywhere to be seen.

And at the center of the field of battle stood none other than Project End. His body smoking, with many pixels missing. Somehow he’d managed to survive the attack. Heck, he’d managed to survive everything we’d thrown at him. What was one arrow going to change?

Still... he was distracted. Swaying in place. He was hurt, there was no denying that. If there had ever been a better time to finish this battle, it was now. I had to hit him with every last bit of energy left in my body if I was going to take him down.

And I was. I was going to take him down. He'd gone too far, caused too much damage. If this was just a taste of what he was capable of, he couldn't be allowed to get any further. He had to be stopped here and now.

Carefully, I picked up Charles' spare sword. Then, with a few careful steps, I began my approach towards End. Yes, he had his back turned. He was staring at something I couldn't see. Perhaps surveying the destruction he'd managed to wrought. Reveling in his almighty power. Disgusting.

Just a few steps away, and I could hear him muttering to himself.

"... ban them, ban them all. Yes. Ban each and every one of them. All of them. All of the rulebreakers. Ban them. Ban them. Ban them."

"OVER MY DEAD BODY!" I cried out, leaping to close the distance and bring my weapon down upon End. But at the very last moment, he sidestepped.

"Too slow," he shrugged, kicking the sword away and grasping me by the throat once again.

"You bounty hunters are too much trouble for your own good. It's time I put a true end to you."

His free hand began glowing with electrical energy.

"Say hello to Notch for me," he said, "Lightning Fist!"

As he swung forward, I grabbed his hand and held onto it tightly. It was painful. Beyond painful. Electricity coursing through my body, growing more intense with each passing second. Still, I'd last it out. I'd take every attack he threw at me. I wasn't going to let him win. Not like this.

“I was hoping you’d do that,” End smiled that awful smile.

Oh no.

His fist turned purple. The one I was currently holding. The same one which had banned Greg only a few minutes prior.

This was it.

It was over.

No coming back now. No second chances. Nothing. In a few moments, I’d be banned. Along with Greg, I wouldn’t exist in this world. And then Project End would escape. He’d win. He’d destroy every living thing in existence.

I’d lost.

...

No.

I haven't lost. Not yet. There's still one last trick up my sleeve.

I stared deep into End's grinning face, as I felt my body begin to disappear. I was fading away into nothingness, the bottom half of my body having already disappeared. In a few seconds, no more would remain of Dan Danger.

It was too late for me. But it wasn't too late for Charles and Boom.

Every movement was painful, but I pressed onwards. Taking a deep breath, I began pushing back the fist End had made. He raised an eyebrow, as if trying to figure out what I was doing.

"What's the matter?" he asked, "Afraid to be banned? Well it's too late for you! It's over!"

"I'm not afraid," I managed to croak, as my upper body was consumed by the spell, "but you are."

End's eyes squinted, as if trying to figure out what I was talking about, before they opened wide in horror.

"No..."

Oh yes.

With the last verges of strength in my decaying body, I grabbed End's arm and pushed it into his face. It was barely a punch, not even a hit. But the blow was enough. The very spell he'd used to defeat me had just been turned against me.

"You banned me," he muttered, as his body began disappearing as well.

“I did,” I nodded.

“So this is what it feels like... what each of those players felt...”

There was a moment of silence between us, before he finally spoke up again.

“I’m sorry.”

Ah, there goes my writing hand.

EPILOGUE:

Hey guys, it's Charles here.

You're probably wondering why it's me writing in this diary and not Dan. Well, if you haven't figured it out yet, Dan isn't here anymore. He's gone. Forever...

When we fought Project End, we knew he was going to be tough. The toughest threat we'd ever come across. And yet, even knowing that, we still went to fight him. We gave our very best to try and defeat that psycho... and even that wasn't enough.

Even with our most powerful moves and our smartest strategies, Project End had just been too much for us. So Dan, being that stupid genius that he is, decided to try the one trick that End would never expect.

He got himself banned, and in the process, managed to ban End as well.

I'm the Head Admin now, considering we lost both Dan and Greg. Boom helped me out for a time, but he's had his own missions to work on. Last I heard, he was busy trying to make more giant circles. Guess he'll never lose that little insane part of him.

It seems like a sad ending, doesn't it? The hero doesn't make it, and the world is left in a sorry state. And whilst that's true, that doesn't mean this story has to have a sad ending. Because now we

have a chance! We have a chance to rebuild and to start all over again, and not to make the mistakes that haunt our past.

Items like Herobrine's Trident and Notch's Apple were most powerful objects indeed, but they were intended to be wielding by those much more powerful than us. People who had the right to wield them. So I've taken it upon myself to hide these objects in places no one will find them. Even Boom gave up Herobrine's Apple, though apparently "it made things too easy anyway."

Dan didn't sacrifice himself for nothing. He understood something. He understood that to build a better world, we needed a fresh start. A place where the Developers and Admins were meant to help us, not control everything. This is something he tried to change himself, but ultimately failed.

But like I said, we now have that chance. The chance to make things right. Thanks to Dan, no more threats remain, and Minecraft is safe once again. There will of course be new foes which will rise up to face us. But when they do get here, they'll have myself, Boom and even the other bounty hunters to deal with.

Although the present may look bleak, the future really is brighter than ever. Thank you for reading.

The End.

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Minecrafters and Wimpy Boy

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